

THE *Atlantic*

MAY 1951



50c

WEEKEND AT GRIMSBY, *a story by* MARTHA GELLHORN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1951 Packard Patrician '400'—one of nine all-new models

So far ahead...with so much behind it!



To many thousands of new owners, the 1951 Packard represents far more than the most beautiful, finest-performing car of the year . . .

Most of all, they have told us, its purchase represents the fulfillment of a lifelong dream.

And that, we are proud to reply, is precisely what this car means to Packard!

Never, in all our 52 years of building fine cars, have we produced a car so worthy of the finest name in motordom. Never have we built a car that you can own with such enduring pride. By all means, drive it soon!

It's more than a car... it's a **PACKARD** *Ask the man who owns one*

"HELP!" CRIED THE BOY. "OVER HERE! HELP!"

He went under the ice to save a boy's life

**Telephone lineman braves icy water three times.
Other members of construction crew help
in rescue and resuscitation**

IT WAS a cold winter afternoon and a telephone construction crew was working along South Road in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Suddenly they heard a boy's voice from a nearby creek.

"Help! . . . over here . . . help!"

Robert B. Foley was the first telephone man to reach the bank. A frantic boy told him that his buddy, Donald King, had fallen into a hole and was under the ice.

Foley crawled over the surface flat on his stomach to distribute his weight and keep the ice from breaking. He got to the hole and without hesitating let himself down in the water, clear out of sight.



Suddenly there was a splashing in the hole in the ice. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

He went down twice without finding Donald. Then the boy on the bank yelled . . .

"No, not that hole. The one over there."

Down went Foley for the third time, pushing himself along under the ice toward a smaller hole, five or six feet away.

The next few seconds seemed like years, for he was out of sight. Then suddenly there was a splashing in the open water. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

Immediately John F. Fitzgerald, the foreman of the construction crew and trained for first aid in emergencies,

started to resuscitate the boy and had him breathing by the time the police and firemen arrived with an inhalator.

There's a postscript to the story that you might like to hear.

In recognition of their deed, Robert Foley and John Fitzgerald were given Vail Medals, the traditional awards to telephone people for meritorious acts performed in the public service. Robert Foley also was awarded a bronze medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund. Malcolm S. Cate, Jr., Harold G. Nelson, John T. Cochran, Howard C. Roche and James H. Lucas, the other members of the construction crew, received Company Citations.

HELPING HANDS—This is just one of many stories of the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women in times of emergency. . . . Not all of them tell of the saving of a life. But there is scarcely a minute that someone in trouble or urgent need does not turn to the telephone for help.

No matter who it may be or what the hour of the day or night, you know that telephone people will do everything they can to be of service. And do it willingly and courteously, with all possible speed. . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



MAY ATLANTIC

Ninety-three years of continuous publication

VOLUME 187 1951 NUMBER 5

Atlantic Reports: Middle East — Washington — Yugoslavia

The Sunday After Korea	NORA WALN	23
The Communist Party and the Law	JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.	27
Weekend at Grimsby. <i>A Story</i>	MARTHA GELLHORN	31
Why I Founded the U.P. <i>A Self-Portrait of E. W. Scripps</i>	<i>Edited by C. R. McCABE</i>	41
Memories of Miss Mandelbaum	AL CAPP	46
The Business of a Biographer	CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN	50
My Old Friend Morgenstern. <i>A Poem</i>	R. P. LISTER	56
The Case for France	BARRY BINGHAM	57
The Drums of Glen Tub. <i>A Story</i>	LORD INVERCHAPPEL	62
"The Hour Is Late." <i>A Poem</i>	WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT	65
The Pittsburgh Story	KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER	66
Trout of the Battenkill	H. R. NEWITT	70
Senex Ruminatur Historicus. <i>A Poem</i>	DONALD C. BABCOCK	72
BOOKS AND MEN		
Shaw — and Wells	FRANCIS HACKETT	73
Entailed Estate. <i>A Poem</i>	MARY LAPSLEY	76
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	77
Books the Editors Like		79
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	80
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — Frank K. Kelly — Margaret Hurst — Francis W. Hatch — Richard Armour		88
Mexico with a Car	MACKINLEY HELM	94

Cover portrait of Martha Gellhorn by Catherine Barnes

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, May, 1951, Vol. 187, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1951, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



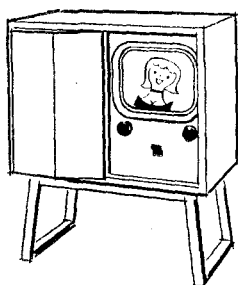
Which is most important to You?

TV PICTURE QUALITY

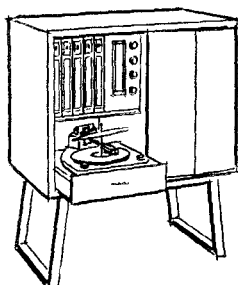
RECORDED MUSIC FIDELITY

CABINET DESIGN AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

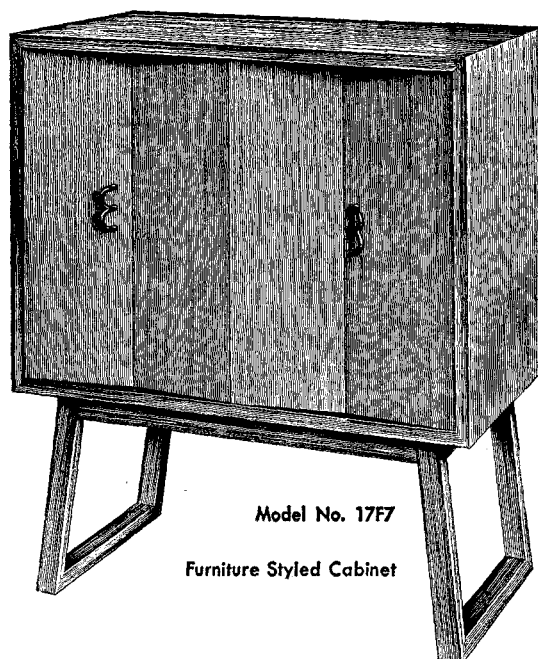
No matter which is more important to you—life-like picture quality, high-fidelity sound or furniture-styled cabinetry—you'll find *all three* at their perfected best in this magnificent Motorola combination . . . no other could possibly please your good taste more.



CLEAR PICTURES
2 SIMPLE CONTROLS



AM RADIO
FM RADIO
3-SPEED PHONOGRAPH

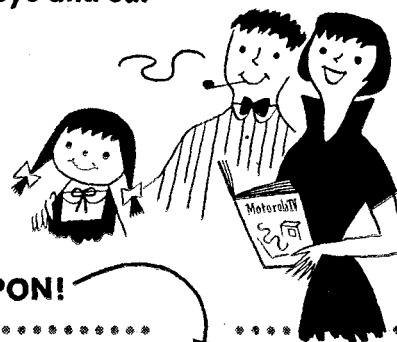


Model No. 17F7
Furniture Styled Cabinet

SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT designed for the SUPER CRITICAL eye and ear

- ★ Exciting 17 inch "Life-Size" rectangular screen . . . clearer, brighter, steadier than ever before.
- ★ Magnificent "Golden Voice" high-fidelity sound . . . delicate tonal shadings for rich, faithful reproduction.
- ★ Full-powered AM/FM radio . . . greater reception range—increased sensitivity, selectivity, stability.
- ★ Exclusive 3-speed "Multi-Play" automatic record changer . . . instant, noiseless selection—simple operation.

For complete shopping guide in full color . . . MAIL THIS COUPON!



Motorola TV

... your new standard of gracious living

Specifications Subject to Change Without Notice

MOTOROLA INC. DEPT. A, 4545 Augusta Blvd. Chicago 51, Illinois

Please rush me a free copy of the new, exciting Motorola TV Shopping Guide.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Middle East

THE assassination of Iranian Premier Ali Razmara and the turmoil over the nationalization of Iran's oil provide a dramatic sequel to the Azerbaijan incident of 1946. Ever since the reluctant evacuation of Russian troops from northern Iran in May, 1946, a combination of Russian threats and favors has kept Teheran anxiously on guard. In the same period relations with Britain have been disturbed by disagreements over oil revenue.

Up to a year ago Russia's chief threat was to invoke the treaty of 1921, which gives her the right to move troops into Iran for her own protection if Iran becomes a base for potential operations against Russia "by the partisans of the regime which has been overthrown." On the basis of an obviously unwarranted interpretation of this provision, the U.S.S.R. has protested against the use of American advisers to the Iranian Army, the Seven-Year Plan, and the new government-sponsored Iranian Oil Company formed to explore in several provinces of Iran.

Iran took the position that the treaty of 1921 is not applicable to any of these matters, and that in any event it is now superseded by the United Nations Charter. Relations had become so strained over this issue by June, 1950, that the Shah felt compelled to appoint his army chief of staff, General Ali Razmara, as premier, the day after disturbances broke out in Korea.

Premier Razmara's task was to utilize this improved atmosphere to re-establish trade outlets for the northern provinces without yielding any new political toe holds to Moscow. At the same time he attempted to clean up the corrupt Teheran government sufficiently to attract Western loans and investment.

These efforts, sponsored by the Shah and a few enlightened leaders, met with consistent opposition from two extremes. The fanatical clergy and the rich landowners fought every constitutional reform and every attempt to modernize the country. The Communist Tudeh Party, officially underground but flourishing, labeled the entire reform program as a ruse to betray Iran to the Western powers, and the Seven-Year Plan as an imperialist scheme to colonize the country. In this chorus of complaint the loudest voices were those of Radio Moscow and Radio Baku, both of which have continually urged the nationalization of all Iranian oil.

Oil for Iran—and Russia

It is important to remember that Russian troops were finally withdrawn from Azerbaijan in 1946 only after Moscow had obtained a tentative agreement from the then premier, Qavam-es-Sultaneh, to share oil rights in northern Iran. However, this preliminary agreement violated an Iranian law passed in 1944 which forbids official discussion of oil rights with any foreigner, and it was rejected by the Iranian Majlis (parliament) in October, 1947.

At the same time the Majlis enacted a new bill providing that "in all instances wherein the rights of the Iranian people in economic wealth of the country have been infringed . . . and especially with regard to the southern oil concession—the government is directed to enter into negotiations and take action towards the establishment of these rights." The bill also provided that any oil subsequently discovered by the Iranians in the north might be sold to Russia.

In this spirit of Iran for the Iranians, the government pressed for revision of the Anglo-Iranian

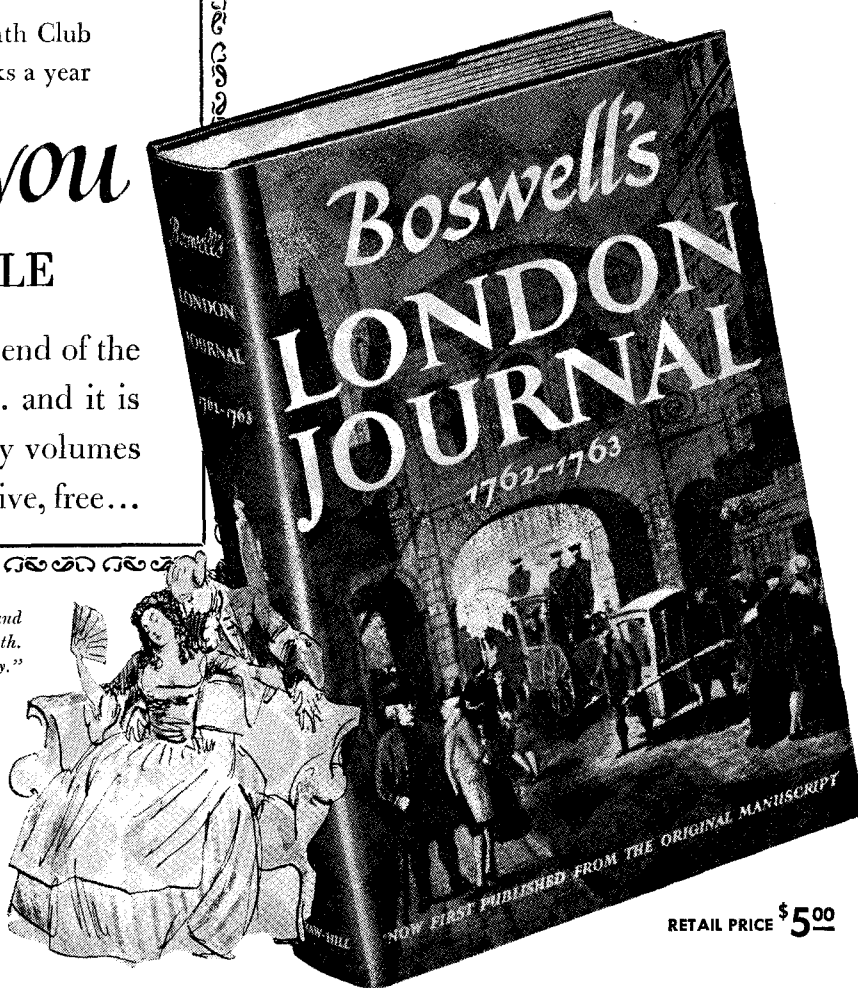
If you join the Book-of-the-Month Club
now and buy as few as four books a year

Given to you AS AN EXAMPLE

This was a recent Book-Dividend of the
Book-of-the-Month Club . . . and it is
typical of the valuable library volumes
Club members regularly receive, free...

"I got up in great raptures and
kissed her with great warmth.
She received this very genteelly."

THIS is what it was like to be
young, and in love with life,
and in London, in the great
days of Johnson, Goldsmith
and Sir Joshua Reynolds . . .



RETAIL PRICE \$5⁰⁰

"This is a great book and it has been greatly presented . . . there
is hardly a nook in the naughty world of the mind into which that little candle
does not throw his beam." — LEONARD BACON, *Saturday Review of Literature*

FACTS ABOUT THE CLUB EVERY READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW

- YOU MAY BUY AS FEW AS FOUR BOOKS A YEAR—OUT OF AT LEAST 75
- YOU USUALLY PAY LESS FOR CLUB CHOICES . . . (LAST YEAR THIS AVERAGE WAS 27% LESS)
- YOU SHARE IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: In addition
to the monthly selections, the Club
makes available Special Editions of
widely discussed books. *Thus your
choice is wide, at least 75 books a year.*
You receive a careful advance de-
scription of each selection, and if you
think it is a book you would *not* enjoy,
you send back a form (always pro-
vided) specifying some other book you
may want. Or you may simply say:
"Send me nothing."

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You
simply pay the *special members' price*
for each selection you buy, which is
usually lower than the regular retail
price. A bill is mailed with each book
you indicate you want. (A small
charge is added to cover postage and
mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN... WHAT IT IS:
After your first purchase, with every
second book you buy—from among

Club selections and Special Editions—
you receive a Book-Dividend. This
member-profit-sharing is similar to
what happens in any consumer co-
operative. A fixed percentage of what
each member pays is set aside in a
fund, which is finally invested in
enormous editions of other books, and
these are the Book-Dividends you re-
ceive. *An average of two million dol-
lars' worth of free books (retail value)
during every two-month period is now
distributed among members.*

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES:
*Why not buy from the Club the
monthly selections you would buy
anyway? You will usually pay less for
them and you will share in the Club's
Book-Dividends. And, not least, you
will actually get and read particular
new books, which you are anxious not
to miss, but which you frequently do
fail to read—through oversight or
procrastination.*

Begin your membership with any one of these good books:

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ FROM HERE TO
ETERNITY
by James Jones \$4.50 | ☐ HIS EYE IS ON THE
SPARROW
by Ethel Waters \$3.00 |
| ☐ THE HINGE OF FATE
by Winston Churchill
Price (to members only) \$4.00 | ☐ THE MATURE MIND
by H. A. Overstreet
Price (to members only) \$2.95 |
| ☐ THE DISENCHANTED
by Budd Schulberg \$3.50 | ☐ RIVER OF THE SUN
by James Ramsey Ullman \$3.50 |
| ☐ KON-TIKI by Thor Heyerdahl
Price (to members only) \$3.60 | ☐ MY SIX CONVICTS
by Donald Powell Wilson \$3.50 |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A45
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month
Club.* I am to receive, free, BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL.
This will be sent with my first purchase indicated above.
Thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special
Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to
receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being dis-
tributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selec-
tions—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club
during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel
my membership at any time after buying four such books
from the Club.

Name
(Please Print Plainly)

Address

City Postal Zone No. State
(if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to
Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through
Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.



The Atlantic Report *on the Middle East*



Oil Company's concession, asking for a larger share in profits and in company affairs. At the same time Teheran attempted to extract from Moscow some twelve tons of gold due for Iranian advances to Russian occupation troops during the war. It also negotiated some slightly favorable adjustments in the earnings and control of the Caspian fisheries concession which the two countries share theoretically on an equal basis. The recent revival of a 1940 trade treaty signified considerably improved diplomatic relations with Moscow.

None of these signs of better relations with the U.S.S.R. compare in economic importance with the pay roll (70,000) and the revenue from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. About 18 per cent of Iran's total income comes from this source, which has also provided almost all of Iran's dollar exchange and all of the funds spent so far on the Seven-Year Plan. It was for this reason that the late Premier Razmara was so emphatic in his last speech to the Majlis that Iran could not afford to nationalize the oil company.

This moderate position has been weakened in recent months by the failure of long-anticipated American loans to materialize and by the pressure of events in Saudi Arabia. There King Ibn Saud in late December secured a revision of his concession agreement with the Arabian-American Oil Company whereby he became entitled to a total return of up to one half of the company's net profits.

Inevitably the pressure for an equally favorable deal for Iran was built up. The tragedy for Iran and for the entire Middle East is that this pressure erupted into the violent nationalistic frenzy which culminated in the assassination of Premier Razmara. For Razmara was the symbol of a policy of independent neutrality determined by the competing demands of Russia and Britain. So long as Iran remains independent, Russian ambitions to reach the Persian Gulf and deny its oil to Western Europe are thwarted. The danger is that the fanatical right-wing opposition to all moderate forces will deprive Iran of all freedom of maneuver in dealing with both Britain and Russia.

Arab nationalism on the march

Nationalism is on the march in the Arab countries as well as in Iran. There are signs, however, that the Arab-Asian philosophy of neutrality in the cold war is giving way to a more realistic concern with collective security. The Moslem supernationalists, the isolationists, and the opportunists have all fought against any new alignment with the West. Anti-Western feeling, feeding on resentment over

the division of Palestine, still runs high in all Arab countries. Against this sentiment Middle East leaders have lately been attempting to bring home to the people a more realistic appreciation of the implications of Korea for all small and weak states. The prevailing sentiment among Arab leaders now seems to favor cautious collaboration with the West on Mediterranean defense.

There are, however, important qualifications attached to this new coöperation. The Arabs expect to collaborate on a basis of complete equality as members of the United Nations. They also expect the West to arm them. In other words, the day of providing bases for foreign use and remaining passive hosts to Allied armies is over. On the contrary, the Arab states hope to make their own collective security system solid enough to play an active role in regional defense plans now in the making.

Egypt wants Suez and the Sudan

Negotiations for revision of Egypt's present treaty with Britain have been in progress for over a year, with Egypt demanding evacuation of British forces from Suez. The security question is complicated by Egypt's simultaneous demand for the unity of the Nile valley, bringing the Sudan under the Egyptian crown.

The history of this dispute is so bitter as to make any fresh approach between the two countries almost impossible. No Egyptian leader could survive an open compromise on either point. At best, therefore, the prospect for the moment is that some multinational solution may be found, either by including Egypt in some association of Mediterranean powers for defense, as is favored by Greece and Spain, or by associating it with the North Atlantic Treaty system as Greece and Turkey are now associated.

The whole problem of reconstructing a second line of defense, beyond the main line running along the northern borders of Greece, Turkey, Iran, and Afghanistan, is complicated by the continued stalemate in relations between Israel and its Arab neighbors. Israel's policy of "non-identification" with either East or West still stands officially. Nevertheless the Israeli government has been strengthening its ties with Turkey and, even more significantly, with Britain.

From a position a year ago of violent anti-British resentment, the government appears lately to have shifted to a realization that both its internal and external security would be served by continued British influence in Jordan. The visit to Israel

NEW—COMPLETE! ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

BIZET'S

CARMEN

The World's Best-Loved Opera magnificently produced with Raoul Jobin, Solange Michel, Michel Dens, Marthe Angelici with other members of the Chorus and Orchestra of L'OPÉRA COMIQUE DE PARIS, Andre Cluytens, Conductor.

Another thrilling achievement in modern recorded performances of favorite opera repertoire. Hear it—enjoy it!

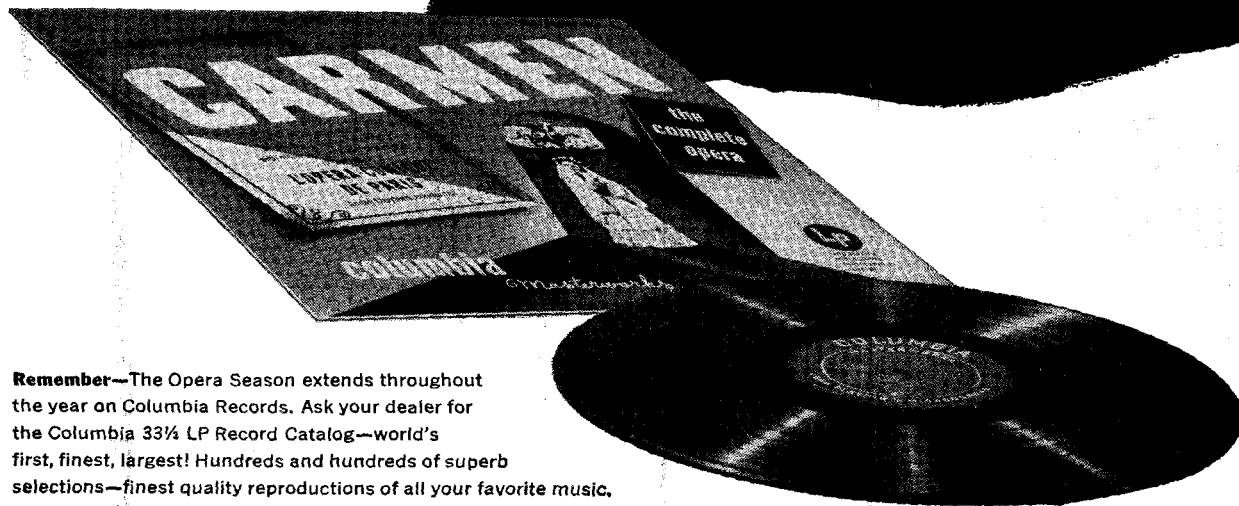
Three Columbia 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ LP Records—SL-109
or 78 rpm Set MOP-33
or 45 rpm Set MOP 4-33

Your dealer is featuring all these great Columbia Record performances of Complete Operas.

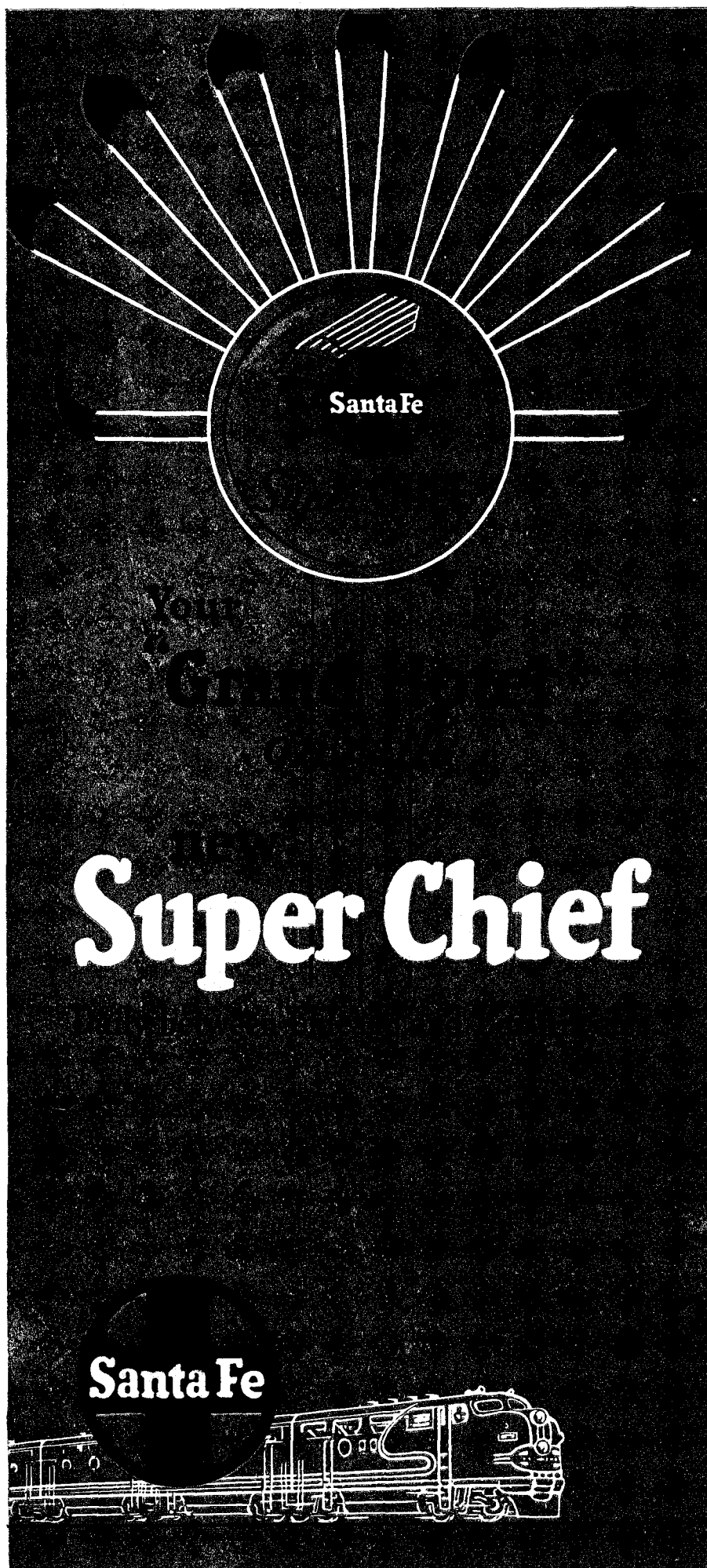
J. Strauss: **Fledermaus** (the authentic Metropolitan Opera version)
Puccini: **La Bohème** • Puccini: **Madame Butterfly**
Verdi: **La Traviata** • Offenbach: **Tales of Hoffmann**
Humperdinck: **Hansel and Gretel** • Ravel: **L'enfant et les sortilèges**

COLUMBIA
RECORDS 

First, Finest, Foremost in Recorded Music



Remember—The Opera Season extends throughout the year on Columbia Records. Ask your dealer for the Columbia 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ LP Record Catalog—world's first, finest, largest! Hundreds and hundreds of superb selections—finest quality reproductions of all your favorite music.



early this year of General Sir Brian Robertson, British Middle East Commander in Chief, signified this important change in relations. Full diplomatic relations were established between London and Tel Aviv a year ago, and there has been an amicable settlement of outstanding financial accounts between them.

Meanwhile, however, the official Arab boycott of Israel continues and all Arab collective security plans exclude her: there is no lessening of the determination to isolate her.

Resettling the Arab refugees

The Arab refugee problem presents one of the most serious threats to Middle East security. This becomes plain when it is realized that their number has increased rather than diminished since the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) took over the problem a year ago; that funds subscribed fell short of estimated needs; that only a fraction of the 860,000 on relief rolls during 1950-1951 were employed in works projects; and that no significant resettlement has yet taken place. The desperation of UNRWA's staff in attempting to stretch inadequate funds over extended relief operations has been reflected in periodic signals for help from its director, Major General Howard Kennedy, to Lake Success.

In response, the UN General Assembly in December authorized UNRWA to continue relief operations for another year, until June 30, 1952, on 20 million dollars to be solicited at the UN. In addition, the resolution authorized the establishment of a "re-integration" fund of 30 million dollars exclusively for permanent resettlement. The Assembly again urged peace negotiations through the Conciliation Commission and directed the Commission to set up machinery for compensation of dispossessed Arabs.

Fortunately the awakened Arab interest in security has engendered a more realistic attitude toward settling the refugees in countries where they now are. Egypt and Jordan and Lebanon have all acted to take advantage of UNRWA's financial assistance for such resettlement. But clearly UNRWA will have to have substantial support, sustained far beyond 1952, to get more than a fraction of the families now on relief settled on whatever lands are available to them.



Washington

IT IS a strange twist in our political life that the two men who are putting President Truman on the spot are members of his own party. They are Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee and Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas; one is investigating interstate crime and its relation to politics in government, the other is examining operations of the RFC. Neither is a Dixiecrat, nor have they any animosity against their chief. Both are high-minded men who are pursuing their duty without regard to partisanship.

The President seems one of the few persons in the country unimpressed with the Kefauver and Fulbright revelations. He still insists that his administration is beyond suspicion. However, the very day he said this, Dr. Alan Valentine, former Economic Stabilization Director, was telling an audience of his own disillusioning experience as an administrator. He said he had to curry favor all the time with the Democratic National Committee. The committee was so potent to Dr. Valentine that he called it "undercover government."

President Truman in denying the imputation said complacently that history would vindicate his own administration as it had the administrations of a number of his illustrious predecessors — including Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In this particular, Truman turned a blind eye to history as well as to the present facts about his own administration.

Whatever else may be charged against F.D.R., he kept the Democratic National Committee out of government from the start. Three members of the committee set up shop immediately as peddlers of influence, but they were ousted, and the word went down the line that this sort of thing would not be tolerated. Just the opposite has been characteristic of the Truman administration, and the contrast is due to the fact that whereas F.D.R. politically was brought up to fight machine politics, Mr. Truman was their child.

RFC—pro and con

Senator Fulbright's investigation into the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has revealed only a tithe of the story of deteriora-

tion in many of the agencies and departments of government. And quite as bad as the revelations is the official attitude toward them. Nothing "illegal," as the President has said, has been uncovered. That is perfectly true, yet the improprieties stand out before an increasingly outraged citizenry.

Senator Fulbright knows that the legislators as well as the officials close to the White House have been part of the influence industry clustering around the RFC. Since the derelictions of David I. Walsh the Senate has been acting as a club far more anxious to keep its members protected against outside assaillment than to maintain its own prestige as a representative institution.

The legislators' obligations are plain under the Constitution. Members enjoy immunity from legal proceedings by the citizenry, and for a good and sufficient reason. They could not do the public business if they had to weigh every word for its libelous content. Scandal in that event would flourish, corruption would become rife.

But, while members of Congress are immune from prosecution for libel, that immunity is not absolute. There is a corresponding obligation that the Constitution puts upon the Congress to carry out. "Each house," says the Constitution, "may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member." A long time has elapsed since the provision was invoked.

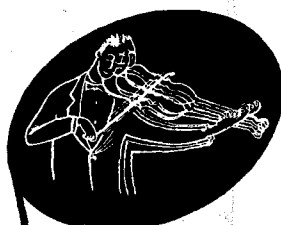
The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is inevitably what Senator James P. Kem called a "Royal fruit cake." It is charged with lending money on projects which are vested with the public interest. It takes up projects which the banks refuse on purely business grounds. Started in the depression, by the Hoover administration, it disbursed money when private money had gone underground.

The RFC might have been liquidated long ago if the business slump had not given way to war emergency. Clearly the RFC was just as necessary to preparedness as to recovery. Many a project necessary to defense simply could not be financed with



Nerves Jumping?

Let them jump in our direction—we'll soothe their points and barbs with luxurious, country-house treatment—relaxing sleep, coaxing (or *slimming*) foods, "out-of-this-world" service. Next door, the Spa's mineral baths bubble nerves and curves away. Or, if you prefer, golf, swim, sun, ride—all at the Gideon's doorstep. Privately operated. For reservations or free booklet, write Myron H. Woolley, Manager.



a
message
to
music
lovers
and
record playing enthusiasts!

Your records, (LP's or Standard) need not produce fuzzy, noisy, distorted music. Inherent in their sound grooves is fine musical realism of concert hall quality that can be recreated by record players equipped with fine audio components: pickup, arm, compensator, preamplifier, etc. Such components by Pickering are the finest available: the choice of engineers, leading record critics, music lovers and specialists in the production of custom record playing systems.

Pickering High Fidelity Components are available through leading jobbers and distributors everywhere; detailed literature will be sent upon request.



Pickering & Co., Inc.
Oceanside, N. Y.

Address
Department F

For the utmost in quality specify Pickering Audio Components!

private money. After the war the Hoover Commission recommended reorganization to permit the RFC to guarantee loans by commercial banks, and to lend directly only "in time of emergency." The Commission continued: "Direct lending by the Government to persons or enterprises opens up dangerous possibilities of waste and favoritism to individuals or enterprises. It invites political and private pressure, or even corruption." This danger is what the Fulbright Committee spelled out in actuality. The only safe course is to restrict RFC operations to the new defense financing.

A widespread idea exists that the loans under exposure have gone sour. The fact is that only one of them has put the RFC in red ink, and that is the Lustron Corporation, which put out prefabricated houses. And this is the very loan which was backed by public and officials alike. There was a shortage of houses and the building industry was riddled with expensive feather-bedding. It seemed that Lustron would remedy shortage and offset high prices. Senator McCarthy collected \$10,000 from Lustron for writing puffs for this enterprise. But, beyond that questionable connection, the public interest at the time seemed to require RFC action on some enterprise of the Lustron variety.

It may be that, granted more time and accommodation, Lustron would have made good, but the fact remains that this was the only bad loan in the docket which the Fulbright investigation opened. And yet most of them were suspect. They were made in behalf of such nonpublic interests as Miami hotels and speculation in steel and other commodities.

Wilson and the unions

The screaming headlines which are giving the people a picture of the decline of political morality in the Capital are disguising the hard work and sincere purpose of the defense workers. Yet defense is not proceeding smoothly. Labor leaders are dissatisfied with their role in the defense setup.

The root of the trouble is that Charles E. Wilson is a businessman who is accustomed to march straight to his goal with the rest of his organization behind him. He is not used to a political atmosphere where soft

words must be used instead of commands, where many types of people have to be propitiated, and where the organization moves in step not on orders but on persuasion. Wilson, in short, is a bull in a china shop. Yet the feeling is that defense would be slowed down if there were shared authority at the top.

The trouble with any system which puts organized labor leaders in positions of authority in the emergency is not often understood. Labor leaders are representatives of their unions, and they remain representatives of their unions when they hold emergency positions. That gives them a sort of divided loyalty. Every decision has to be viewed not as it affects the country at large but as it affects the interest of their particular union.

This knowledge that duty to the job is subordinated to a kind of expediency is something that Mr. Wilson cannot stomach. It isn't the way to get on with the task. He will contend that he assumed the administratorship of defense as an individual, not as the representative of anybody or any interest. If he were to resign, the National Association of Manufacturers would not walk out of the emergency, as the United Labor Policy Committee did when the labor leaders quit the Wage Stabilization Board.

This is all true enough, but the position of labor leaders and that of business leaders is altogether different. Most businessmen can get leaves of absence from their boards of directors, but a union leader, even if he got a leave of absence, which is unlikely, would not expect to see his job again. For example, Walter Reuther has a day-to-day fight on his hands to maintain his position as head of the automobile workers.

The answer to the problem is not easy to provide, but more consideration for labor's feelings is called for, and this is what men of good will behind the scenes are striving to promote.

McCarthy's kangaroo court

The storm still rages around the State Department. Acheson's critic, Joe McCarthy, has captured two committee jobs which put him, as Senator Benton angrily told the Senate, in the position of conducting his

own kangaroo court under official auspices. He is on a Senate Appropriations subcommittee handling State Department appropriations. He is also top Republican on the main Senate investigating subcommittee of the Committee on Expenditures under Senator Hoey's dignified chairmanship. Senator Margaret Chase Smith, incidentally, was compelled to make room for the Senator from Wisconsin on the Hoey Committee.

McCarthy supervision is a constant surprise to foreign diplomats. Elsewhere the legislatures would not dream of tolerating personal arraignments of members of the foreign service of their countries. A critic would be immediately ruled out of order on the ground that this was a staff matter within the exclusive competence of a responsible minister.

Dulles and Japan

To some extent John Foster Dulles is taking the heat off Acheson in the Far East. It is the Republican Dulles in whose hands the treaty with Japan rests, and they are strong and able hands, as befits a man whose experience with international affairs goes back to Versailles.

The situation of Japan will be critical as long as military operations in Korea continue. How far do we intend to go in North Korea? If we go far, the Chinese will undoubtedly call for help from the Russians. But will the Russians intervene?

The feeling in Washington is that if the Russians come in, they will not be content with taking over Korea, but will try to gobble up Japan, too. In that event our strategic position in the Far East, with seven divisions locked up in Korea, would be precarious. Dulles found almost complete unity in disarmed Japan on the request that American forces be kept in Japan even after the occupation status has been wound up. In the meantime General MacArthur is leaving all Japanese peace talks to Dulles.

The American negotiator in the West, Philip Jessup, commands far less confidence than Dulles among the oppositionists. He is a marked man in the McCarthy book. Whatever he does is suspect. Another effort to "get" him is under way in the Senate Judiciary Committee's examination of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Fun is informal at Canadian National's Minaki Lodge... swimming and sunning by the lake, dancing and movies, boating and fishing parties, canoeing... Spruce and pine border the fairways of its well-kept golf course. Cuisine and service at Minaki Lodge reveal Canadian National's master-touch. Accommodation for 185 persons. Opens June 24. From \$8.00 minimum, including meals.



You'll long remember
Minaki
...a Maple Leaf Vacation in Canada's Northwoods!

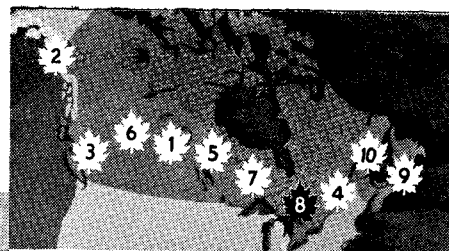


Woods and water...and wonderful fishing

Ontario Highlands...One of Canada's 10 Top Vacations!

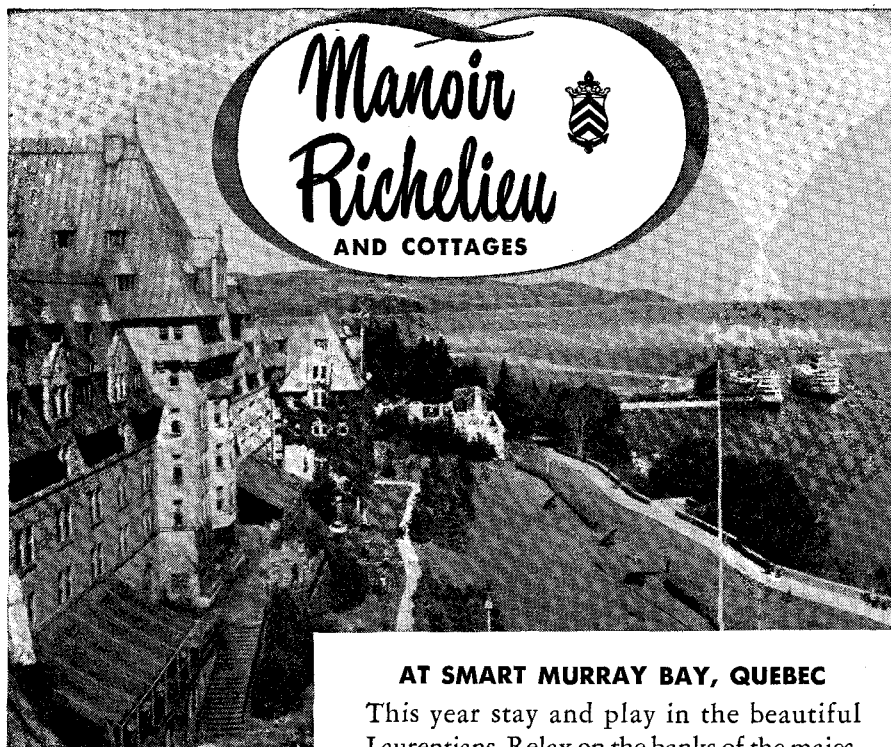
Get away into Ontario's lake country for a real outdoor vacation. Here you can have a whole lake to yourself. Bass and muskies, trout, pike and walleyes hit hard in these northern waters. Delightful resorts and fishing camps. Expert guides. Canadian National's MAPLE LEAF TOURS (non-escorted) outline routes, days, dollars can be tailored to meet your needs. Visit or write our nearest office listed below,* or your Travel Agent.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.



Find out about Canada's 10 top Maple Leaf vacations.

1. Across Canada.
2. Alaska Cruise.
3. British Columbia.
4. Eastern Cities and Laurentians.
5. Hudson Bay and Winnipeg.
6. Jasper in the Canadian Rockies.
7. Minaki (Lake of the Woods).
8. Ontario Highlands.
9. Provinces by the Sea.
10. Romantic French Canada (Gaspé and the Saguenay).



Manoir Richelieu

AND COTTAGES



Season June to September

The Manoir Richelieu is a division of Canada Steamship Lines. Offices in principal cities. See Your Travel Agent or apply the Manoir Richelieu, Box 100, Montreal, Can.

AT SMART MURRAY BAY, QUEBEC

This year stay and play in the beautiful Laurentians. Relax on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence. Everything for everyone . . . golf, tennis, riding, large salt-water pool, fishing in well-stocked lakes. Dancing in the Casino. Regular service by famous river steamers or by rail from Montreal.

This group, with which Mr. Jessup used to be closely associated, is already "tagged." Government employees who have been members risk having a black mark put on their records.

The IPR's "crime" as demonstrated in leaks and sensational (and unnecessary) "raids" and "seizures" is that it once had a bad apple or two on its research staff. That is enough grounds for murder of an organization that in time past has done excellent service in Pacific research.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is putting on more and more overtones of 1952. It is said, by those who ought to know, that Mr. Truman will not run again. In default of Truman the name of Chief Justice Vinson is still under canvass. Vinson is undoubtedly Truman's choice. But the Democratic Party, judging from a poll, is turning to Senator Paul Douglas.

The selection surprised most observers, for Douglas has remained singularly aloof from Presidential politics, and does not seem to have lifted a finger to stir up a candidature. For one thing, it is difficult to see how he could spare any time for playing politics. No man, with the possible exception of Senator Taft, is more indefatigable in doing his Senatorial duties. He seems to have a hand in most legislation. For a freshman Senator he is a phenomenon—he assumed leadership with a naturalness that was compelling. He is one of the most redoubtable personalities to come to Washington in years.

Speaking of Taft, his stock appears to be falling steadily in Washington since his electoral triumph. More than one Republican Senator is irked by a leadership which is not wedded to a firm and acceptable line of policy. But what has really set Taft back is the press campaign that has sprung up over what is called the "Taft-McCarthy axis." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, in particular, is training its guns on Taft. The alleged collusion derives from an AP report last summer saying that Taft had told McCarthy to keep on making charges, that "if one case doesn't work, to bring up others." There is reason to believe that Taft is uneasy over this growing barrage, no less than over the restiveness of the GOP.

ESTABLISHED 1830

BELLOWS FINE CLUB DISTILLED DRY GIN

This bland, dry gin, with no one flavor predominating, is perfection for a dry Martini—or any other gin drink where subtlety is desired. Expressly distilled for us, according to our own formula and standards for more than a century.

BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers & Wine Merchants
ESTABLISHED 1830 - NEW YORK CITY

Our New York establishment today

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Yugoslavia

YUGOSLAVIA has come a long way from the totalitarian dictatorship it was two years ago. But it is far from being a democracy. Now, standing somewhere between the two diametrically opposite poles, Marshal Tito is at a crossroads. There is little doubt as to where his personal preference lies. But Stalin's repent-or-die ultimatum to the "renegade," the need for defense and trade coöperation with the anti-Soviet nations, and the social-economic conditions in Yugoslavia itself have forced Tito to give up some of his political dogmas.

The mass arrests have stopped. A new liberalized penal code is being prepared. People are allowed to speak more freely and they do so on the streets, on trains, and in courtrooms. Trade unions pay more attention to the will and opinion of the rank and file. The highly overcentralized government machinery is being decentralized.

Probably the most spectacular change of policy has been the decision to end collectivization of farms. The collectivization of farms has been one of the chief objectives of every Communist state, but in Yugoslavia it turned out to be a dismal failure after a furious five-year struggle, and Tito admitted his defeat by ending the whole program a few months ago.

This decision is highly significant because a certain form of collective farming has been an old, firmly rooted tradition in Yugoslavia. The so-called *zadruga*, or family collective, has been in use for 1500 years. Members of the same family, following the patriarchal system, used to run their farms on a communal basis. The extreme lack of capital compelled farmers to establish coöperatives long before the war. Thus the people were well prepared, psychologically, for Tito's *Celacka Radna Zadruga*, the Peasants' Working Collective Farms.

It is the considered opinion of leading American farm experts who have studied conditions in Yugoslavia for years, that had Tito moved slowly instead of using dictatorial measures, he might have induced many to join. Eventually, it is believed, he could have gathered up to 40 or 50 per cent of the peasants in coöperative or collective groups

on a sound economic basis and with healthy competition among them. But the Communist regime paid little attention to the peasant's love for his land and home, the emotional attachment to the plot his forefathers had tilled for generations.

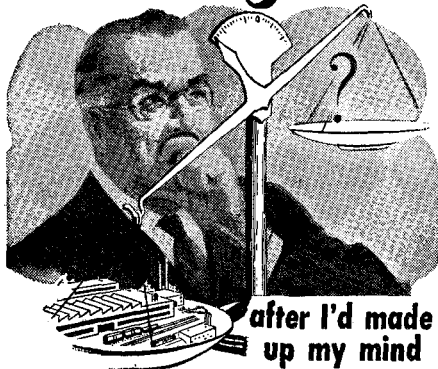
It is true that Tito did not demand nationalization of all land and all farm property. The typical Yugoslav village consists of two rows of small farmhouses connected by means of a wall or high wooden fence behind which is a small vegetable garden or orchard. The house, the plot (up to 2 acres), one cow, one sow, any number of rabbits, chickens, or geese, are permissible private property of the farmer. But draft animals, machines, and all his fields with the exception of the little plot next to the house would go into the new collective.

The peasant down the garden path

Tito tried to tempt the farmer into the new collectives by one of several offers. For example, a peasant can make a three-year contract, retain full title to his property, and receive rent payments; or he may merely retain land title without land income. Under most of the contracts the peasant — nominally — may withdraw after three years and take his land back. However, if his property has become indispensable to the collective, the group can keep his land and give him what they consider an equivalent piece somewhere else. This is the catch in the bargain. In many cases peasants have found that what they were offered as "equivalent" was of such little value that they could not make a living and they had to stay in the collective.

In short, the Yugoslav farmers did not like the bargain. They resented even more the ruthless pressure exerted by the Tito regime. Of course, a Communist police state has a simple way of ruining a stubborn peasant. Every farmer, whether he is independent or not, must deliver to the state a certain amount of his products at minimum prices. His delivery quota as well as the prices is fixed by the state. If a farmer refuses to join the collective the officials can impose on him an impossibly high delivery quota and leave him a choice between bankruptcy (through fines) and becoming a member of the collective.

I met New England



after I'd made
up my mind

We were about sold on a new plant location but I felt there was something lacking—something I couldn't quite figure out.

Then Jim Dunbar happened to call me. Jim had just moved his whole plant to a little town in New England. "How's it working out?" I asked him.

"Bill," he said, "it was the best move I ever made—and especially under today's conditions. Listen to this—New England has a higher proportion of skilled workers to labor population than any other region in the country. There are good plant sites located well away from concentrated industrial areas, yet they have ideal rail connections, plenty of dependable power, good water, good labor relations—and the best research facilities in the world.

"It's also got a big plus. With the working tempo speeding up, living is important, and in New England you have a vacationland in your own back yard.

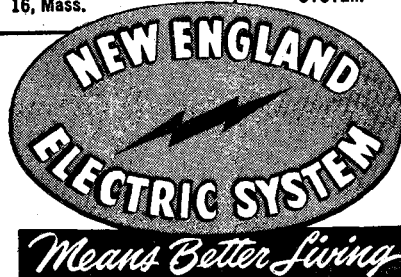
"Think it over—try to find a better place—you can't do it."

INVESTIGATE NEW ENGLAND

Write for descriptive list of some typical industrial plants now available. Confidential. No obligation. Industrial Development Department, Room A, New England Electric System, 441 Stuart Street, Boston 16, Mass.

**NEW ENGLAND
IS THE
PLACE TO LIVE
AND WORK!**

**NEW ENGLAND'S
LARGEST
ELECTRIC
SYSTEM**



The crisis came to a head with last year's drought. That prolonged dry spell was a catastrophic blow to Yugoslavia's food production. But it was not the sole reason for the loss of about 50 per cent of the corn crop, a similar drop in the potato harvest, and a drastic cut in many other farm products. Without the 600,000 tons of emergency food gifts from the United States, Yugoslavia would have been faced with famine and political chaos last winter.

One major reason for the debacle, in addition to the drought, was the go-slow movement of the peasants. Tito accepted defeat, at least for the time being. He did not denounce collectivization, but he stopped it under a number of subterfuges. In 1949 more than 5300 farms had been collectivized. During the first six months of 1950 the number dropped to 340, and in the second half of the year to a mere 30.

There is no talk of collectivization now. And while Tito does not intend to break up the existing collectives, he is not creating new ones. In fact, Yugoslav government officials admit in private conversations that they have been unable to induce or to force the peasants to join. Only 450,000 families and 26 per cent of the land are in collectives today. More than 2 million families and three fourths of the nation's land remain independent.

Since four out of every five people in the country earn their living on the farms, agriculture is Yugoslavia's chief problem. Unfortunately, the temporary victory of the farmers over the regime does not mean that the crisis is over. Another equally important issue remains to be settled. The delivery quotas at fixed prices which range from one tenth to one twentieth of the prices on the free market have all but killed the independent farmer's initiative.

Farming without machinery

The German and Hungarian armies stripped the country of machinery and livestock before they withdrew. Actually there was not much to begin with. Yugoslavia has always been a desperately poor country. Even before the war many villages had to have an "eternal fire" because the peasants could not afford to buy matches. More than one third of them had no plows, half of them had no draft ani-



Best in the West

In the heart of the Canadian Rockies thirty-four miles from Banff, and reached by horseback only, Mount Assiniboine Lodge has its incomparable location. In a flower covered valley, 7,200 feet above sea level you can forget the cares of the world, have the fun of a packtrip with the comfort of a permanent camp.

You can ride the trails to unpeopled valleys beyond, climb the neighboring peaks, catch all the native Cut Throat trout you will want in five beautiful lakes or just come and sit.

Our nine log cabins are plain but comfortable. The food is excellent. Write for pamphlet care of Erling Strom at Stowe, Vermont until June 15, after that at:

Mount Assiniboine Lodge
Banff, Alberta, Canada



Let this booklet be your guide to a delightful vacation in the romantic Province de Québec — where all summer sports are at their best — where you will be welcomed with French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

**LA PROVINCE DE
Québec**

Write today for your free copy of this booklet to: The Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

mals. Thus it took five farmers to do the same job it takes one in Denmark or two in Germany.

Conditions have improved very little. Today there are only 3000 tractors in operation among the farm population of more than 12 million. Most of these tractors are being held by the collectives and are not available to the independent farmer. To make matters worse, Yugoslavia has never yet manufactured a tractor. Experiments have been carried on for some time and one tractor model is in the blueprint stage. But so far, the West has remained Yugoslavia's only source of those vital machines.

Another miscalculation has been the large-scale industrialization and construction program of the Communist government. It has brought close to a million people from the farms to the cities and made them food consumers instead of producers. Their contribution to the national economy has been quite remarkable but insufficient for the needs of the impoverished nation.

Low output, high prices

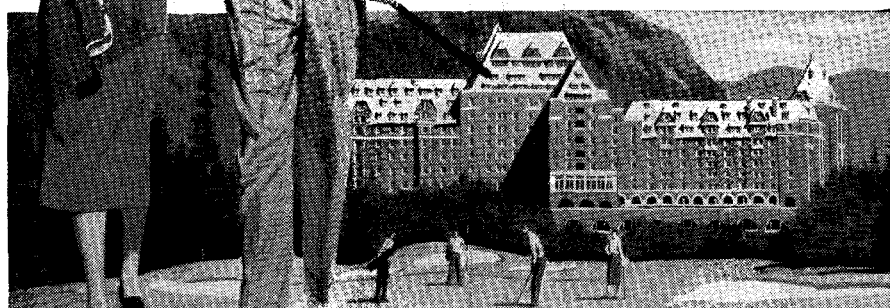
Yugoslav miners produced 6 million tons of low-grade brown coal in 1939; last year it was about 12 million tons. The total pre-war output of crude oil was 1000 tons a year; it stands at roughly 110,000 tons now. But 600,000 tons is the country's minimum requirement. Electric power has been doubled since 1939; but it was little more than half a per cent of the energy available in the United States. No wonder the average Yugoslav worker produces less than 10 per cent of the output of an American worker.

His living standard is correspondingly low. A semiskilled worker's monthly wages would buy him not quite a yard of material for a suit, on the free market. His annual allotment of tickets for the purchase of furniture, luxury goods, or clothing at a reduced price is just enough to give him the material for one suit — it does not pay for lining, buttons, thread, or labor.

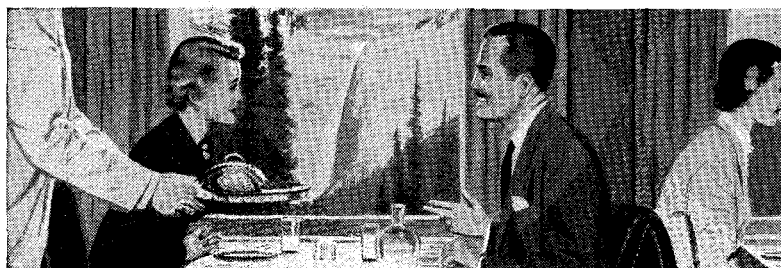
Moreover, once these tickets are spent he must buy everything else on the free market without reduction, and a pair of shoes would cost him his pay check for six weeks; the price of a pound of crude, homemade soap, which the peasants produce from



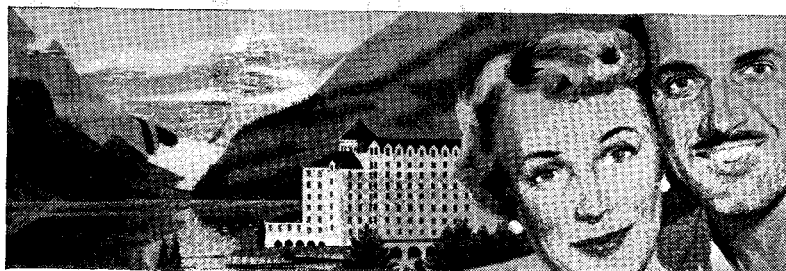
"At Banff and Lake Louise we found a sky-high vacation wonderland"



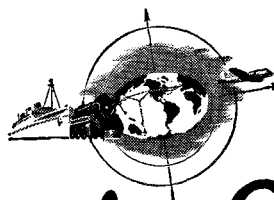
"Awaiting us in Canada's glorious Rockies were all the things we hoped to find on our vacation. At Banff Springs—Canadian Pacific's championship golf course...tournament tennis courts...two pools...swift-running trout streams...a sunny, invigorating climate. The hotel was luxurious...cuisine superb.



"Traveling to Banff on a Canadian Pacific train, we passed through some of the world's most spectacular scenery. And we lived in perfect comfort. Air-conditioned accommodations...wide, restful berths...tempting meals...courteous, *considerate* service. Lake Louise brought new thrills...awe-inspiring Victoria Glacier...and gracious Chateau Lake Louise. Here we found hospitable service...fine cuisine...perfect accommodations...a glassed-in outdoor pool."



P.S. "All our trip details were handled by our local travel agent...so helpfully. Next vacation we'll pick a Canadian Pacific resort hotel in "Down East" Canada—The Algonquin in St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N. B., or Digby Pines or Lakeside Inn in Nova Scotia."



Canadian Pacific
SPANS THE WORLD

Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Communications • Express

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR CANADIAN PACIFIC IN PRINCIPAL CITIES IN U. S. AND CANADA

See France in the "thrill season" ... Spring or Fall

You can see so much more for less, in the *thrill season*—through June and in the autumn. Rates and prices are lower, accommodations are easier to get—you see how the people live. In Paris the theatres and exhibits are at their best. The unusual 2000th Birthday party is in progress now, continues 'til late fall. There's always somewhere in France to go, always something exciting to see or do. And no matter when you go, remember: your dollar goes far!

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. F, Box 221, New York 10



NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

waste fat, would equal two weeks' income of the worker.

Untapped resources

Even compared with European countries, Yugoslavia's industry is pitifully weak. The country produces per capita roughly half the coal and cement and one tenth the steel and electric power of France.

On the other hand, Yugoslavia has great untapped resources. There are the large, rich, arable areas which await proper agricultural exploitation and there are vast deposits of important raw materials: Europe's biggest stores of bauxite, lead, and antimony; the second largest mercury, copper, and zinc reserves. The country also has sizable deposits of more than a dozen other strategic raw materials such as chrome, iron, manganese, and tungsten.

Tito planned exploitation of these resources with the "dynamic" ruthlessness of the totalitarian dictator. It turned out that he had bitten off more than he could chew. Then came the Kremlin's boycott, suddenly cutting Yugoslavia off from the Soviet market, which had accounted for 50 per cent of the nation's foreign trade.

To find new customers and suppliers overnight was a colossal task. Tito was determined not to give up his grandiose dream of industrialization and construction. He went ahead with the building of a new capital city, much too expensive for his impoverished nation, a few miles from Belgrade, and his "volunteer youth brigade" proudly finished the 200 miles of auto *strada* from Belgrade to Zagreb where one rarely meets more than six cars on the entire trip.

American aid in time

In order not to interrupt his Five-Year Plan, Tito continued to trade corn and wheat for Swiss and British machines last summer, even while a serious food crisis was evident. A few months later Yugoslavia faced catastrophe. American aid came promptly and saved the regime as well as the nation.

The effect was startling. The Yugoslav people are profoundly grateful. The Communist diehards who had been in the habit of sneering at Uncle Sam as the imperialistic, exploiting, capitalistic profiteer discovered that

SUMMER
FESTIVAL

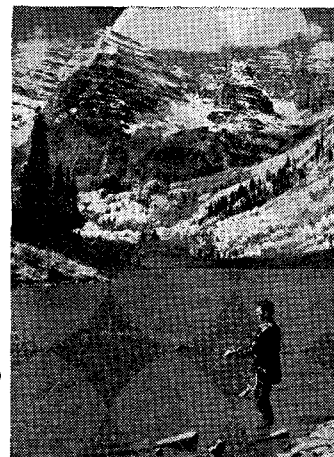
ASPEN

Enjoy a Cool Colorado Vacation...

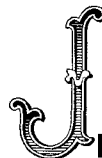
swimming, fishing, riding, tennis, dancing,
pack trips, mountain grandeur.

In addition attend concerts, lectures and seminars by world famous artists and scholars at the

Aspen
Summer
Festival,
July 2-
August 26.
Write...

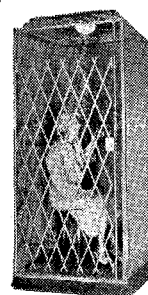


HOTEL



Dept. 22, Aspen, Colorado

HOME ELEVATORS



"Elevette"

Vertical lift for stairwell, closet or corner. Installed with or without enclosure. No overhead machinery. House-lighting-circuit operated. Cost is probably lower than you think.

INCLIN-ATOR

Unique electrically operated stairlift. Safe—simple. Electrically operated from house-lighting-circuit. Car folds against wall when not in use.



Write for full information and name of nearest dealer.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
2205 Paxton Blvd., Harrisburg, Pa., U.S.A.

Pioneers of the simplified passenger lifts for the home.

the United States was a lot better than its reputation behind the Iron Curtain. American aid was a goodwill gesture calculated to counteract Soviet blackmail diplomacy.

Tito felt encouraged to deal more frankly and intimately with the West, and to improve badly needed trade and diplomatic relations with the non-Communist world. This in turn made it imperative for him to speed up decentralization and liberalization of his regime.

Tito must decide

Perhaps the claws of the police state have been trimmed in the hope of winning the support of the masses during the present economic and war crisis. Stalin, too, in the late 1930s relaxed the grip of his regime. But he returned to his original program once the emergency was over. Will Tito follow a similar policy?

Some of the most experienced diplomats in Yugoslavia and other European countries believe that Tito will not move back toward the Kremlin because he knows it would be committing suicide. When he and his guerrilla fighters rejected German domination during the Second World War it was not in order to submit to a rule from Moscow now. They remember too well the grim words of their folk song during the Partisan fighting in the bleak Yugoslav mountain hide-outs. "The stranger would drink to the last our blood, our home is his prey." They are at least as convinced nationalists as they are Communists. And since Stalin is unlikely to give up his dream of world domination from Moscow, Tito is equally unlikely to go back to the Kremlin.

The mood of the people is strongly anti-Russian. Stalin's ruthless campaign to destroy them because of their disobedience has been a profound shock from which they will not soon recover. But Tito cannot stand isolated between the Iron Curtain and the West indefinitely. He knows how valuable he is for the anti-Soviet nations; he knows, too, that in the long run he cannot exist without their good will and cooperation. Washington can advise, prod, and guide him, but it would be fatal to try to push him. If he had to commit suicide, he might prefer to die as a Communist martyr rather than make his faithful feel he was a traitor.

"All Right...I'll Tell You WHY I AM A CATHOLIC"

You may have heard that your neighbor is a Catholic because his father was. Perhaps you believe that ignorance, superstition and fear keep him loyal to his Faith.

But your common sense should tell you that these are NOT the reasons... that there MUST be something deep and vital and certain about a Faith which can hold the devoted loyalty of nearly 400 millions of people of every race, color and tongue on earth.

Not every Catholic can explain the reasons for his deep conviction in a way that you would understand. For the grace of God that touches a man's soul...and the willingness to believe that moves his heart...are elements of faith which cannot be readily reduced to logic and reason, nor easily explained.

But there are practical and common-sense reasons why so many millions of people are Catholics. And they are such convincing reasons that a young Catholic lawyer...with all the analytical exactness of his profession...has been moved to publish them in a booklet explaining "Why I Am A Catholic."

The Catholic system of thought, he says, provides him with reasonable and consistent answers to the basic questions which trouble mankind. He finds it reasonable to believe, as the Catholic Church teaches, that man has a physical body and a rational soul...that man and his world were created by God...and that man lives primarily "to return to God by saving his soul through love of God and his neighbor."

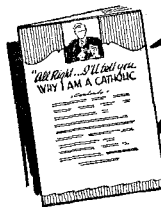
With these principles to guide him, the Catholic finds it both logical and necessary to fulfill his obligations to other men...to obey the civil laws...and to labor for the improvement of society as well as personal gain. For him, the basic principles of democratic freedom are not merely a political code of



ethics but a fundamental part of his religion. Human rights, the right of private property, and government with the consent of the people, are essentials of Catholic philosophy of life.

Communism, the lawyer says, is a deadly menace to the world because the solutions it offers to men's problems, though definite, are false and often hideous. Catholicism alone, he adds, offers answers equally as definite and forceful, and backed up by an equal unity and zeal.

"Catholicism," he continues, "gives me confidence and courage to face the present and the future...the confidence of one who has a map upon which the path to a sound, secure and peaceful future is well outlined; the courage of one who knows that the guide has behind it the experience of 2,000 years, the viewpoint of the world itself, and the devotion of countless millions. I am a Catholic because it would be foolish not to be."



Free

A timely pamphlet in which a Catholic layman examines in the light of Catholic teaching important questions of the day—religious questions of the individual—family questions about marriage, divorce, birth control, and sex in relation to the law of God—social and economic questions that everyone is talking about. Write for free copy today. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-26.

S U P R E M E C O U N C I L
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

John Masefield

Some weeks before the publication of the March *Atlantic*, the Editor sent to Mr. Masefield an engraver's proof of the cover. By return post from England came this delightful note with a crayon drawing by the poet to correct the rigging. The cover was already in the process of being printed, but we think that the seafarers among our readers will be interested in Mr. Masefield's corrections.

DEAR WEEKS:

The cover design, I have taken the liberty of touching up with red. The ship is of an old-fashioned type, with a rig which I learned, although it was then obsolete. Do you think that the Artist would mind changing one or two things? The flying jib, or fore-topgallant-staysail, ought to set on the fore-topgallant stay. The three other head sails, the outer jib, inner jib, and fore-topmast staysail, all set on stays leading from the fore-topmast head. The most important rope in the ship, the forestay, has been put in by me, just behind the fore-topmast staysail. With the old type of ship, the standing rigging, or shrouds, would have come outside the bulwark, as I have tried to show.

You have cut with much "tact of omission," as we used to say, and I am grateful for some of your queries.

With all best wishes and greetings.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Abingdon, Berkshire
England

When the first installment of Mr. Masefield's chronicle, "The Joy of Story-telling," appeared in print, readers far and near were quick to

express their pleasure, and one of them, an ancient mariner, Bill Adams of California, wrote direct to the poet as sailor to sailor.

DEAR MR. MASEFIELD:

It is nice to see you on the cover of the March *Atlantic*, a Herefordshire boy; and the picture of what is, we may take it, intended for a ship is, though a trifle odd in places, also pleasant. I do not know what that rope, or wire, is that runs from her starboard fore-topsail yardarm to her boom end. Nor, I bet, do you!

I spent my boyhood in Peterstow Parish, Herefordshire, living at Bowlers, Low Cop, and the Meende farm, and for eight years at High House on the edge of Peterstow Common, which is eleven miles from Hereford and on the way to Ross. A poacher named Jimmie Link taught me how to set snares for hare and rabbit, and how to bring down pheasants from the spinney trees on a moonlight night. I learned to swim in Wye, and would that now I were taking a boat down past the Horse Shoe meadows, Wilton, Goodrich, and Raglan castles!

I served my four-year apprenticeship in De Wolfe's smart four-masted barque *Silberhorn*, and on my last voyage in her acted third mate; then, when the second was disrated for incompetence, acted second; and well down in the South Atlantic, with the Old Man laid up and the mate crippled by a boarding sea, I took charge of the old girl and took her single-handed round the Horn. Oh, happy, happy days! In retrospect, eh? Well, if it was a dog's, it was also a man's life.

Since the sands are starting to

run out, and steak is very costly, I have just sold the *Silberhorn's* old charts with all my voyages in her pricked out day by day, round the Horn, and the Cape, and so forth. Also I have sold or am selling my books, but have not let go of *Captain Margaret*, your *Salt Water Ballads*, *The Wanderer*, and *Dauber*. A low-down dirty swab of a son of a sea cook of a lubber borrowed and never returned *The Everlasting Mercy*, which, when first I read it, brought tears to my eyes; so full of Herefordshire air it was, so familiar its dialect. So also did I feel when reading *The Widow in the Bye Street*.

Forgive me, please, for this long yarning. It will be my last taste of the meadows by the Wye, of the daffodil fields and the hawthorn hedges.

Fair winds and sunny seas to you, shipmate!

BILL ADAMS

Dutch Flat, Calif.

SIR:

I have just put down the March *Atlantic*, in which John Masefield talks of himself. I have read my way into too many books which seem to be made out of people who are like something that has crawled out from under a log in a swamp. Mr. Masefield's narrative was a breath of fresh air.

HANNAH TRIMBLE
Evansville, Ind.

SIR:

I was delighted to see the March *Atlantic* this afternoon with its fine cover and the Masefield article. The article tells us much more than



Travel carefree in
Cheyenne or Woonsocket
with Travelers Cheques
in your purse or your pocket!



Always carry
**BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

Issued by the world's largest
bank, acceptable throughout
the world. 75¢ per \$100 at banks
and travel offices everywhere.

BANK OF AMERICA N. T. & S. A., CALIFORNIA
Member Federal Deposit
Insurance Corporation

**MAKE YOUR
SAVINGS**

**PAY HIGHER
DIVIDENDS**

3%

Put your idle money to work. Place
your savings account with us today.
Our current dividend rate is 3% and
it has never been less.

We are a member of the Federal
Home Loan Bank System. Accounts
are insured up to \$10,000. Husband
and wife combined may have three
accounts insured up to \$10,000 each.

Place or withdraw by mail in **FIRST
FEDERAL** in America's fastest grow-
ing **UNIVERSITY CITY**. Money
placed with us by the 10th
earns dividends from the
first of the month.



WRITE US TODAY

**First Federal Savings
& Loan Association
of Gainesville**

221 W. University Ave. Gainesville, Fla.

we already knew from *New Chum*
and *Wonderings* and the other auto-
biographical works. I am happy
that the *Atlantic* continues to be
Mr. Masefield's American outlet. I
treasure my old copies, collected here
and there from bookshops, of *Atlantics*
in which *On Growing Old* and other
Masefield poems appeared. The cur-
rent coldness of most critics to Mr.
Masefield is something which puzzles
and annoys me.

FRASER B. DREW
*New York State College for Teachers
Buffalo, N.Y.*

SIR:

I read Masefield's "The Joy of
Story-telling" with great pleasure.
The *Atlantic* is the only magazine
where one can be sure of finding this
kind of refreshment.

JAMES NORMAN HALL
Tahiti, French Oceania

Dutch and American Students

SIR:

Nothing except my own — pleas-
ant — feeling of emotional relief
would be served by my writing an
article in a Dutch periodical about
what drives me crazy in the United
States. Even if factually correct it
would only damage the desperately
needed good will between this coun-
try and Europe. Through a number
of inaccuracies Professor Perry Miller
("What Drove Me Crazy in Europe,"
March *Atlantic*), I fear, creates more
misunderstandings about Europe than
exist already. The following correc-
tions appear to be in order:—

1. The impression that Dutch sec-
ondary education is "an intensive
drill in memorization and very little
else" is mistaken. In our high schools
the basis is laid for that culture of the
university graduate which is "higher"
than that of the "average senior over
here."

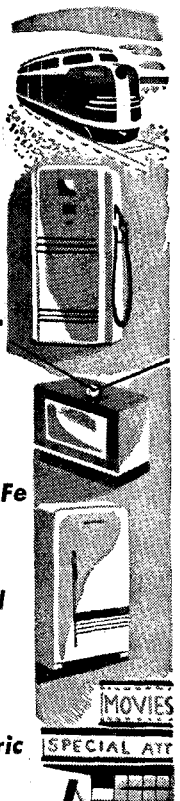
2. The charge that this culture is
coveted "as a badge of social class
and status" needs substantiation be-
fore it could even be considered.

3. General Education courses are
in a number of universities, and meet
with great student enthusiasm. On
the graduate level, on the other hand,
I would think that the American
student is the more specialized one.
There is comparatively little contact
between, for example, the Harvard
Business School, the Law School, and
the School of Public Administration.

4. My experience tends to con-
tradict Professor Miller's finding of

**Do you
work for
one of these
companies?**

- **Anaconda Copper**
- **Atch., Top. & Santa Fe**
- **Crane Company**
- **General Electric**
- **Loew's Incorporated**
- **Montgomery Ward**
- **Socony-Vacuum Oil**
- **Standard Oil (N. J.)**
- **Westinghouse Electric**
- **Woolworth (F. W.)**



THOUSANDS of people who work
for these companies know a good
deal about them already—their
products and sales, their policies and
management, the outlook for earn-
ings and profits.

But a good many of these people
still don't know how easy it is to buy
a share in those profits for them-
selves. They just don't realize that
buying stock means buying an extra
income with their extra dollars.

How good an income?

Well, on the average, these com-
panies have paid continuous divi-
dends for more than 30 years . . .
dividends that currently average
pretty close to a 6% return on the
money you invest. And you don't
need a lot of money, either!

You can walk into any broker's
office in the country—certainly any
of ours—and ask for 1 share, 10,
or 1,000.

Of course, if you'd like more facts
before you buy, just ask.

We'll be happy to mail you our
latest report on any one or all of
these companies as investments.

There's no charge, no obligation.
Simply mention those that interest
you and address—

Department SR-32

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 97 Cities

**OVER 500
FARMS FOR SALE**



*At Home...
for the Summer
in the Green Mountains*

"There's no place like home" ... your Vermont home; equally delightful whether it's your own summer place, or enjoying the hospitality of one of our fine inns, hotels or tourist homes. Restore frayed nerves with a country build-up amid the freshness and beauty of green-clad hills and valleys. The warm friendliness of your hosts and fellow guests help you to an out-of-this-world vacation.

If you yearn for a country place of your own, browse through the entrancing free book, "Vermont Farms and Summer Homes" (not illustrated) as a prelude to a "shopping tour" for the place of your dreams. For an eye-filling preview of your 1951 vacation tour of the Green Mountains write for FREE COLOR FOLDER, "Unspoiled Vermont".

VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Box A, Montpelier, Vermont



**GIVE
TO CONQUER
CANCER**



**AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY**

a lack of critical thinking. Students over here talk more in class, but the quality of what they say is lower. And I found no difference whatever in the conduct of examinations.

5. Professor Miller appears to be puzzled by the isolation of the European student. He is referring to a noisy minority which I did not find any more conspicuous than, say, the gay crowds before and after the Harvard-Yale game.

Europe's well-mannered defeatism is horrid. But in this country I found it very hard to convey the meaning of five long years of occupation. It is not so much the killing and the destruction as such: it is the knowledge of being helpless against the overpowering criminal. And Russia could, if it so chose, bring Europe under an infinitely worse occupation right now. Against paralysis with fear, an injection of vitamins rather than a whipping seems to be the more fruitful remedy.

I am a Dutch graduate of the School of Economics in Rotterdam, and at present a Teaching Fellow in Economics at Harvard University. I came to this country in 1948, and visited the Netherlands again in the summer of 1950.

CORNELIS WILLEMS
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I want to compliment you on the excellent article by Professor Perry Miller on the universities on the continent of Europe. Before my affiliation with Yale in 1947, I held various ranks in the University of Utrecht for twenty years. Also, many members of my family are connected with universities in Holland.

I think the author has grasped the mentality of the Continental university people extremely well.

J. ALEXANDER VAN HEUVEN, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

SIR:

Perry Miller's article provided stimulating reading. However, one might take exception to a few points he made.

Mr. Miller deplores the lack of a

system of college education in Europe. What he apparently overlooks is the fact that a student who has passed the "Abitur," which really is a university entrance examination, has throughout the years spent in high school become acquainted with a good deal of the general educational material that is taught in colleges in America.

Faulty though it may be in many aspects, the European educational system — up to the First World War at least — produced in great numbers original thinkers and creative scientists whose discoveries in basic research made possible many of the social and material advances we so proudly display to the world today.

MRS. DORIS GRUENWALD
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

While Professor Miller's despair at the backwardness of the European scholar is quite justified in some respects, the Europeans probably were equally desperate with him. There is no place for a college, American style, in European education because the student who leaves school at eighteen has not only nominally his B.A.; he has acquired the degree of general cultural knowledge that is considered to be necessary by the standards of his country. First of all, he is able to express himself correctly in his own language, in perfect grammar, spelling, and punctuation. He also knows the important works of his country's literature and some of the world literature, has a fair knowledge of history — centered, as everywhere, in that of his own country — and in addition knows usually at least two foreign languages. It would be unfair to blame a Dutchman for being more interested in the history of the liberation of his country from the Spanish domination than in the American Revolution. As to social science, is there such a thing? There are only social theories.

Let's not blame the Europeans for having traditions; we desperately try to have ours as well.

ARTHUR E. MEYER
Flushing, Long Island, N.Y.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

SAVE UP TO 75%

Marbobo Books Dept. 15,
117 E. 24th St., New York 10, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush me, postage prepaid, the book bargains I have circled below:

- ☐ Enclosed find \$ _____
☐ Please send C.O.D.*

2	21	22	35	62	63
70	91	109	110	116	119
125	128	144	145	147	165
183	207	208	212	214	215

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*A few cents extra for C.O.D.
 Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return books after ten-day examination and money will be refunded.

215 — Art and Style: Number 7

Noted art publication printed in France. Contains 10 superb full-color reproductions of masterpieces by Van Dyck, Rubens, Vermeer, etc.; 24 other black and white plates of great paintings; section on *Ballet in England* with 8 full-page photos of such stars as Fonteyn, Helpmann, Rassiné, etc.; detachable 12" x 17½" insert of two William Blake drawings; fashions of the Middle Ages; many other illustrated features. 9¼" x 12½". Text in English. Pub. at \$2.50. **Now only .89**

70 — French Masterpieces

A portfolio of 16 superb masterpieces by Van Gogh, Cezanne, Renoir, Utrillo, and other important artists. Each plate reproduced in full-color with remarkable fidelity to the originals, and mounted on a 6" x 8¼" mat. Ideal for framing singly or in groups. **16 prints for only 1.49**

22 — Inquiry into the Intimate Lives of Women

By Marc Lanval, Dr. S.S., U.L.B. The long-awaited English translation of the famous European report on the intimate behavior of women. Based on scores of personal interviews. Often called the European equivalent of the Kinsey report. 256 pages. **Only 2.98**

63 — L'illustration: Christmas 1950

Most recent of the famed Christmas editions! Sections on: *Notre Dame d'Assy* (the "modern art" church); *Le Breviaire de Martin d'Aragon* in 8 pages printed in 7 glorious colors and gold; detachable, page-size (11" x 15"), full-color plates of *Le Christ en Croix* by Crotti; *Head of a Young Boy* by Durer; *Stained Glass Window* by Rouault. Pub. at \$2.95. **Now only 1.98**

PRICES SLASHED ON SENSATIONAL BOOK BARGAINS

91 — Roget's Thesaurus

The New Authorized Revised Edition. An indispensable book that instantly provides the right word at the right time. Sturdily-bound, handsome, library edition. 705 pages. **Only 1.39**

207 — Un Siecle D'Elegance Francaise

The people, the fashions, the theatre, the life of 19th century France in more than 200 monotone reproductions of rare photographs, charming drawings and famous paintings — most of them the large 10" x 13" page size. There are 8 tipped-in, detachable, full-color reproductions of masterpieces by Renoir, Monet, Picasso, Bonnard, etc., as well as 15 full-color fashion plates. Imported from France. **Very special at only 7.88**

2 — Chinese Prints

Flowers and Fruits from the Mustard Seed Garden and the Ten Bamboo Studios. Published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 12 enchanting full-color reproductions taken from the two most admired collections of Chinese Prints. Each delicate plate hand-mounted on an 8" x 11" mat. Introd. by Alan Priest. Sturdy ribbon-tied portfolio cover. **Only 2.98**

35 — Job: By William Blake

The 22 illustrations of The Book of Job are the majestic climax to Blake's career. "Among the greatest works in the range of World Art" — Sheldon Cheney. 9" x 14". **Only 1.39**

208 — Van Gogh Drawings and Water Colors

A hard-cover portfolio of 10¾" x 14" superlative reproductions of Van Gogh masterpieces. 6 wonderful water color paintings in full-color and 10 of his most brilliant line drawings in monotone. Printed with incomparable freshness and vividness by the world-renowned house of R. Piper & Co., Munich, Germany. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now only 2.69**

119 — Audubon Birds of America

Set of 16 magnificent full-color prints reproduced directly from the Elephant Folio engravings valued as high as \$1500 apiece. Each 8½" x 11" print superbly captures the true-to-nature colors of the originals. Now you can afford to beautify your home with genuine Audubon reproductions! All 16 prints in handsome portfolio. **Only 1.98**

21 — Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex

By Drs. Willy, Vander, Fisher, and other authorities. A complete and up-to-date discussion of sexual practice with 186 detailed explanatory illustrations including 23 color plates and a concise directory of sexual terms. Never before has such a unique series of illustrations of the sexual apparatus of both sexes appeared in a single volume. **Only 4.95**

109 — The Practical Book of American Furniture and Decoration

The Standard Authoritative Guide by Stratton Holloway. This famous work enables you to recognize and appreciate all the principal types of American furniture — Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Shearer, Sheraton, etc. Illustrated throughout with more than 200 excellent photographs. Orig. \$6.00. **Very special at only .98**

147 — Persian Miniatures

La Guirlande de L'Iran. 25 remarkably authentic reproductions in 6 colors and gold illustrate this beautiful volume. These exotic scenes painted in brilliant colors by 15th and 16th century Persian masters each measure 7½" x 10¼". Text in French. **Only 3.95**

128 — L'illustration: Christmas 1949

13 full-color, full-page (11" x 15") plates, many other full-color illustrations, and countless black and white reproductions. Partial list of artists represented: Botticelli, Braque, Degas, Carpeaux, Rodin. **Now only 1.98**

183 — Posters of Toulouse-Lautrec

Special Pre-Publication Offer. Printed by the House of Andre Sauret in Monte Carlo, this rare volume presents, in superb full-color reproductions, all 33 LAUTREC posters of Dance Hall Queens and other Paris celebrities. Each 9¾" x 12¾" plate rivals the original poster in richness of color and lustrous detail. English text by Edouard Julien. Regular Pub. price \$12.50. Available for immediate delivery at our special pre-pub. price. **Only 9.88**

116 — Animal Tales

Great animal stories from all over the world, edited by the distinguished naturalist and author — Ivan T. Sanderson — who illustrates each of these 31 tales with a superb brush painting. 510 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now only 1.49**

165 — France Aux Belles Mains

The spirit, history and art of France recorded in one magnificent 10" x 13" volume. Printed in Paris, this unique book contains several hundred exceptional photographs of everyday French life, cathedrals, mountain scenes, chateaux, works of art, etc. There are 14 individually tipped-in full-color reproductions of great masterpieces by Delacroix, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec and other important French artists. Text in French. **Very special at only 7.88**

125 — Horses and Americans

By Phil Stong. Fascinating colorful story of the vital role the horse has played in American life from the Pony Express to the show horse of today. Profusely illustrated with 103 photographs and original line drawings by Kurt Wiese. Pub. at \$2.95. **Now only 1.39**

214 — Indian Miniatures

Printed in Paris by Editions du Chêne. Large 9½" x 13½" reproductions in full-color and gold of bizarre, yet beautiful, paintings created by the Indian miniaturists during the epoch of the Grand Moguls. These 8 individually-mounted plates do full justice to each minute detail. Portfolio includes Introduction in English by Jean Pozzi. **Only 3.49**

110 — Practical Book of American Antiques

By H. D. Eberlein and A. McClure. The classic complete account of our colonial craftsmanship in iron, gold, pewter, glass, copper, silver, lace, etc. A comprehensive and accurate presentation illustrated with 257 excellent plates. Orig. \$6.00. **Very special at only .98**

212 — L'illustration: Christmas, 1947

This edition of France's most noted art publication contains 6 pages on Modern Stained Glass Windows in brilliant true-to-the-original colors; 4 magnificent page-size (11" x 15"), tipped-in, full-color reproductions of 17th and 18th Century *Fans*; *Le Chevel Blanc* by Gauguin and *Portrait of His Sister* by Degas in glowing full-color on detachable tipped-in page-size sheets. **Now only 1.98**

144 — Hunter's Choice

A collection of adventures built around gun and dog written by Archibald Rutledge, famous sportsman, naturalist and author. Many excellent wildlife illustrations by Paul Bransom. 8½" x 11". Limited edition pub. at \$7.50. **Now only 1.98**

62 — Paris Mon Coeur

Printed in France. The "heart and soul" of Paris in a single book worthy of its glittering subject. This giant-size, 13" x 10" volume presents hundreds of original photographs (many full-page size) of everyday Parisian life, famous bridges, historic buildings, art treasures, the Place Pigalle, etc. Contains 12 full-page, tipped-in, full-color reproductions of paintings by French masters (Renoir, Corot, Bonnard, Picasso, etc.). **Very special at only 7.88**

145 — Coverts and Casts

By Wm. J. Schaldach. *Field Sports and Angling in Words and Pictures.* A beautiful 8½" x 11" volume with 4 full-color plates and 8 other full-page drawings by the author (one of the country's top wildlife artists). Thrilling reading for anyone who enjoys hunting or fishing. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now only 1.98**

← **ORDER FROM MARBORO BOOKS BY MAIL TODAY**

"Go get him, Pa...
Baby needs a new pair of shoes"



Pa Neanderthal never heard of animal agriculture. But he would have been all for it. What with a lot of little Neanderthals to feed and clothe, Pa was always on the lookout for nice fresh meat and good tough skins.

Life is a little more complicated now. But meat animals and their hides are just as important to civilized man as they were to his primitive ancestors. Today he uses leather to run machinery, to ride on, to sit on, to walk on—even to keep his pants up.

So it's a good thing for all of us that ours is a country of meat eaters. In growing and

processing around a hundred and fifty pounds of meat for every citizen each year, we also produce more hides for leather than any other country in the world.

In monetary value, hides for leather are one of the most important by-products of the meat packing industry. Along with other by-products, such as raw materials for pharmaceuticals, they usually enable the meat packer to sell the meat from a steer for less than he pays the farmer for the animal on the hoof.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



NORA WALN, an American author and Quaker, went back to the Orient in September, 1947, after an absence of fifteen years. She made her headquarters in Tokyo, gathering material for her new book, *Sliding Doors*; she flew to Formosa and to Northern China, where she visited the House of Exile, the subject of her first book. The outbreak of war drew Miss Waln to Korea, and there she remained as a war correspondent until December, 1950. She has recently been lecturing in this country and, in the course of her travels, soliciting contributions for the Korean orphans she speaks of in this touching paper.

THE SUNDAY AFTER KOREA

by NORA WALN

HALF a week of air travel separates Korea from Pennsylvania, but my mind had not yet made the division on a Sunday afternoon when I went with Winifred Tilbury to the loveliest of homes, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Drinker on the Merion Road, to attend their Musical Party. As we motored along the Schuylkill I saw the waters of the Han, but the trees on the banks of the river had not been shortened by artillery fire.

Maple and sycamore, beech and graceful elm, stood where they have been growing in beauty ever since I can remember, their branches veiling a blue sky. There were no rice fields where Korean men and women, wearing gleaming white and bright colors, tried to plant and harvest their families' food between battles. On a rise above Fairmount's smooth driveway, green spruce and glossy young hemlocks had been pruned to reveal William Penn's bronze statue near a rock where I like to sit listening to familiar bird songs.

We passed no encampments of Marines on the alert, no patrolling tanks guarding the countryside. Turning left over the bridge, we had no need to watch out for Communists with rifle or flung bazooka. Ambulances carrying our wounded to Valley Forge Hospital reminded me of the arena from which they and I had just been flown, three days and four nights away.

Our spacious park was not filled with Korean families who had fled from burning homes with their frightened old people and little children. My imagination put them here, safe from advancing and retreating troops. With thankfulness I saw our own citizens at their recreations as we went by neat suburban homes, where napalm has never fallen, and passed estates with rolling fertile acres, white-fenced. Many a family along this way has a man in Korea. I came back with telephone numbers that soldiers had asked me to call.

Beyond Merion's gray stone church with its charming steeple, we came to Harry and Sophie Drinker's front door. The polished knob turned easily under Winifred's hand, the lock left unlatched to welcome visitors. Within the broad hall were the warmth of greetings, the sound of pleasant voices from adjoining rooms, and the happiness people have when they meet again.

Gifted Morrison Boyd, scholar of music from Oxford University, and others had already arrived with their instruments — friends and fiddlers gathering in the home of our tall, beautiful hostess in a black lace dress with fitted bodice and long, full skirt, and her taller husband in his musician's coat. In this red velvet jacket he ceases to be our city's foremost lawyer and becomes our beloved leader into the harmonies that awaken the heart.

Twenty-three years ago, they and their children

Copyright 1951, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

began to give the Musical Party. This is a supper party to which invitations are sent out eight to ten times a year, a gathering to make music for the love of playing and singing. The original guest list numbered twelve outside the family. It has grown to one hundred and twenty-five. Through war and national crisis, Harry and Sophie have continued their musical parties because music is essential to fortitude and vision.

Guests are young and old. Neither race nor creed counts. Some are rich and others have very modest means. Our jobs cover a wide range. Players and singers come from Boston and Baltimore, Pittsburgh, New York, and more distant places. Out of their acquaintanceships through the years, the host and hostess have made their selection. Amateurs and famous professionals meet in this hospitable home where the baton is in Harry's hand.

The programs are of his choosing. There are no rehearsals. He may introduce new compositions or ancient music never played previously in our country. He has sometimes discovered musical scores during his trips abroad.

The guests move into the music room with its two grand pianos, small organ, and seats for everyone. Chairs have been arranged. Sheet music is on every seat. Players of strings, flutes, oboe, and French horn have their places.

"Please write your names in the Musical Party Book," asks our host, "recording whether you sing alto, soprano, tenor, or bass, or play an instrument and which one."

He stands on a low platform in the center of the room. Seated among the singers are his wife, several of their children, nephews and nieces. Among the instrumentalists are their daughter Cecilia Saltonstall and her husband from Boston, Harry's brothers — Philip Drinker, inventor of the iron lung, and Cecil Drinker, famous for his work in industrial medicine — and his sisters — Ernesta Drinker Barlow, my favorite writer of travel essays, and exciting Catherine Drinker Bowen, author of *Yankee from Olympus* and *John Adams and the American Revolution*. I am the only listener. My place is on the worn brown sofa.

2

WE'LL do Bach cantatas before supper," announced Harry on the Sunday after I came from Korea, "and then Schütz, born a hundred years before Bach."

He lifted his baton and the music was a part of living. Starting quietly, clear and highly colorful, the dramatic cantata of Johann Sebastian Bach returned me to Seoul more swiftly than a Strato-cruiser had carried me home across the Pacific. Unknowingly, he had selected the choral composition I heard on the Sunday when the city was liberated from its first ordeal under Communist adminis-

tration. The voices that sang in Merion were American but the voices to which my inner ear listened were Korean, jubilant and adoring.

It was in the late afternoon and I was the guest of General Kim and his adviser, Colonel Dean Hess of Marietta, Ohio, at their headquarters on the plain east of the Han River. While the fighting was still going on in and around Seoul they had put up a blue tent for me. From this lodging I was making trips among the people to get acquainted with them. Chaplain R. L. Blaisdell had come to lead Christian services at the camp, which was soon to move on above the 38th parallel.

After lunch we borrowed Colonel Hess's jeep. Crossing the Han on a bridge of moored boats, hastily constructed to replace the bombed suspension bridge, we went through ruins and rubble where the fires of war still burned. Koreans were in the city and others were rapidly returning. Families with tiny native oxen coaxed their beasts not to be afraid. Women, carrying bundles on their heads, encouraged their children forward. Men pulling carts loaded with household goods called out joyously to kin and friends.

"Welcome United Nations," we read on banners.

"Welcome," called those who could pronounce our word.

Faces were radiant. Material loss, personal tragedy, and an uncertain future were their lot, yet the Korean people had put up festival arches of evergreen. Suddenly I wanted to walk. In the jeep I was too far from them. Chaplain Blaisdell had Evening Service at Fifth Air Force Headquarters and he had to go on. We parted after arranging where I would connect with the jeep again.

After wandering with Koreans, whose language I cannot speak, I met a Chinese girl born in Seoul who told me she was twelve. She readily agreed to be my companion and interpreter. Returning refugees were going directly to the places where their homes had been. If they found only a heap of rubble they did not weep. Their concern was to find relatives and neighbors, then build temporary shelters.

Volunteers were busy clearing the clogged streets. Women, wearing badges which said they were those of a literary club, were sweeping up glass. School boys and girls marching four abreast, led by teachers carrying United Nations flags, broke lines and began to dig out streetcars buried in debris. And, then, the singing began — the music of Bach. Everyone stopped to listen. The good sound came from somewhere out of sight.

"It's Christian music," exclaimed my Chinese guide. "The Presbyterian church."

She took my hand and hurried. Darting through fire and ruins she led me until we came within sight of a magnificent church that stood undamaged, a stone church handsomely built in Western style. It was awesome to see this building for Christian

worship miraculously saved. A great throng surrounded the church, two or three thousand Korean people, singing with the worshipers inside. An organ led them. They had wind and string instruments. The music was music for the love of playing and singing — joyous and triumphant.

Here in Pennsylvania, an evening breeze swayed the curtains and I saw Harry, in his velvet jacket, with his friends gathered in his home. My imagination enlarged the walls of this house in Merion until it sheltered the Koreans I had heard at that church in Seoul. Under Harry's baton, time and distance disappeared. Americans and Koreans made music together, united by the power of a German Christian named Bach, praising God in chorus.

3

IN THEIR way of singing, the Koreans remind me of the Welsh. They make music easily, openly, freely. Often I heard them sing sad songs from their own folklore — "Longing for Home," "Nature Has Forsaken Us," "Mountains Do Not Care." This was because I lived among them in this period of terrible war when they have no security, no safety for their children, no place to hide. They have native songs of gladness praising the flowers, the beauty of the sky, the gracious rain that helps the crops grow; dance tunes and melodious love songs. And, they have taken our music to heart in a way that I have heard in no other part of Asia.

Christian missionaries have gone to Korea for many decades. Many thousands of Koreans are Christians. Never elsewhere have I witnessed the fervor that was in the surviving Christians I met. When the Red Curtain was rolled back for a short while north of the 38th parallel, I saw the graves of Christian martyrs with markers showing dates from 1945 to 1950. In the yard of the Presbyterian church standing in Seoul, my Chinese guide later showed me the grave of the senior church elder, put to death by Communists. She showed me other churchyards where there had been mass burial of Christians shot in groups of tens. On the rubble of destroyed churches and by Christian graves Korean Christians sang hymns.

Great congregations gathered in bitter weather in the open on the plot where their church had been, and held their services just as if the building were still there. The heavens were their roofs. Sitting on the brown sofa, I remembered their spiritual courage.

It was in the Seventh Division of the Tenth Corps, a division which has Korean youth conscripted and inducted into every regiment. The Koreans were outfitted with our infantry uniforms and armed with our equipment. They were given three weeks of training in the use of our weapons before they were committed to combat.

Strangers to each other, from very different

homes, without a common language in which to converse, our boys and these Korean boys have not found this close relationship easy. It is often difficult even though the two fight efficiently as a team. Some hate one another, despise one another's habits, call one another derogatory nicknames. Others have become companions, friends who sacrifice their lives for one another.

On the way to the Yalu, a narrow stream which has for centuries marked the division of Korea from Manchuria, the Seventeenth Infantry Regiment was the Seventh Division's spearhead. I was at the Yalu with them. They are a valiant regiment. Within the Seventh, they fought northward through territory where the white man is a stranger. It is a wild country of the bear, the boar, the deer, and striped cats — a country settled by Chinese and Koreans who farm the narrow valleys and hunt game in the hills, take fish from the streams. On the mountain ridges are caves and tiny connecting paths that pass under the scrub growth. People can live up there unseen from the air. In this region Chinese Communist armies were settled in. They looked down while the United Nations forces fought with the Korean Communists, who lured our soldiers on.

Enduring subzero weather, the Seventeenth took twenty days to touch the riverbank where they set up our flags. Here and there on the way up, they had fierce victorious battles with Korean Communists — and then, mysteriously, contact with the enemy would be lost. There were many deeds of heroism as they went north and later after the Chinese had attacked them. I remembered those bleak mountain ranges of Korea, during battle, on that Sunday evening in Merion at the Musical Party.

Near the close of the Bach part of the program, the cantata called *Wachet auf* with its heart-stirring solo was performed, and while organ played and voices sang, memory took me back to two soldiers — one American, one Korean. Among our wounded there was a boy so badly mutilated that he was near to death, yet he was conscious. He called weakly for his Korean buddy. The Korean boy tried to move him and finally shifted him behind a boulder. Then mortar fire came down on that side.

The Korean could have saved himself but he would not. Perhaps it was wrong to spend two lives; but the Korean's heart commanded him, and he obeyed its dictates. Sheltering his dying comrade with his own body, he responded to the American boy's request that he sing. In the midst of harsh explosives, his young tenor voice — clear and true — could not be heard far. A Korean chaplain and I were close by, tending others, getting them ready for the medical corpsmen to pick up.

"Nearer, my God, to thee," the Korean boy sang for his American buddy. They could not have been more than nineteen — they looked younger.

The tune was our tune and the words of the hymn

were Korean. He sang the first verse and half the second. Communist fire got both boys.

In Korea I was never able to cry tears, but the warm comfort and the music in Sophie Drinker's home helped to unfreeze my emotions, gave me the release of damp eyes, and then it was suppertime.

Catherine Drinker Bowen came for me. We took plates and went to the buffet, where there were hot dishes and cold. Then we sat together and others came. The talk was not of music but of the writing of books and of the revolutions of the eighteenth and twentieth centuries and of mankind's desperate struggle for the freedoms that help us endure and prevail. We are immortal because of a spirit capable of compassion, sacrifice and endurance, and endless search for truth.

After supper the music was the music composed by Schütz, from whom Bach derived much — carrying on a torch. In that music room where the pictures on the walls are oil paintings of the older Drinkers when they were children, I was reminded of a young woman executed at Seoul because of her association with a Communist leader who could not be found.

Our military did not have authority to do other than liberate cities. That branch of the United Nations which has been preparing the Covenant on Human Rights had not yet gone beyond the conference stage. Trials conducted by Koreans against Korean Communists were quick and cruel. Through the streets of Seoul and other liberated cities I saw the condemned, tied together, pass from courthouse to jail and from jail to execution ground. Women were allowed to keep their babies with them in court, prison, and at the place of death until after the mask was on. There was no one to tend them. Often the baby went back into the prison yard, joining a growing throng. Korean Christians who tried to take charge of them were rebuffed.

This day reporters went to the place of execution. I went because I wanted, if possible, to get the ba-

bies before they were returned to the prison and shut in. There was a young woman — tall, slender, with rare beauty. She had her child in the shawl sling tied round her waist, in the way that Korean mothers carry their little ones. She was third in the line of death. The two in front of her had refused to say any word as to why they should not die. Shots killed both.

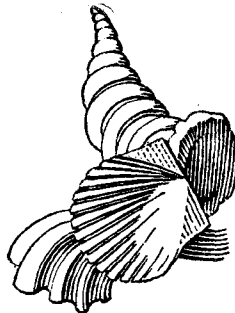
Her turn had come. The baby had not been taken away from her. The blindfold was put on her eyes. The twelve-year-old Chinese girl who was with me as my interpreter reached for and clutched my hand and then the proud young Korean woman began to sing — "A Prayer for the Frightened," my little interpreter told me later. She finished it and took a step forward, lifting her head higher, and we who were her audience were strangely held — not a rifleman moved.

Her gaze on the sky, she sang the centuries-old, the everywhere-known Korean love song: "Love has no barriers. Love is eternal. The love of a woman for her man endureth forever." They let her finish and then asked if she was ready. A prison woman took her baby and later I got it for the Christian Korean orphanage that cares for such as these. The mother was not finished.

"I am not a Communist," said she. "I love a man who is a Communist. He escaped you. In his place I die." In his place she fell by the open grave.

And then it was the turn of the man next in the remaining five.

While Harry Drinker led the group in Schütz's great setting for our Bible's One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Psalm: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever," my thoughts were with the child of this executed mother — now cared for on an island off the coast of Korea — and with the great multitude of refugee orphan children who need us to share our abundance with them. He maketh "the sun to rule by day, the moon and the stars to rule by night," and us to do His practical work on earth.





Ever since the Russian Revolution, there have been sporadic legal efforts to checkmate the spread of Communism in America. In this paper JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., examines the legal positions from which the Government proceeded against the Communists in the recent trials under Judge Hand and Judge Medina. A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School who served as secretary to Judge Augustus Hand, and from 1935 to 1937 as special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, Judge Wyzanski was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in December, 1941.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE LAW

by JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

I

THIS is a time of trial for Americans. For some few it has been a period of public probing of what they personally believed and with whom they associated. For all it has been and is a time of trial in the religious sense — the occasion for self-scrutiny and for the choice of ground on which to take a final stand.

From the outset of our history the American has declared that his is the open mind. Now he is called upon to look at what has been uncovered by a series of dramatic federal trials involving Communist activities in the United States and by the even more informative 1946 Canadian investigation, and to ask himself just where he stands on the future status of the Communist Party of America and on its relation to the perennial problems of allegiance, loyalty, security, and liberty.

In one sense none of these issues is new. During the more than thirty years since the Russian Revolution there have been sporadic legal efforts to checkmate the growth and spread of Communism within our land. From the days of the First World War, state authorities sought to bring the movement within the cover of legislation usually designed to reach other forms of political danger such as anarchy, syndicalism, or even slave rebellion. Simultaneously in these three decades Congress has been moving step by step to close the net by successive enactments specifically aimed, though in circuitous language, at the Communist Party. In 1918 Congressional concern reached only aliens seeking the privileges of immigration and naturalization. In 1939 it covered persons holding public office. In 1940 it led to novel additions to the criminal law. In 1947 it included labor leaders. In 1950 it embraced every member of the party, all who mailed its literature, and all who came under its dominance.

Though each of these advances in minatory legislation evoked wide attention, there was little in the way of fresh domestic evidence to consider until the Canadian investigation, the recent trials, and the reports of the President's Loyalty Board created in 1947. Up to then the alert American could reasonably contend that in the period since the 1920s there had been laid before him few facts which were both new and adequately authenticated. That plea is no longer available to him. And if he is to be true to himself, he must now candidly and courageously check the drift of his arguments in the light of the disclosed dangers.

For a generation we have been warned that the Communists are not a legitimate political party. The thrust of this charge has not been directed at the Communists' ultimate economic, political, or religious goals. In short, it is not a condemnation of radicalism as such. It has been an indictment of the immediate means they use to reach what they regard as utopia. Perjury, espionage, sabotage, and violence stand at the head of the list. And those specifications are rounded out by the catchall condemnatory phrase, "unconstitutional methods."

A frequent reply has been that this indictment confused fulmination and prophecy with fact and plan. Defenders of the party admitted that its manifestoes were filled with revolutionary rhetoric but asked where was the evidence that in any concrete instance the party's members and supporters had been the first to cross the lines of conduct permitted under law. Radical might be their belief but righteous was their behavior.

This defense has been, or so it seems to me, in at least two vital points adequately disproved.

From many witnesses we have the most circumstantially buttressed testimony that the American Communist Party as an organization has acted as

the belt for the transmission from this country to the U.S.S.R. of documents held in trust for the United States. Without directly or by implication expressing any opinion upon the guilt of Alger Hiss or William Remington or any individual whose case is still under judicial consideration, every fair-minded person must concede that Chambers, Wadleigh, Bentley, Fuchs, and Gold — to cite only the most prominent — have used the apparatus of the American Communist Party to “defraud the United States” by depriving it of its secrets, not to mention, in some cases, the honest services of its employees. These have not been casual unrelated transactions. They have been part of a system which, though it certainly was not known to every member of the Communist Party, was more than a miscellaneous collection of isolated episodes of misguided zeal.

In addition to the pattern of espionage, we find beyond cavil a pattern of planned perjury. Here it is of the highest importance to make a sharp distinction. No one mindful of the history of political and religious liberty would charge with perjury a sincere heretic on the mere basis of his heterodoxy. Honest conflict on fundamental values must be tolerated unless we are to betray the heritage of Western liberty. Even in those cases where we suspect that a revolutionary is not only misguided but insincere in his rejection of orthodoxy, we should hesitate to charge him with fraud. In matters of religious and political belief the best — some might say the only satisfactory — proof of insincerity must come from a man’s own explicit admission.

But in the case of the Communists the problem is not whether they sincerely believe their gospel. It is whether they respect their legal duty truthfully to answer relevant questions put to them by duly constituted authorities. Browder, Chambers, Bentley, and numerous witnesses in the long trial before Judge Medina have given abundant examples of the Communists’ tactic of telling what they knew were material falsehoods under oath to public officials authorized to issue passports, address interrogations, or make other lawful inquiries. Again, we need not say — and I for one do not suppose — that every member of the Communist Party agreed to follow a superior’s direction to commit perjury whenever it was in the party’s interest. Yet the record shows that the use of perjury was a frequent and approved tactic of party members and followed directly upon the express teachings of their literature. Thus the only inference which seems to me reasonable is that the use of perjury is a means which the party has officially accepted.

2

Now I come to what is a much more debatable problem. Does the Communist Party in America seek the overthrow of our Government by force and

violence? The critical nature of this issue is obvious. If this is one of the means used by the party, it is the most dangerous imaginable. It would present a peril far transcending a pattern of espionage and a pattern of perjury. Moreover, this is the specific means which Congress has selected for emphasis in the statutes to which I previously referred. And it is the charge which Judge Medina’s jury considered and found proven.

There is evidence that the 60,000 American Communists are an army indoctrinated with the belief that at an appropriate day they must seize the power of the state, habituated to conspiratorial (if lawful) practices of meeting secretly and disguising their thoughts in “Aesopian language,” disciplined to respond to the orders of a foreign hostile government, and articulated into a world organization which has already been engaged in military battle with American forces.

Let us not dispute the evidence. It is more important to decide whether such evidence is enough to satisfy the standards of liberty to which we have pledged “our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.” Is articulation into a hostile power’s organization the equivalent of armament upon our own shores? Have the Communists in America taken *le premier pas qui coûte* as surely as the would-be murderer has when he takes his gun from the shelf and enters his would-be victim’s home? The greatest of living American jurists, Judge Learned Hand, has given an affirmative answer. Considering “the gravity of the ‘evil’ discounted by its improbability,” he has concluded that a democracy faithful to the canons of freedom has the legal right to convict the leaders of the Communist Party of advocating the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force and violence.

Yet the answer does not satisfy all fair-minded critics. Some of them turn to the earlier opinions on free speech of Judge Hand himself, of Justice Holmes, of Justice Brandeis, and of the majority of the Supreme Court in the Herndon case decided in the 1930s and the Schneiderman and Bridges cases decided in the 1940s. From those sources they derive the teaching that neither political speech nor political organization is punishable as a crime unless the surrounding circumstances show that there is a strong probability that such speech or organization will cause violence within the United States before there is either repentance, or change of heart as a result of discussion, or alteration of the surrounding circumstances, or resort to legal remedies less drastic than the criminal law. If this be the test, then these critics say it was not met by the evidence of the conduct of the American Communist Party at least in the 1940s.

This fundamental disagreement is likely to find its echo in our highest tribunal. Moreover, there are policy reasons why we should hesitate to outlaw the Communist Party for purely political crimes.

Unlike the problems of perjury and espionage, the problem of alleged incitement to political violence is one of the most difficult issues for courts, for juries, and for executive authorities to handle dispassionately.

Moreover, those who contend that the Communist Party of America is a disciplined battalion ready to use force are apt to rely for proof on the asserted loyalty of the American Communists to the U.S.S.R. and its interests. Despite the force of the contention that our domestic Communists have a divided loyalty and have been up to now slavishly responsive to the nod of a government that shows us marked hostility, there is grave danger in deciding that an American is a criminal because he has a sympathetic attachment to a foreign power currently unfriendly toward the United States and is in organizations affiliated with that power. To be sure, in time of war there is a risk that such a devotee may become our enemy. Yet the magnitude of the risk should be tested by our experience during the Second World War with those Nisei and first-generation Japanese-Americans who were in racial and political clubs with strong Japanese ties.

3

It is not then solely for legal reasons that I leave aside the charge regarding incitement to violence and confine myself to the evidence of espionage and perjury. On that evidence alone, can we escape the conclusion that those who control the Communist Party and use it as their instrument have sought and still seek to achieve political ends by means that are unlawful under the ordinary criminal law of the land? If Robin Hood and Little John, having the laudable political platform of a more equitable division of the world's goods than society now provides, organize a group of men of like view and then proceed to rob Peter of his cloak in order to keep Paul warm, Robin Hood and Little John are indictable not merely for common-law robbery, but also (if Peter and Paul are in federal territory) for conspiracy under a federal statute enacted two generations ago. The purpose is laudable but the means are criminal. By parity of reasoning, if those who control the Communist Party agree to commit perjury before federal agencies and to deprive the federal government of its secrets or of the faithful service of its employees, they are personally guilty under the federal conspiracy statute of 1909.

Of course, men who joined Robin Hood's band on the theory that it was a debating society or a club for the preservation of fish and game did not by such action become guilty of abetting robbery or joining a conspiracy. By hypothesis they were innocent of their fellows' plan to do wrong. And they could not properly be convicted of crime for their original action. However, if, after the courts had convicted a dozen of the top men in Robin Hood's company

and the trials had exposed the unlawful means used by the band, one who knew of these facts continued to adhere to the organization by membership, or by financial support or other material assistance, it would be difficult to resist the inference that he had conspired in connection with any subsequent similar robberies perpetrated by the band.

Would there be any difference in the status of those who chose to remain members in or give material assistance to the Communist Party after it became apparent to them that those in control of that party regularly furthered its purposes by criminal means? Logically I see no difference. But before the doctrine is applied the Government of the United States should set forth in clear terms a statement, buttressed by incontrovertible examples, of the grounds on which it has concluded that those directing the Communist Party have with regularity used means that are unlawful under federal statutes. The Government should then state that anyone who thereafter remains a member of or gives material support to the party will be subject to prosecution as a co-conspirator.

Such an announcement (without immunizing those who had already committed perjury or espionage) would segregate those who had been duped in the past from others who gave continued conscious adherence. Even after this segregation, a discriminating prosecutor before initiating a presentment would no doubt carefully inquire as to the moral culpability of any potential defendant. Some who knowingly give material support to wrongdoers are more properly regarded as victims of folly or of economic circumstances than as abettors of crime.

The program that I have suggested offers these advantages.

It places the Communist Party within the context of the normal substantive criminal rules. This to a large extent forestalls any criticism that we are stretching our law to condemn our political opponents. And it does much to quiet the debate which has accompanied the special legislation of the last decade.

It assures the application to suspected Communists of the familiar procedure of the common law. This implies all the safeguards of the Bill of Rights and the protection inherent in open examination and cross-examination.

In recognizing that Communism in America has been not a mere heresy but a criminal conspiracy and in proceeding accordingly, we return to our traditional American doctrine that heresy itself is lawful. If there is no resort to unlawful means, an individual or group may entertain any religious or political doctrine, no matter how radical. When we did not sharply distinguish between the objectionable goals of the Communist Party and the criminal means, support appeared for the notion that the liberties of speech and organization are available only to those who themselves believe so mightily

in freedom that they would be prepared, were they in power, to accord freedom to their opponents. Here was a revival in modern dress of the indefensible proposal by John Locke to deny toleration to Catholics. And if the notion had been permanently incorporated in our political thought, it would have undermined the very bases of our Constitution. We shall be better off to return to the formula that belief is free, behavior alone is regulated.

Another important advantage of the proposed program is that it strengthens the moral fiber both of innocent past associates of the Communist Party and of the rest of us. The person who previously associated with the party and has remained innocent of individual participation in espionage and perjury is encouraged to break his dangerous ties. He is told that he will be prosecuted only if he adheres in the future. The rest of us are reminded of our spiritual obligation as well as our civic duty to join in the condemnation of what is incontrovertibly wicked. To use espionage and perjury or any other criminal means in order to achieve even a praiseworthy end cannot be defended unless we are prepared to accept the most subversive of all theories — that the end justifies the means.

The most significant by-product of the proposed program remains to be considered. For a decade we have been wrestling with what is loosely called the loyalty problem. We have set up special licensing systems to test the loyalty of government employees, union leaders, university teachers, lawyers, broadcasters, and other special classes. These systems seem to me to have confused our proper concern with four different matters: the lawful conduct of the individual, his allegiance, his loyalty, and the safety of the state.

To isolate the Communist Party as a criminal conspiracy is the first step in straightening out our thinking. Membership in or support of that party or any successor so long as it regularly uses unlawful means warrants penal sanctions no matter who the offender is or what may be his occupation. It is irrelevant that he is an alien or a citizen, a professor or a labor leader, a government clerk or a motion picture actor. It is the right and duty of the state to punish him. To hand his entire case over to an administrative agency or a private employer trivializes the offense, places in the wrong hands the problem of ascertaining guilt, and establishes inadequate sanctions.

Our country has, and always has had, in time of peace as in time of war, the right to the allegiance of all our citizens and all who seek our protection. The free man is a descendant of the Saxon "ledig" and from him takes the obligation of "allegiance." Like him, he has the duties, first, of giving and of swearing obedience to the laws and, second, of rejecting the political authority of any foreign prince or potentate. A man is not false to his duty of alle-

giance and is not unattached to the principles of our Constitution because he has an abiding interest in the culture or ideals of a foreign land or in philosophical, religious, political, or economic views not shared by a majority of Americans. Indeed the peculiar strength of our national fabric has come from an unprecedented diversity of strands.

Loyalty is a moral, not primarily a legal, relationship. It is a free-will offering to authority not because it is powerful, but because it is worthy. This is not to deny that there are areas in which the state for its own safety should inquire with painstaking care into the loyalty and other moral qualifications of persons placed in trust. In those particular posts either in or out of the Government service where there are secrets which must be kept secure, it is the proper concern of the Government to see that only men of responsibility and reliability are trusted. Where such offices are in question, the inquiry may justifiably extend into the uttermost corners of a candidate's career, beliefs, and associations. For safety is the first law of every state.

Yet positions which have this type of security risk are also often positions which can best be filled by men of original creative power. Here we frequently deal with that type of man who tends to be unconventional in many aspects of life, not merely in his own specialized area. And if what we seek is the maximum gain to the state, we must be sure that we weigh from its point of view the advantage of attracting that man and his ilk against the risk that he and his kind will, by indiscretion or worse, betray the state. Balancing such interests is a task of utmost delicacy. The best performances in appraising employees have been rendered by those agencies, such as the Atomic Energy Commission, which have approached the problem of security as a specialized managerial problem. The lesson is that persons familiar with the requirements and risks of a particular assignment are the best fitted to consider whether a given individual should be offered, or retained in, employment.

Certainly there is no retraction of the promise of American life in the adoption of a sound managerial system for scrutinizing public and private employees engaged in security jobs in sensitive areas. Here, as in the forthright condemnation of the Communist Party's use of criminal means, the American remains true to what he has always professed. Has not the believer in our Constitutional system always said that it was not only possible but desirable to deal with domestic dangers within the framework of the ordinary law? Has he not repeated that liberty historically and pragmatically has always placed its primary emphasis on procedure? For is not the difference between despotism and freedom a difference in means — a distinction not between benevolence and malice but between arbitrariness and due process?



An Atlantic Story



An American novelist who has done much of her writing in Europe, MARTHA GELLHORN wrote her first novel in Paris at the age of twenty-three. As a correspondent she covered the Civil War in Spain; Munich; Czechoslovakia; Finland; and the war in China before Pearl Harbor. During World War II, she reported from England, Italy, France, Holland, and Germany. She is now living and writing in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where she completed her most recent novel, Wine of Astonishment.

WEEKEND AT GRIMSBY

by MARTHA GELLHORN

THIS was the shapeless weather all travellers dread. A smeared grey sky closed down over the smeared brown land. Cold leaked around the window frames and the door of the railway carriage. England looked larger, flatter and more desolate than was either possible or fair. No one should move in November, Lily Cameron thought. She was full of hate for this weather, this opposite of scenery, the still pain of the cold, and wondered why she moved at all, any month; even June was a nice time to stay in one place.

There was no law which forced her into English railway carriages in November. Nothing prevented her from buying or renting another house and living in it. But the question was: where? There had been a villa, an ancient stone barracks really, in Fiesole; a glassy flat in Paris; a grim little dump constructed of marshmallow sauce at Praia da Rocha, the bottom edge of Europe where Portugal caved into the sea; a house, dainty and dead, in London; and luckily no house on that jaunt to the glamorous Orient; and only a hotel suite during the brief visit home, if New York had ever been home. It was some sort of record in case you went out for records: four dwellings and a romp around the world in four and a half years, or since May 7, 1945, to be exact. I might as well keep moving, she thought with disgust, it's less trouble.

Then she revolted against this vision of herself as a female Flying Dutchman or Wandering Jew. Stop being pathetic, she thought, sell your violets somewhere else. There was a reason for being on this train. If your friends were too broke to come to you, you went to them, even if they lived in

Grimsby, Lincs. You looked forward to a jolly meeting of ectoplasms. Stop it, she told herself again. I am going to Grimsby because I want to. I know what I am doing. It is the one thing I am still useful for: to remember.

How did the English survive their ghastly climate? She stamped her feet furiously, and in so doing kicked an inoffensive stranger good and hard on the ankle. "I beg your pardon," Lily said.

A pink-cheeked lady, sitting on the opposite mottled plush bench, smiled politely and returned to her book. This is not the first time I have visited Grimsby, Lily Cameron informed the lady who read with determined attention. Do not imagine Grimsby awaits me as a delectable surprise. However, I was not a ghost going to a reunion with fellow ghosts, when I came here before. That was during the war, Madam, and a type of English bomber, called as I remember the Lancaster, a graceless square job, took off from fields up this way, nightly, for the city of Berlin. I had friends then, as I have now, except at that time my friends were alive or dead, but not in the present intermediate state. I had friends who flew those Lancasters, and I travelled to Grimsby one year to spend Christmas with them. You would hardly believe how gay we became on Spam, and blotting-paper bread and marge, and the one rationed egg, and very little liquor, since liquor was scarce for the working soldiery. We had a lovely time, and that night, or rather the next black morning, all the planes came home, so it was a perfectly delightful Christmas and I returned to London in fine spirits.

Then, three days later, a letter arrived from

Andrew, who was Group Captain, written in that neat English handwriting which they all have, rather like pursed lips, and most unsuitable to their personalities. It said: "You will be sorry to hear that John Wakeford was lost over Berlin the night of 27/28." Sorry to hear. You could call it that. Though to tell the truth, Lily said to herself, one did not mourn the dead then. There was no time. I do not need to apologize; I have been mourning them for almost five years. Or probably mourning is not the right word: they live with me.

Sim would be waiting at the Grimsby station which resembled a mine shaft except that it was horizontal. When last seen, six years ago, Sim was brown and astonishingly elegant in khaki trousers and bush jacket and black beret, carrying for practical reasons an Egyptian fly whisk, a horse-hair plume tied to a bamboo stick. Lieutenant Prince Simon Mitrowski and his Regiment, the Polish 12th Lancers, had by then fought and bounced all the way from Africa in Staghounds, vehicles which were laughingly described by their users as armored cars. That was in Italy, where the war was most intimate and perhaps most senseless.

And I was a pretty sight myself, Lily thought, in my neat little khaki suiting and my honorary black beret. Me and my canteen, and no one can say that I did not handle the war well; I was the very acme of shrewdness, they should have had me on a Planning Board. For witness the efficient way I advanced myself from Naples and Rome until I landed where I wished to be, in a line regiment of lovely goofy Poles, with sea-bathing thrown in, at least in the summer. I knew what I wanted; in those days there was something to want.

2

COULD this train actually be stopping again? Here we are at another of those glorious stations which dot the English countryside, and there is that broadcast female voice, so civil and so ladylike, telling the traveller what to do. Change here for; on track two; all passengers. A couple puffed their way into the glacial compartment. Grains of rice dropped from their clothing and both wore wilted gardenias, in buttonhole and bosom.

Would you believe it? Lily asked herself. Would you think that a man and a woman, in their fifties, both so ugly that a solitary life in a cellar would seem their destiny, could go forth and marry each other, and display on their faces this look of embarrassed delight? The woman could hardly breathe for her chins and the heavy box of her breasts. She wore an electric blue satin dress under her black coat, and her ankles rolled over the sides of her sensible black oxfords. The man was thin, with a neck that would not stay in place and supported his head loosely. His teeth were all out in front and long and yellow, and his hair either grew

or was cut so that it started well up his head and sat on top like a parrot's crest.

They did not talk but, whenever they looked at each other, a secret and silent giggle shook them both; and the woman's face was purple with pleasure. Presently, seeing that the lady in one corner was reading, and the lady in the other corner turned toward the window, they reached for each other's hands, and two large swollen-jointed shapeless paws met and held. And both, with fierce discretion, looked at the floor as if they did not know they were holding hands at all.

What do you have to do, what do you have to be? Lily wondered. Must you be poor and ugly and fifty and a native of Lincolnshire, in order to trust life? The present was all right by those two, it was fine, it was the best; they had just made the final statement of confidence, they had married. I must tell Sim. What would she tell Sim? Two people got married. Yet Sim would understand how mad it seemed; like putting all your money in a bottle and throwing it into the ocean, or spreading your arms to fly off a building.

The bridegroom stretched his rubber neck and placed his narrow tufted head on his wife's bosom, and slept. For a time she guarded this precious burden, then slept too. In her corner the American woman took off her shoes, flighty slippers of black suede, and rubbed her feet which could be seen, red-painted toenails and all, through the fine stockings. Then she pulled from the rack a large dark mink coat and wrapped it around her as if it were a rented steamer rug. She became a small mound of brown fur.

The train advanced slowly, coldly, through Lincolnshire. Lily Cameron pushed aside her coat, sat up, and said to no one, "Two hours late. I ask you."

The bridegroom, very brave but not facing her, said, "Grimsby's next, miss."

End of the line, and the night leaking rain, and the cold would hang like a roof of stone over the town. Poor Sim; there were gayer places to be ghosts in.

The bridegroom helped the two ladies with their luggage, while his wife beamed approval of his good manners. Lily Cameron followed last, and felt the rain on her face, and saw the murk of the station and the jumbled people in raincoats, everyone looking pinched and dim, and going home to nothing tolerable. She did not move; Sim would find her.

Then she saw him, and though he was changed, he was as she remembered. He came down the platform, under the feeble bare light bulbs, and was very tall and moved with the grace he had. Sim waved and walked faster and then he was kissing her on both cheeks and saying "Lily, dearest Lily."

Lily returned, instantly and with joy, to where they had been before. There were the narrow roads

deep in flour-white dust, and the regiment moving like a gypsy caravan, but screaming sirens and flying their red and blue striped pennants, from one encampment to one farther ahead. They were always busy with the ways and means of life; setting out, after suitable lies to superiors, in a scout car to bargain with peasants for a goose and for wine, since every night, simply by being night and they still together, was cause for a celebration dinner; and afterwards they lay in a haystack and could not see the dust and the sweat dried, and they listened to the men singing Polish love songs and the sad but loving songs about home; and cursed the English artillery which chose to settle behind them and make deafening noises that were an outrage in the soft Italian sky. When Sim's squadron was in reserve she would go to their field in the early morning, with plans for a swim on the forbidden Adriatic beaches, not yet de-mined; and find Sim asleep in a shallow pit beneath his Staghound, lying between the driver and the gunner, as cosy as the three little bears. And he would get up, wearing the frayed white silk pyjamas which he had kept all the way from home, via Tobruk, and be immensely charming and invite her to breakfast as if his Staghound was a castle with rose gardens.

And there were Stash and George and Mike and the Chaplain and the Bloody Colonel and Skinny, the gentle gloomy batman, who was the kindest man in the regiment, and Paul and the baby jeep-driver, Lubo, who wanted to become a medical student when the war was over. They were all young and greedily in love with every day they had. In memory, the hard and the ugly and the stale were forgotten. Death had no place, no one could have died. And there had never been any winter.

"Oh Sim," Lily said, and put her arms around his neck and felt she had come home, to that distant place where she lived.

"We should get out of this rain, darling, don't you think? I have a taxi. Everything is beautifully laid-on, you will see the efficiency. We are going to my house. The Bloody Colonel is waiting for us."

"A party! How sweet of you, Sim! I didn't even know he was here."

But in the taxi, she was shy and could not think of anything to say. They had shared no taxis in their past. Sim chatted easily, asking about her life, and she told him of the different countries, the various houses, all the faces. She must have lived it in her sleep, since she could hardly remember where the years had gone. But she knew every farmhouse, every village, every road and lane and field and beach, between Pescara and Rimini.

"My dear," Sim said, "I cannot imagine anything more wonderful. I so long to travel that I would be excited to go to Birmingham. But we are stuck here, with our fish."

"What fish?"

"They are plaice. I am sure you have never eaten them, no one would except the English, who are the bravest people on earth but have strange eating habits. The Bloody Colonel and I are the business managers. We have two boats. Stash and Mike and four men from the Third Squadron run them. I tell you, it is a disaster."

"But why, Sim?"

"The plaice don't stay where they used to; it is very hard to find them. Then there is always a storm and something falls out of the engines. We will remain in Grimsby our entire lives, trying to catch enough plaice to pay for the boats. Although it is better in Grimsby than on the boats; thank God I was too clumsy to fish, so they made me second business manager."

"And the Bloody Colonel?"

"He is very happy because he has become a painter. He goes to Lincoln to night school, and paints beautiful pictures of apples and cups and sometimes portraits of Pilsudski. He does not mind, now that he has Art."

"I can't believe it."

"You will see. Tomorrow there is a special exhibition for you, at his house. Tomorrow also we will have a sight-seeing of Grimsby."

"Are you sure Grimsby's still here?" There was certainly no sign of life around them; even the road was invisible.

"On the other side of the street, please," Sim said to the driver.

Sim paid the taxi and opened a low wicket gate; she could see the dull shine of a cement walk. Suddenly, from somewhere farther ahead in the darkness, a firecracker exploded, followed by a Roman candle which climbed two feet and fell in a sputtering faint curve. A Polish word, obviously blasphemous, greeted this performance. There was now a string of firecrackers, sounding rather fretful and then, quite handsomely, two globs of colored fire and a little plant of flames flowering from the ground.

"Fireworks!" she said, seized with giggles.

"It is the Bloody Colonel. He has planned this for days, but forgot the rain."

They ran down the walk and a man emerged from a shadowy hut, a tool shed or chicken coop, and shouted with laughter and said, "It is like Fourteenth July, no? Hello, General, Hello General," and threw his arms around Lily and hugged her.

"Now we go inside," the Bloody Colonel said, "and drink and drink."

3

SHE felt Sim's pride, as he walked before her, leading the way into his home. There was a narrow hall, with a carved varnished side table, and room for nothing more except hooks to hang the essential

raincoats. A stairway mounted one side of the hall; you had to wedge yourself past it to the second door, which Sim opened.

"The library," he said.

Since the whole house was built for midgets, the size of the room was proper. As furniture there was a day bed, serving as couch, a bulging brown leather-covered armchair, a desk, a bookcase, two straight chairs and two small tables. A Polish flag was tacked to the wall, and photographs of men and women and children and laughing groups of skiers and huntsmen and Lancers stood or hung in every free space. Orange curtains, of a thin unlined material, covered the window and a striped woven arty blanket and odd colored pillows covered the couch. The rug was a purplish thing, intended to be Oriental. A miniature coal fire burned on the hearth, and there was the smallest bottle of gin Lily had ever seen, like a gift sample given away to new customers, and three unmatching glasses, on a tray beside the couch.

"It's absolutely charming, Sim."

"It is rather cosy, isn't it? We fixed it up with bits and pieces we found in the secondhand shops."

"This is a beautiful house," the Colonel said solemnly. "Not like mine."

"How is yours, Marek?"

"Mine is full of dirt, ugly, everything broken, cold, disgusting. Sim makes this beautiful house. We come here always to be in a beautiful place."

"Do you want to go to your room, Lily?"

"Later, darling." Give me time, give me time until I can see it as beautiful too. "It's so lovely and warm. What a heavenly room, Sim." There could not be too much of this; he would not doubt her.

They now heard weak radio music, coming through the paper-thin wall that joined this house to the next.

"My neighbors," Sim explained. "They have a nice little girl called Dorothy."

"The people in Grimsby are good to us," the Colonel said. "We are here much time, General, in camp, before we get these fine suits of civilians."

"A cocktail, Lily?"

"Yes please, Sim. Oh my, this is the first time I've been comfortable in England."

4

THEN Marek Starecki, who had named himself the Bloody Colonel long ago, gave the signal: do you remember. And they were showing her photograph albums of the others and the places they had all been, and there were pictures of her too, looking, she thought, forty years younger, how was it possible that she had been so young at twenty-nine and so immeasurably old at thirty-five. Each blurred snapshot of a shell-pocked Italian village, with the same square white-in-the-sun cement buildings,

the same dilapidated streets, clogged with their same equipment of war, was a clear and separate and wonderful memory. They laughed with pleasure again at jokes which could never have been very funny; jokes about the chaplain and about Stridek the boxer who married a Polish WAC and was lightly but inconveniently wounded the day after, and jokes about how the Bloody Colonel believed his jeep to be invisible; and no word at all about Michael who had been blown up on a mine and flung, headless, into a tree because that day they were bored and went exploring down leafy deserted lanes, full of military ardor and nonsense; and nothing about the two brothers, the young ones whom Skinny so loved, who were booby-trapped into soggy red messes trying to open the door into a house where a woman was screaming. Only the laughter and the friendship remained, and the unreasonable mocked-at but triumphant feeling that anything was possible after the war.

"Here is my house in Poland," Sim said. "The one in the country where I grew up. It was a nice house."

It was a house built perhaps three centuries ago, for the enormous families of the Mitrowskis. The photograph was poor; you saw a vast faded building, with many square windows and arched doors, and a terrace, on which stood two figures wearing high boots and wee Norfolk jackets, like ancient schoolboys.

Sim looked at this picture with tenderness, as if he could pass through it into the house and his father's voice would boom orders any minute, and his mother would preside placidly at an immense round table, where the ten children gathered for tea.

"First the Germans had it, then the Russians had it. If it is still left, I do not know who has it. I missed it, for a long time, but now I have this house of my own," Sim said, and put the picture away.

"Who is this one?" the Bloody Colonel asked, showing her a photograph of a very thin, uniformed young man, with wild light eyes, astride a monumental horse. Sim quietly left the room; he did not want Lily to notice his going.

"I don't know him," Lily said.

"It is the Bloody Colonel!" He shouted with laughter. "It is the Bloody Colonel when Lieutenant of Cavalry."

"Marek! You look as if you were going to eat the horse."

The Colonel studied the picture, laughing happily, seeming not reminded that he had always been an officer of cavalry, until armored cars replaced horses, and now was an officer of nothing.

"More vodka," the Colonel said, filling her glass with gin. "Like those bad Russians."

And Sim, she thought, has one brother in Scotland on a farm, and one brother in China doing who knows what, and one sister with a Buchenwald

tattoo on her arm, and that's the lot; but perhaps four out of ten was a good score for a family. And the Bloody Colonel had the fish and his painting, but nothing else; still it was the same proportion really, he had only two children and a wife to lose.

"I think," the Bloody Colonel said into the silence, "in two three four years maybe, when the fish are good and we pay for the boats, we go to fight the Russians."

"Not me."

"Not you, General? Who gives coffee and cigarettes and nice things to the Lancers?"

"I don't know. I'm going to an island, made entirely of salt, in the Dead Sea. I'm against war. Nothing good comes of it. Afterwards."

"After? What do you think, such an intelligent girl, they make wars for something? They make wars because that is what men like, they make a war so they get some excitement first before they die; or they only live and die, that is nothing much. General, General, what friends you have now? You are always a happy girl. Why are you talking of after?"

My friends, she thought, are you and those like you, the people who used to be. Am I supposed to welcome more wars, so more ghosts can be manufactured? I don't even like ruined towns, I find nothing attractive in ruins. I see no point, she thought angrily, no point, no point.

"Madame est servie," Sim said, from the hall.

There were two red candles in cheap brass holders on the small table in the dining room. More of the costly coal burned in the grate. There was a tablecloth, and paper napkins, and something, perhaps a packing box, also covered with a white cloth, pulled up near the table so that Sim could serve without moving. The feeling was that the servants had been sent away, since this dinner was to be an intimate feast. On Lily's plate, an iridescent apricot-colored glass saucer from the local Woolworth's, lay a small booklet. It was made of dark blue cardboard with a raised gilt figure of a girl in pantaloons, shawl, and a poke bonnet.

Lily opened it and saw, in Sim's agreeably illiterate hand: Menu. Lobster à la Tobruk, cutlet Alamein, legumes Cassino, salade sauce Ancona, tarte Mitrowski, Claret, Champagne, Napoleon Brandy, Cigars. They watched her as she read, with their own indestructible gaiety, waiting for her applause.

"But what a chef you have!" Lily said. "Darling, you spoil me."

"Nothing is too good for our General," the Colonel said. "Only I wish Stash and Mike did not go out on the bloody boats, so they are here for the party."

"You'll stay until they come back, won't you, Lily?" Sim asked.

"It depends," she said, not daring to say "no," not with this feast and these candles before her.

They had done this all for her, who was nothing, nobody, insignificant even as a ghost. They had schemed and saved to make this welcome; how lonely they must be if her coming was such an occasion.

"I want my Tobruk lobster," Lily said, and Sim flourished before her a small glass plate with two pieces of bright canned lobster adorned with a pompon of mayonnaise. Not on the ration, she thought quickly, but so expensive; and the meat had used both their rations probably for a month, and Sim had shelled the peas which did not turn out very well and looked grey, and Sim had washed the lettuce and sliced the stunted tomatoes and arranged them in petals, and Sim had fancied up the bakery shop tart with maraschino cherries and powdered it with a snow of valuable sugar. She was not hungry, she was the opposite of hungry with her throat shut to food, but she ate everything; such cooks, she said, such regal fare; such quantities; but they should leave Grimsby at once and open the finest restaurant in London, Paris, Rome. The claret was raw, yet watery, and when it was time to open the champagne she prayed that the cork would pop. I will do anything, she prayed, if only the cork will pop.

They were very gay; Sim loving to be host in his own home, at his first real ambitious party; the Colonel delighted to show off the English he had acquired in the last four years, and delighted to remember and remember. Her smile felt carved on a glass face; her laughter had a sharp false ring. Yet it had been so natural to laugh before; she remembered the three of them on leave in Rome in the dazzling summer of 1944 and she laughed harder, higher, so as not to cry.

Then Sim was saying, "Shall we have coffee in the library?" and they moved to the room with the bookcase, for coffee and chemical-tasting brandy. Now they were quieter and she was only there as a listener, while they talked of Poland and Russia and the Regiment and the future of place in Grimsby and how maybe Australia was a fine country for emigrants. Lily felt she was failing them; she should have been able to dredge up, from these separated years, stories that would keep them laughing.

5

THEY had finished the remnants of every bottle in the house and the Bloody Colonel was happy and fairly drunk. At three in the morning, he said he must go home, and they made many loving farewells, wedged together in the hall. They would come to the Colonel's home, at noon, for the Art Exhibit.

"My poor Lily, you are exhausted. We have been dreaming of you for weeks; and then Marek and I do all the talking when we know everything

we have to say by heart. It is too stupid, I could shoot myself. And you must be so bored."

"Darling, how could I be bored with you and the Bloody Colonel? Only I am tired. I have been awake such a long time."

"It is Stash's room when he is here," Sim said, opening a door in the second-floor hall. "And there is the bathroom, across there. Should I light the hot water?"

"I'm too sleepy even to brush my teeth," and she looked at this room and knew the mattress would be stuffed with railroad tracks, and looked at the varnished chipped dresser and the bare table and the single rush-bottomed chair, and, on a tin trunk beside the bed, a water glass with a rose in it.

She turned and put her arms around Sim and kissed his cheek and hid her face against his coat because now she was too tired to keep back the tears. But Sim took this differently, and held her very close and said, in the softest voice, a new one, "Darling?"

She became crafty at once; it was necessary to escape from this, and escape with gentleness. She imagined that Sim needed a woman, since Grimsby would scarcely be a gathering place for available beauties, and she guessed he was sick with loneliness.

"My dear Sim, my dearest Sim, I'm sorry." There were no suitable words.

"I've never forgotten you, Lily."

And I have never forgotten anything, she thought. But she knew what Sim meant, and she was shocked. How could he, as persuasion, use the perfect and admirable past, now in this grey time? For he was reminding her that once, returning with Stash and George and Lily smuggled along, from a night patrol, a moonlit night when every shadow had been ominous and they came back, having accomplished nothing, relieved not to be tense and watching and frightened, gay as people can only be when there has been danger and they are out of it, that night he had walked across the field to her distant tent; and once, after they had tiptoed hand in hand, making jokes but very nervous, on a beach empty except for the Germans' abandoned barbed wire, and had blown up on no mines, and swum in a lukewarm sea under streaming sunset clouds, once there, on the still warm sand. They had been lovers; but they had never been in love. They were great friends, and both were handsome and gay and wild; and this had been part of their immense joy in being alive and in owning their bodies and those intact. Whereas, in a frigid box of a room, in Grimsby, making love with Sim would be an act of pity on both their parts, or an act of desperation. They had been, in that other time, too good for pity or desperation.

She moved away from Sim, and lit a cigarette and smiled uneasily and said, "Lieutenant dear, don't let's get things mixed-up."

Prince Mitrowski had known a great many Anglo-Saxon women and they no longer surprised him. Lily would, of course, be in love with someone as he might have foreseen. And Anglo-Saxon women apparently had a deep-seated objection to going to bed with a man, during the time they were in love with another man. This was an unwritten rule they followed and there was little or nothing you could do about it. But so tiresome; here they were in a remote uninteresting town, they were old friends, and the normal thing, as anyone except an Anglo-Saxon woman could see, was for a pretty female and a healthy male to make love, especially if they had a whole house to themselves. He had rather counted on it; he retained a most pleasurable memory of Lily's body, aside from all the memories of her which were like his love and loyalty for the men in his Regiment; and he was disappointed.

Still, he was too fond of Lily to be angry, and too sure of himself to be offended. She was not an ignorant silly girl who could be talked around. But he was puzzled; he found Lily unlike herself. A black Paris dress and good sparse jewels were preferable to a khaki uniform; she looked wonderfully cared for, not older only more arranged. The peace agreed with her; she had a fine life, traveling wherever she wanted to go, yet she was sad. Perhaps the man she loved did not love her. Was that enough, nowadays, to make people unhappy?

"Where's your husband, Lily?" Sim said, also lighting a cigarette. She sat on the steely bed and he sat on the rush-bottomed chair, and she felt the draught through the closed window and thought, oh my God how late it is, but if talk will make this easier, let us talk.

"I really don't know, Sim. I haven't seen him for years. We were divorced right after the war, you know."

"Are you still in love with him?"

"Dear Sim, I can't remember if I ever was. It's so long ago." In another life and another world, and then there was the war, and she had met many men who were what Charles wanted to be or said he was, but were it without effort. The war had served as an anesthetic to the operation of cutting off a marriage.

"What became of that American, that P-47 chap, the fair one?"

"His name was Robert Allen." But that was in Germany, had she written Sim about Robert?

"Where is he now?"

"He's dead," Lily answered in surprise. Anyone ought to know that much. It was normal to be dead.

Ah, Sim thought, that is it. She loved the American pilot, I remember her letters. I might have understood without asking her. The way she cannot live anywhere and is always alone; the way nothing interests her except the war. All the time I wondered how a woman who has everything, good looks

and friends and money and a passport, dared to carry sadness around with her. Poor Lily, poor good Lily, it's too heavy a price for the war. Lily was explained; if you loved a dead man, naturally you were not alive. I must tell Marek. Lily was always so kind to us and when she needs help we have not comforted her.

He saw Lily's face differently now and was startled to find it hollowed and blanched with fatigue or grief. How could I not have noticed, he thought, I am too selfish.

"Go to bed," Sim said, and pushed the rush-bottomed chair neatly back under the rickety table. "Sleep well, darling," and he kissed her forehead.

Lily took his hand and held it against her cheek and said, "I love you very much, Sim. I always will."

"My General," he said gently, "I know."

Standing in the hall, with her door closed behind him, Sim thought, with anger and sorrow, war is too hard on women, no one realizes how hard it is on women.

Lily took off her clothes, shivering in the cold stale smoky air of the room, and hurried into bed. She turned out the lights and the cotton blankets were weightless and she might as well have been lying naked on the floor. She rose in the dark, found her coat, put it on and climbed back between the coarse sheets. She was trying to will warmth into her body, when she heard Sim go softly down the stairs. Later she heard a distant clanking from the kitchen; he would be washing the dishes at four in the morning, so she would not know that he always washed the dishes, and be sorry for him. It was contemptibly unjust that life should be easier for a rich ghost than for a poor one. That was the final limit; there ought to be economic equality for ghosts and all should have enough money since they had nothing else. Mink makes a nice nightgown, she thought in bitterness, and slept.

6

It seemed no more than half an hour later when Sim, looking polished and awake, touched her shoulder and offered her a great white china cup of tea. Something like daylight came through the window.

"It's a lovely day," Sim announced. "It's not raining."

Evidently, in Grimsby, all a day had to do, to be admired, was not rain. Lily felt her face sticky with the make-up she had not cleaned off, and her mouth foul with drink and cigarettes, and she hated having Sim see her like this, until she decided it was good for him, let him realize she was no dew-laden blossom and he would not regret the night.

"There is hot water and when you are ready, there is breakfast downstairs."

"Thank you, darling, I'll hurry."

You are old, Mother Cameron, she told herself. The back aches since it is unused to railroad track mattresses; and it is terrible not to have enough sleep; and I am frightened of the day ahead, Grimsby and Marek's pictures and the long effort to be bright and merry at the spectacle of two men buried alive.

But she worked carefully on her face and put on a simple grey jersey dress for which she had paid Molyneux more than, no doubt, the value of all Sim's plaice, and went downstairs hoping that even her heels on the uncarpeted treads sounded joyful. Sim again had the meal ready in the dining room.

"There's an egg," Sim said quickly. "I never eat them, bad for my liver."

"What a luxury, Sim; I didn't expect two feasts," and she thought: I could get eggs from Janet's farm in Buckinghamshire and have them shipped here. It must be possible, and of course packages from New York. And blankets and plates, and other womanly little house-warming presents, which could hurt no one's pride.

"We should go to Marek's soon, Lily. He is so excited to show you his pictures. I hope you will like them. It is not far; we could walk."

"I'm longing for a walk. I'll get my coat."

Sim stopped, on the pavement before his house, so that she could see his domain well, in its entirety. Of course he would know which was his, Lily thought, because it's on the corner. There were fourteen houses, joined together in a row, on each side of the street. They were identical: red brick with a pointed roof, a small bay window on the first floor and a door, two windows on the second floor, green woodwork, and a low picket fence surrounding a patch of what would be grass later on. And not a tree in sight.

"I didn't know how wonderful it was to have a house," Sim said, looking fondly at his brick box. "I had a few things to sell, so I could make the first payment, and now I'm buying it by the month. It is a remarkable system they have here. Of course Grimsby is not a very amusing place but it makes all the difference if you have your own house. A house is so interesting; I can't think why I never noticed that before, in Poland."

"Yes, I know," Lily said, and knew that she knew nothing. Slowly, she began to feel herself alone, far away, hiding in a country never invaded, while others fought.

She liked walking with Sim, it reminded her of how they had walked in that brilliant Italian summer. Their steps matched and she ignored the straight streets, with never a curve, never a surprise. The difference between the streets was only that some of the houses were yellow brick instead of red. This scandal of ugliness was so complete that it ceased to have meaning, as scenery in a dream is unimportant. It was all a dream; they were two disembodied memories, walking anywhere, telling

each other wisps of fairy stories, the gossip of a previous life.

"We are almost there," Sim said suddenly. "A friend of ours will be at Marek's house. Be nice to her, Lily."

"Darling, what an amazing thing to say! Have you always found that I was beastly to people?"

"No, of course not. No, really, Lily. But you see, this friend is only a girl, she's twenty-two. She is a stenographer in the bank, and her father has a small shop here. Marek and I are fond of her. She's sweet, Lily, but she will be frightened of you. I mean, she has never been anywhere except Grimsby. Her legs are very ugly."

"I can't see what possible difference that would make to me. I don't give a hoot about women's legs."

So he thinks I'm a snob now, and he would never have thought that before. Really, men are a caution. How guilty and mean I felt last night, and all the while Sim is well fixed-up with a local.

"You're cross."

"I am not," Lily said crossly.

Then they were standing before the Colonel's house, which was like Sim's, except older, and yellow brick trimmed with black woodwork.

"We go in," Sim said. "Marek rents the first floor to a nice young couple; the husband was on Anders' staff as something or other. Be careful not to fall over the pram."

The stairs were dark and steep. There was a curious smell and Lily remembered Marek had said it was a dirty house.

Sim began calling, in Polish, as they neared the top of the stairs. He led her down a hall to a room which ran across the front of the second floor. The furniture appeared to have been thrown in rather than placed and the disorder was astounding. Sim left her here, to find the Colonel. Lily could hear Sim down the hall saying, "Get up. Get up. There is nothing to drink except beer. Beer for breakfast is unhealthy. If we had gin it would be different. Oh Grace, good morning," a false careful voice, Lily thought. "Yes, what a good idea."

7

LILY had time to look at the Colonel's paintings which were standing on chairs and against the wall at one end of the room behind his easel. There was a green and purple and black face, on the easel, an unfinished canvas. The other pictures ranged from correct sail boats and glorious apples to muddy Impressionist landscapes and angular street scenes.

Sim came back, followed by a girl carrying a tray. The girl was almost as tall as Sim, perhaps six feet tall, and enormous. Lily could not help looking at her legs, and they were more like tree trunks than any legs Lily had ever seen. Her body was built on the heroic scale of the Winged Victory and though,

Lily thought instantly, she would be colossal in Greek draperies at the top of the stairs at the Louvre, you did not expect to meet a Greek statue in Grimsby, wearing ugly patent-leather slippers and a slate-blue crepe dress, foolishly looped up on one side, foolishly pulled to a vulgar neckline, beneath the powerful perfect throat.

But what was even more incredible than this noble size was the girl's face. It was oval and her skin was without make-up or even powder, and the cheeks very pink, perhaps because it was hot work to make coffee in Marek's little kitchen, perhaps because of meeting Lily. Her brown hair was parted in the middle and hung in natural waves almost to her shoulders. A mistake, Lily thought, I ought to tell her; she should wear her hair up so you could see the line of her head and throat. And her eyes were dark blue, absolutely honest, absolutely trusting. Her mouth was as good and as gay as a child's. Seeing her face, you forgot at once that this girl was a giantess, and felt she was small and much too young and vulnerable.

Sim made introductions: Miss Needham, Mrs. Cameron. The girl said "How do you do," and then, in shy explanation of the tray, "Marek will want coffee, I think. He said he was drunk last night." Her voice was unadorned and direct, as honest as her eyes.

"Could I have some too?" Lily asked. That Sim should have found this girl, this particular girl, was what she could not believe. Sim. Imagine. Sim who had only known women like Anne Marie and Lorna Charters and Bianca and all those, the sleek the chic the elegant the quick the clever the witty the greedy the lazy the artificial. Or herself, herself also, and perhaps she belonged with the others. But never anyone like Grace Needham; what had happened to Sim that he could find Grace Needham?

The Bloody Colonel hurried in, his thin grey hair brushed flat as always, his worn blue suit pressed as if he still had a batman to keep him smart, and he kissed Lily and made apologies.

"I was too excited, I can not sleep, so I think: now I will again paint Pilsudski. I did not go to bed before it was daytime."

He turned to look at the unfinished green, purple and black canvas and Sim moved to stand beside him.

"It is better," Sim said gravely. "The moustache and the hair are very good. It is better than the last one."

"Oh?" said the Colonel.

"It isn't like any of your others," Grace said. "It's altogether different, isn't it, Marek?"

"Mm," said the Colonel. It was a pleased sound.

The three of them looked at the painting, as if they expected it to move or speak. They had forgotten Lily.

Marek does not surprise this girl, Lily thought, she expected him to happen, she expected to be on

hand and serve him. And she is proud of Sim, that's how she loves him, not because he is hers, but because he is Sim and will always stand and fight. It does not matter how Marek paints; painting is another country to fight for. And I am like some miserable desk General who arrives for twenty-four hours, well-fed and rested, and goes no farther forward than Division. I am not helping anyone to fight for anything at all. It is no wonder they have forgotten I am in the room.

You think always in terms of war, Lily told herself, the war is over. The war was so easy compared to this that they ought to reverse the words; this is much harder and longer than war ever was. I couldn't get a job in this kind of war; no outfit would have me. They have Grace, naturally they found her.

The Colonel turned the canvas upside down and said, "It looks as good this way." He has had a fit of rage, Lily thought, he knows how far it is from his mind to his hand. He is furious with rage as he used to be when the banks of a river held up the Staghouls and the engineers didn't arrive; or when they couldn't get the Germans off that hill with the tower on it. Only rage; nothing in him gives up. And she thought: how clever Sim is, how wise. Bravery is what he honors, and he recognizes it anywhere except in himself, so he is spared the poses and lies of the people who only want to love bravery and only want to be brave. How could I have gone along thinking Sim was sweet and charming and generous, but never guessing what he really is. You are not his kind, she answered herself, that's why.

"Now we have had breakfast," the Colonel said suddenly, "we will have beer." Grace went to the kitchen because she always looked after them, and what they wanted she gave them; she was at home in this war. Sim worried that Lily would think Grace a joke, and be charming to her, and Grace would feel it (she was very conscious of her size and her legs) and he could not bear to have Grace hurt. But if Lily had come and gone, and they had hidden Grace, that would have hurt her more.

He meant to warn Lily, but he was not sure where the danger lay, so, to his surprise, he announced: "I am *Mister* Mitrowski and Marek is *Mister* Starecki, now."

We are what we are, he thought, with nothing to make us look better. It is enough for this girl. No one must condescend to her. She is the same as we are.

"Mr. Mitrowski," Lily said, her eyes hot with embarrassing tears, "Mr. Starecki, I never loved you more."

8

THE Colonel began to talk, very fast, his English confused and heavily accented, and he was showing

Lily his pictures, explaining when he had painted them, why they were bad, and what he must learn.

"Next year, when the fish are better," the Colonel said, "we will have money and we will go to the galleries in Paris and Italy. We can travel cheap, Lily?"

"Oh yes, certainly," Lily said, ashamed that she did not know.

"We will go in the summer when Grace has her vacation; she will want to see the pictures too. She is so interested in painting as we are."

"Yes," Sim said, although he thought the business was more likely to fail than to give them money for a trip. And if it failed, he would probably lose his house. I cannot lose my house, he thought, I will not lose it.

But no one said, for talk's sake, for fun, to be cosy: and you come too, Lily. Of course not, Lily thought. I am an intruder. I do not deserve to be here, you have to earn it. Nothing was changed; it was only harder and secret. They were the same men, as solid as they had been at Tobruk or Alamein or Cassino. Since they had never turned and run, why should they now? Grace had joined them, for the endless duration. You had to stay and live it, you had to share it with your friends and love them more than yourself, then you belonged as Grace did. I must get out, Lily thought, I am scared, I don't know who I am.

They lunched at the Crown Hotel which was the most expensive place in town, and Lily guessed at once that they never came here, but naturally they would offer her what they could not afford for themselves. The dining room at the Crown was full of silent eaters, all looking as if the food disagreed with them and Sunday was a punishment. The waitresses were insolent and slow and disliked the foreign merry manners of these Poles. Lily hated the waitresses and wanted to tell them to honor their betters and bring beer at once when it was asked for; and the meal was disgusting, all white, everything white, and lukewarm and thick.

She saw how cheerfully Sim and the Colonel matched coins and added and got enough for the bill. And how Grace behaved, quietly and easily, knowing what money they had and did not have and how hard the week would be, but able to arrange it for them somehow. They will eat scraps at Sim's house, and wash the dishes together, and talk of Marek's painting and how they are going to Italy and tomorrow morning Grace will go to the bank and Sim and Marek will go wherever they manage their fish, and none of them will despair.

Let them win, Lily thought, Oh God, let them win. Before, she had been part of the winning, but now, somehow, somewhere, she had lost her place; she had demobilized herself.

Sim walked ahead with Grace; there was just time to walk to Sim's, pack Lily's suitcase, and take a taxi to the station. They had urged her to stay

but she said she could not, so many errands, she said, you know how it is. What am I trying to think, Lily wondered. Oh yes, Grace's legs look perfectly all right. They are hers and how she is, is all right.

The Colonel was not talking. Lily saw him staring at the street, the houses, the sky, and knew he was thinking of colors and what you could do with grey. With an effort, the Colonel abandoned the street, and took Lily's arm.

"General, you are sweet to come to us. It made us happy."

"Thank you, Marek."

"They walk well together."

"Yes."

"One day they will marry."

"What?" It could not be her voice, squeaking like that.

"Why not? She is not Princess or Countess; she did not go anywhere; she has no dresses except three, all ugly. And she is a good woman, everything is good. She loves Sim; she is not afraid of what life he will have."

"I didn't mean that."

"It is different, Lily. You must be a Pole perhaps to understand. We come very far away, but that is not strange to us. We always go back but maybe not the same ones who go away. Sim knows. Grace knows this too; she is not a Pole, but she knows, for Sim. For you it is the same life as before. That is good. That is what we all like, but it does not happen so."

Ah no, Lily thought, you are wrong. She might have cried out in pain, it was so clear in her face. The Colonel remembered then what Sim had told him, hurriedly, in Polish, when the girls went to fix their hair before lunch. Sim had been useless for Lily, too, or so he said. They were only concerned with their own lives, their own little problems. Their problems were nothing and would be solved. But how did a woman learn to stop loving a dead man?

"I am sorry, Lily. We hope it comes better for you. Everybody must forget something, Lily. It is not possible to live if you always remember."

What is he saying, Lily thought. Her legs felt cold and weak; the streets went on and on, where was Sim's house. Why is he telling me this?

Grace must have packed for her. There was more gin; she could taste it burning in her mouth. She did not listen to the men, nor hear her answers.

She believed she could hear the minutes ticking in her tiny silent watch. It was raining again, she noticed, as they drove through the cold identical streets, and the station held its own cloud of train smoke and looked as it had when she arrived, dark, and full of jumbled pale people, in raincoats. The ladylike broadcast voice told them where to find the train for London. Sim walked up and down the long train while she waited with the Colonel and Grace, out of the rain. Sim reported he had found an empty compartment and led them, carrying her suitcase.

Then she was inside the familiar varnished box, leaning out the door, while they stood with the rain making pearls in their hair. The three of them, all so tall, united, with laughing faces, called good-bye.

"It's been lovely," Lily called back. "Such a wonderful weekend! We'll meet soon, won't we? Darlings, take care, darlings, thank you, good-bye, good-bye."

The noise of the train cut off their words, the lowering smoke blurred them, and they were three distant figures under the feeble bare light bulbs.

Lily closed the window and sat down, with her feet on the opposite bench. Her feet were wet, London was hours and hours away. A hot bath, she thought, trying to imagine comfort, and a hot toddy and a hot-water bag.

I have made a cruel mistake, she told herself. She was whispering in the silence of her mind. There is no one to remember for, or no one to remember with; everyone must forget. The dead are dead, there is nothing to be done. And the ghosts, the others she believed were like herself; had she pursued them, saying: Ghosts, Ghosts, when they only wanted to live?

She was not rejected by the ghosts, who would be too kind for that, but she knew she must leave them. How did you pick up the habit of living, once you had lost it? How did you live with yourself after you had guessed for the first time, with disbelief and certainty, with horror, that you were a coward?

She shut the door into the corridor, pulled the shades to hide herself from passing people, and turned off the light. Shrivelled with cold, she lay under her coat, sick with cold, sick with weariness, sick of all the journeys. And watched the rain, like melting grease against the dark window, and the night too dark to see.



The Scripps-Howard newspapers are known throughout the land, but few Americans have the least knowledge of Edward Wyllis Scripps, their founder, who withdrew entirely from the public scene as the power and wealth of his papers mounted. He died, an ocean-going recluse, aboard his yacht, the Ohio, in Monrovia Bay, Liberia, in 1926. During his years aboard the Ohio Scripps dictated an extraordinary autobiography which has been edited by his son-in-law, C. R. McCABE, and which is being published by Harper under the title Damned Old Crank. From this book the Atlantic has selected the following characteristic episode.

WHY I FOUNDED THE U.P.

A Self-Portrait of E. W. Scripps

Edited by C. R. McCABE

1

I CANNOT pretend that I went into journalism because I had a call to serve humanity. The spirit that moved me as a journalist was the spirit of protest. I just grew by fighting — fighting because it is my nature to fight. No idea came to me in my early days as a newspaperman that I owed the public a duty. I cannot even now recall the time when the idea first dawned upon me that I was working for others than myself. However, I learned, as every editor of a successful newspaper does learn very soon, that an editor has an extraordinarily great influence on the public, and that the influence may be for good or ill.

It took years for me to develop to the point where I was willing to sacrifice any great immediate temporary advantage for the purpose of doing a public service. I do not think that I ever became thoroughly entrenched in the habit of altruism until I had learned by experience that even if honesty was not the best policy, at least it was a policy by which a newspaper editor could enjoy not only business success but something still more valuable — the confidence and respect and even the affection of a large part of the public.

The profession of journalism is a peculiar one. Its *raison d'être* is public service. A man who believes in what he is doing can and generally will succeed. A man who does not believe in what he is doing may be successful, but will find it very difficult. It is possible for a hypocrite, by exercising constant self-restraint, to appear to be as good as the most sincere moralist, but it is hard work.

The editor who wants to serve the public finds it easy and enjoyable work, and comparatively easy to retain the public's good will. The editor who wants to serve only himself, and plays a role for the pur-

pose of fooling the public for profit, finds it extremely difficult, day after day and year after year, in all emergencies of temptation and personal irritation, so to control his actions as not to reveal his true character.

I have a high opinion of my journalistic work as public service. I believe the most valuable service I have rendered to my country has been that of thwarting the plans of greater, abler, and richer men than myself to establish a monopoly of news in the United States and a dominating influence over all the newspapers of the country.

When, if ever, an accounting is made of my life's work, I would require, in fairness to me, that account should be taken not only of the huge effort but of the great outlay of money that I have made personally to secure freedom of the press in this country. I refer to the foundation of the United Press in competition with the Associated Press.

Around 1895 a warfare broke out between the two press associations of the country. These were the old Western Associated Press (later known as the Associated Press) and the old United Press. The old UP was the direct result of a series of weak efforts to establish a press association to oppose the old Western Associated Press.

The United Press, under Walter Phillips, was then at the zenith of its power. It included in its membership the leading New York City newspapers of the time — the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *World*, and *Sun*. Its principal financial backer and controlling spirit was John P. Walsh, the owner of the Chicago *Chronicle*, and a Napoleon of finance who ended his days in the state prison. All the Scripps papers were then included in the United Press as clients or members or stockholders.

At this time the idea occurred to such men as Bennett of the New York *Herald*, Whitelaw Reid of the New York *Tribune*, Laffan of the New York *Sun*, and some others, to create a great news monopoly out of the United Press. This organization, it was felt, was sweeping everything before it, while the Western Associated Press was constantly losing clients and members. The United Press, as it existed then, threatened even the existence of a free press in this country.

To match this development a number of newspapermen, headed by Victor Lawson of the Chicago *News*, my brother James, Frank Noyes — then editor of a Washington paper — and some others, undertook to reorganize the Western Associated Press with the aim of making it a great monopoly. In the early days of the reorganization of the Associated Press, when it was proposed to make it a regular stock company rather than the mutual company it later became, I was visited by a representative of the reorganizers. He offered me, jointly with James E. Scripps, 25 per cent of the stock of the proposed new association if we would take all our papers out of the United Press and join the new association.

I declined on the grounds that the new Associated Press proposed to have exclusive contracts; that is to say, those newspapers belonging to the new association in any city would have the right to keep any new paper in their city from receiving the news report of the AP. In other words, the plan was to establish a monopoly pure and simple.

Both the Western Associated Press and the United Press were overwhelmingly controlled by the publishers of morning newspapers. The result was that evening newspapers all over the country were slighted. It was the custom of the news associations to hold back important news developments that occurred in time for publication in evening papers. This gave the morning papers a monopoly of important news. The Scripps papers were evening papers.

Because of this condition in the press associations, I set up a sort of mutual press association for the Scripps papers. This association, later known as the Scripps-McRae Press Association, had representatives in New York, Washington, all of the Scripps newspaper cities, and at other points. These men sent us special telegrams of important events. By this means I greatly increased the news value of our several papers. To keep costs down, I succeeded in making contracts with both the Western Union Telegraph Company and the old Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company. I got practically Associated Press transmission rates.

2

THE Associated Press, a magnificently reformed organization, won a great victory over the United Press and seduced away from it all of the big New

York newspapers except the *Sun*. This move was followed by a country-wide stampede of United Press clients to the Associated Press.

Although the AP was still solicitous to get my papers, it was no longer offering me stock as a special inducement. The AP representatives were now warning me that I was in danger of being left out in the cold, and were threatening me with destruction if I did not join them.

I was irritated to the highest pitch of anger by the insolence and arrogance of those who had once so humbly petitioned me. My brother George had a very pugnacious disposition so long as he had someone to lead him in a fight. My partner Milton McRae, however, was panic-stricken, and begged and pleaded with and implored George and me to get on the Ark before the deluge came.

The UP by now was on the rocks. Not only was its treasury empty, but as a concern it was largely in debt.

The AP, in a new move, set a date after which no newspaper that was not then a member could ever get the Associated Press reports. The fateful final meeting at which new members would be accepted into the AP was, I believe, held in the summer of 1897 in Chicago.

Early in the morning of that day McRae made haste to see Melville Stone, Victor Lawson, Charles Knapp, and others of the inner circle. They all assured him that, even though we presented ourselves at the eleventh hour, we would be cordially welcomed. McRae returned to us, his face beaming, saying he had no doubt we could get into the association on a full plane of equality with the best of all the other papers represented.

I knew better. I knew better because I had other channels of communication to the AP directorate, and had taken pains to have them hear reports of our internal dissensions and weaknesses. I had, in fact, paved the way to have any petition we made turned down so hard and with so much insolence and arrogance as to rearouse my brother George's fighting instinct.

At the last hour, and almost the last minute, Mr. McRae went with our application, in written form, to be admitted to the Associated Press not as clients but as first-class voting members of the association. Much to his chagrin, his proposal was met — as I had expected it would be — with ridicule and laughter and contempt. That was what I desired and expected. I wanted him to be fighting mad. I wanted to stir up the pugnacious Scotch blood in him. I knew that if I could get McRae fully aroused I could depend on him to do more than half of the fighting that was sure to result.

McRae returned to us with face red and eyes shining with resentment and anger. Our telegrams to the different newspapers were all written out, together with our prospectus. We said the firm of Scripps-McRae was going to start a press associa-

tion and finance it, and that we would, on the instant of application, serve all would-be clients with the evening report. Our organization was actually so complete that it was sending out a news report even while McRae was making his application to the Associated Press, although the report was only going to our own papers.

I do not recall the figures, but I imagine that in founding the new United Press the Scripps papers actually paid out several hundred thousand dollars more than they would have paid out had they been members of the Associated Press. Notwithstanding these comparatively large payments, I felt that the investment, bad as it was financially, was a good one, since it secured for the Scripps papers, and all the other papers in the country, freedom from the temptation of one huge news monopoly. Not a small part of our own gain was that we were able to found evening newspapers in any city that we chose.

As our corporation was not a mutual one, but a stock company for the purpose of profit, we were governed by the same laws that govern common carriers. We could not legally refuse a report to any newspaper that wanted it, even if we desired to do so. We could not refuse an applicant who might come in direct competition with our own newspapers, and cause them to suffer seriously. In one city in particular I think my own paper was never profitable for the simple reason that a rival paper taking the United Press was founded. It was being conducted, furthermore, not only to compete with my paper but to ruin it.

3

IN 1905 a young man named John Vandercook, who had worked for the *Cleveland Press* and the Scripps-McRae Association in New York and Europe, demanded a promotion of me. His approach impressed me. I had him named editor of the *Cincinnati Post*, where he demonstrated great ability. He then demanded a greater field of operations. He proposed that we buy the East Coast Publishers' Press Association, consolidate it with our two others — the Scripps News Association and the Scripps-McRae Press Association — and form a large united institution.

We had discovered before this negotiation began that corrupt influences were working on the Publishers' Press Association, so that important news from Washington and New York and other places was being colored or suppressed for the purpose of affecting the stock market. Even false reports came over the wire. During Vandercook's negotiations, a flagrant incident of this kind occurred. I felt that this incident and its predecessors absolved me from all moral obligation toward the Publishers' Press Association. Meantime, the term of the contract for exchange and coöperation between the two associations had expired.

On the basis of the flagrant abuse of their power over a news association for their personal gain, I sent Mr. McRae to deliver an ultimatum to the officers of the Publishers' Press Association. This stated that unless they sold their whole business to us at a figure which Mr. McRae would fix within our maximum, we would discontinue the exchange of news and all coöperation, and enter their field as competitors.

McRae had furnished himself with information that a stockbroker of the New York Exchange, of a very questionable reputation, was a large creditor and stockholder of the association, and was using it to further his stock-manipulating enterprises. With this information Mr. McRae concluded the purchase of the association, free of debt, for \$150,000. When I acquired ownership of the Publishers' Press I united all three press associations on June 21, 1907, giving the name of the United Press Association to the consolidated institution.

The original United Press corporation issued \$300,000 of preferred 6 per cent stock and, I think, \$100,000 common stock. I personally endorsed and guaranteed the \$300,000 preferred stock and then distributed this preferred stock to the owners of record of the three associations. I had 51 per cent of the stock of the Scripps-McRae Press Association, 51 per cent of the Scripps Press Association, and, of course, 100 per cent of the Publishers' Press Association. Therefore, my own share of preferred stock was practically \$202,000. The preferred stock I received, I used to pay off certain personal debts; so that in the end, I had no other interest in the United Press Association than 51 per cent of its common stock. I apportioned the other 49 per cent to young men I put in charge of the management of the institution. As there was practically not a dollar paid in by the common stockholders, the new institution, the United Press Association, started its existence in 1907 with \$300,000 of liability and what might be termed a bag of wind.

At the time I was organizing the UP in its present form, I told my associates we were embarking on a business that would either have to be a flat failure or a property worth many millions, not less than \$3,000,000. This kind of business, I said, must be large in order to exist.

Now the United Press has been in existence ten years [this was written in 1917], and it is worth not less than \$1,000,000. I assumed the risk of guaranteeing the preferred stock; beyond this, I have paid no money into the concern. I have put no labor into it that would be recognized as labor. I have practically done no more for the institution than exercise my judgment, based on a knowledge and skill I had acquired in other business fields.

Up to the present time, during the past ten years, I have received as my share of dividends perhaps \$200,000, an average of \$20,000 a year. Beyond that, I am the owner of a block of stock worth \$500,-

000. This has grown from what might be considered nothing at all. As a matter of fact, the preferred stock that I had guaranteed was considered by me, as I have said, a liability.

Divide the \$500,000 worth of property by the number of years involved — ten — and we have \$50,000 as a net annual gain for myself. Add \$20,000 a year, or the average dividend, and it would appear that I received \$70,000 a year for my services in founding this institution. UP General Manager Roy Howard's estimate of the 1917 value of the concern as being \$2,500,000 is, at least, possibly correct. My share of this, being one half, would amount to \$1,250,000, which would be equivalent to an average salary for ten years of \$125,000. Add to this \$20,000 average annual dividends, and it would appear that my annual earnings on account of the UP have been so far \$145,000.

4

OFTEN, in retrospective mood, my thoughts center on some man or group of men — youngsters whose lives I have more or less molded — molded in part for my own business purposes, and perhaps, even in a larger part, experimentally. A very large portion of my life's enjoyment, in fact, has come from the curious and inquiring attention I have given to the development of my young helpers. I am inclined to dispute the truth of the saying that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I put very little reliance on the equally vulgar and often sneering comment, Blood will tell.

It was around 1885 that I went to live in the country house of Colonel Gano of the U.S. Army, about 16 miles outside Cincinnati, on the old turnpike leading from Cincinnati to Dayton. On this little turnpike, not 100 yards from my host's home, was a tiny cottage occupied by the keeper of the tollgate. The tollgate keeper had a family of several children, sons and daughters. Now it is easy enough for anyone to form an opinion of the general characteristics of a tollgate keeper and his family. Certainly tollgate-keeping is anything but the occupation of an industrious, ambitious, and enterprising man.

I kept a saddle horse at that time for exercise purposes. It was provoking to me always to have to stop my ride and to call the tollgate keeper, to wait for the tollgate to be raised when I paid my little fee. Actually, I seldom submitted to this indignity. Sometimes I would make my horse jump the tollgate, and sometimes the hedge fence at the side of the road. I would jump into the adjoining field, passing around the tollgate, in order to bring the horse back again into the pike.

The reason I had to encounter this tollgate was that it extended straight across the road that led from my lodging place to the door of the young lady who afterwards became my wife.

I never made the acquaintance of the tollgate keeper or any member of his family. Being a newcomer to the neighborhood, I knew nothing of the past of the family. It was not until many years afterward that I learned that there was a man in the employ of one of my newspapers who was a son of one of the daughters of this family. That man was Roy Howard.

What could be expected of a tollgate keeper's grandson? Had I not known so much about his origin, I would have had no more curiosity about or interest in him than I would have had in any of the other hundreds of my employees. Although I did not see young Howard until several years after I heard of him, my interest in him certainly had its effect in opening opportunities for him.

I do not recall having seen Howard until he had made considerable headway in the way of promotion. When I finally met him for the first time, I think it was at Miramar. He was a striking individual, very small of stature, with a large head and speaking countenance, and eyes that appeared to be windows for a rather unusual intellect. His manner was forceful, and the reverse of modesty. Gall was written all over his face. It was in every tone and every word he voiced. Ambition, self-respect, and forcefulness oozed out of every pore of his body.

Since those days Howard has learned to affect some degree of deference in his speech and manner in my presence; but in my first interview with him he did not reveal, and I do not believe he experienced, the least feeling of awe. However, so completely and exuberantly frank was he that it was impossible for me to feel any resentment on account of his cheek.

He passed from his reportership on the paper to a subordinate position in the United Press. When he went with the UP he might have been twenty-one years of age. Of course he was only an employee. I do not suppose he, or anyone else, ever thought he would be anything else. He demonstrated his ability to be a good assistant to the general manager while the institution was still in almost an embryo state. Then, fortunately for him, its first manager, John Vandercook, died as the result of a surgical operation. Learning of this, I immediately gave attention to the appointment of a successor. I had no idea of appointing Howard. If my remembrance is correct I had not seen Howard, even then.

I suggested to my associates several names, any one of whom I would have been willing to name as Vandercook's successor, had the other man who worked on the association agreed. I was surprised at being urged to let Howard be tried out for a time, at least, on the job.

Certainly, at this critical point in Howard's career, he owed everything to the fact that he was the tollgate keeper's grandson. My fancy was tickled with the idea. My propensity for experiment demonstrated itself again. I recall that I was much

amused and that I told my wife what I had done. However, Howard made good.

The United Press is, next to the Associated, the largest medium for the dissemination of news in the United States. Consequently Mr. Howard not only had no difficulty in coming in contact with both the political and military leaders of the European countries he visited, but was warmly welcomed by them.

Owing a great deal to his peculiar personality, Howard gained some personal favor among these men. He had interviews with premiers, foreign secretaries, generals, and civilians of the higher grade. Lord Northcliffe, the giant journalist of England, has been particularly intimate with Howard. Owing to Northcliffe's relations to the powers-that-be in England, Howard of the UP is favored above all other American journalists and journalistic institutions.

Howard once called on me at Miramar and spent an hour or two talking to me. While he occupied the seat at the end of the table, where I usually place my favored guests, I could not restrain myself from looking him over, up and down, and laughing uproariously as I kept comparing in my mind that little old tollgate house with this friend and intimate of a belted earl, great statesmen, and famous generals.

It is characteristic of Howard that when I told him the cause of my mirth he indicated neither confusion nor resentment. He seemed to have his own fancy tickled by it. I do not believe that in this respect Howard will ever change. Of course he is an upstart, and a very innocent upstart. He wasn't to blame for his origin, and in fact there was nothing blameworthy in his origin. I do not think he would ever be ashamed of his origin. I do not think either that his success in life, or his position in life, would add anything to his vanity or his self-respect. Howard's self-respect and self-confidence, right from the start, were so great as to make it impossible for them to increase. Doubtless to himself, his situation in life, his successes and his prosperity, all seem perfectly natural, and to be no more nor less than he expected — if he ever wasted his time in forecasting. Of which, I have very much doubt.

5

As I said, I regard my life's greatest service to the people of this country to be the creation of the UP. I have secured to every man in this country who desires to found or purchase a newspaper something that he must have in order to found or own a newspaper. I have given him something that nobody else has been able to give or willing to give. It is

quite possible that I am the only man in this country who could have performed this service. I doubt if there was a single newspaperman in the United States, other than those in my employ, who at the time I made the decision to do this believed I would be successful.

The value of the UP depends not upon any patent right or anything the possession of which can be defended in a court of law. It does not depend upon any secret processes or knowledge. It does depend largely on the mental attitudes of many millions of people, who regard certain newspapers highly because of the value that they themselves attach to words that are published by the United Press.

Among other motives in founding the UP was the altruistic one. I do not believe in monopolies. I believe that monopolists suffer more than their victims in the long run. I did not believe that it would be good for journalism in this country if there were one big news trust such as the founders of the Associated Press fully expected to build up. It was their idea to set up a monopoly that would make it impossible for any new paper to be started in any of the cities where there were AP members. I recognized that this was valuable to an established newspaper manager like myself, but I was just then feeling very cocky. I considered myself a sort of man-of-destiny. I had ambitions for planting a score or more of new papers. I pointed out to my associates that under the proposed conditions no one else could start new newspapers in our town, but, on the other hand, we ourselves would never be able to start another new newspaper.

I not only wanted to start a new paper if I chose, but I wanted to make it possible for any other man to found a newspaper in any city in the Union. Were it not for the UP, I am convinced that the men who hold a controlling interest in the present Associated Press and Mr. Hearst would inevitably combine into a trust.

Perhaps my greatest reason, however, for refusing to join the AP at the critical juncture was that I knew that at least 90 per cent of my fellows in American journalism were capitalistic and conservative. I knew at the time, at least, that unless I came into the field with a new service, it would be impossible for the people of the United States to get correct news through the medium of the Associated Press. I determined to be as free in the matter of gathering telegraph news and printing what I wanted to print as I was in gathering local news and printing what I wanted to print. In those my youthful days of pride I swelled with vanity at the thought that I was to be the savior of the free press in America. Of course, I have learned now that it needs more than one man to guarantee such freedom.



AL CAPP's drawings were first syndicated in 1934, and since then he has risen to be one of the most popular and articulate of our comic artists. He does not know, nor does anyone else, how many copies of his books of *Li'l Abner* cartoons have been distributed; the number is astronomical. His book *The Life and Times of the Shmoo* was a best seller, and he is now writing his first extended work of prose, *Inside Al Capp*.

MEMORIES OF MISS MANDELBAUM

by AL CAPP

1

RECENTLY a man from Santa Barbara, California, wrote to a weekly news magazine to complain that I am overpaid for the pictures I draw, in contrast to what other people get for doing something useful. Well, I may be overpaid now, but I wasn't when I started out in the world as a professional artist, which was when I was eleven years old and in the seventh grade of P.S. 62, in Brooklyn. I was paid ten cents a picture then, and risked being clapped into the reformatory every time I drew one. Today, thanks to the willingness of the average American to laugh at a group of characters even more bedeviled than he is (a necessarily fictitious group, of course), my price has risen somewhat and I now risk nothing more than having my income disapproved of by people who live in places I can't afford to live in.

My career as a professional artist started during the year we lived in the teeming hot-pastrami and block-gang-warfare jungle of the Brownsville (or Murder, Inc.) section of Brooklyn. My father had moved us (my mother, my two younger brothers and sister) there from the serenity of New Haven, Connecticut, because he had just gone bankrupt in a new business.

My father's new businesses never lasted long enough to become old ones. These businesses were based on my father's ever-new ideas (part of which, always, was to move his family to a new community, a new city, a new state even — where we would find a new and glorious life). My father was a gifted artist and a brilliant idea man. He should have used his ideas in a comic strip, like I do, in which he could create a world he could manage, like I can. But there weren't enough comic strips in the early 1900s, and so my father's ideas had to be tried in an inferior, unmanageable real world. These business ideas would have worked out perfectly in a comic strip, for they all had just the right touch of fantasy, but they inevitably ended in disaster

in real life. For events in a comic strip can be controlled to follow reason and sanity; the characters in one can be made to behave with kindness, humor, and faith. But in uncontrollable reality, unreasonable misfortunes overtook my father's brilliant ideas (nobody bought his stuff) and the characters he dealt with behaved unspeakably (they wanted their money) and so we were constantly moving out of used-up communities and into bright, new El Dorados, and my father was constantly going out of new businesses and into even newer ones, with new ideas, and new, romantic backers.

And so, in 1920, we came to Brooklyn, and I was enrolled at P.S. 62, a huge, barren, penitentiary-like structure, bursting with a brawling horde of children of all races, presided over by a senile, dipsomaniacal political appointee, and staffed by frantic, overworked, and bad-tempered teachers, as unlike the Connecticut type as vodka is from milk.

It was my luck to enter P.S. 62 at the time when Mr. Lawless was organizing his Experimental Class. When I tell you that a few months later the Experimental Class was discontinued because Mr. Lawless himself was hauled off to an insane asylum (where he spent the rest of his days) you may get some idea of the thinking behind the experiment itself, and, indeed, of that of the School Authorities, which permitted this project.

Mr. Lawless's idea was that if you combined twenty of the school's worst boys (subnormals, petty thieves, rapists, and thugs) with twenty of its best boys, association with the good kids would make the bad kids better. What actually happened, of course, was that the good kids were so enchanted with the bad kids that, from the first day on, we tried to be like them, and, in some cases, so spectacularly surpassed them that, in the end, they were hard put to it to be as lousy as we were.

You'll notice that, by using the word "we," I

include myself among the good kids. This was never officially established. I just supposed I was, and always have.

2

ONE fact about me did get established immediately. I was the "best drawer" in the class. I was always the "best drawer" in every class (for there is seldom more than one kid who can draw decently at all, in any class). In Connecticut, this had given me about twenty minutes of distinction once a week, for in a school curriculum sanely designed to prepare kids for life, this was all the drawing considered necessary. But in Mr. Lawless's Experimental Class, drawing became increasingly important as the experiment became increasingly disordered. In fact, drawing became a lifesaver. For instance, when Mr. Lawless would announce a quiz, based on reading presumably done at home the night before, the Smart Kids (who had done their reading) would settle back and yawn. They knew that Mr. Lawless wouldn't call on them, because he knew they'd done their homework. (By the way, as this sort of thing went on, the Smart Kids stopped doing any homework. They were smart enough to realize that Mr. Lawless would always believe they had.) But the Bad Kids would stiffen up, alert, rebellious, and ready for trouble. They knew they'd get called on, because Mr. Lawless knew they never did their homework the night before, if for no other reason than that they never went home nights.

These quizzes would begin with the clouding of Mr. Lawless's face and the clenching of his teeth. He'd start getting mad at the answers he knew he'd get before he had asked the first question. For the first answer would, inevitably, be a request to repeat the first question. Mr. Lawless's face would then get darker, his jaw muscles would twitch violently, and he would repeat the question. This, in itself, was a victory for Badness over Authority, and the other Bad 'Uns, knowing what was coming, would titter, with a few of the weak-willed Good 'Uns, even, joining in. The question having been repeated (which Mr. Lawless knew very well the Bad 'Un had clearly heard in the first place — and which the Bad 'Un knew Mr. Lawless knew he'd heard), the formula for the destruction of Mr. Lawless's control went relentlessly on.

It was a simple formula. You just answered a question by asking another question, until Mr. Lawless exploded. Like this: —

"Who was the first president of the United States?"

"I didn't getcha, sir. Would you please repeat th' question?"

"Who — was — the — first — president — of — the — United — States?"

"Of the United States?"

"Yes. The United States."

"Oh. I getcha." Then you sat down, with the air of one to whom everything had been made clear, and was now satisfied.

This accomplished the first stage of the destruction of Mr. Lawless's control. His jaw muscles would twitch more violently. He would clench and unclench his fists, and he would rise behind his desk.

"GET UP!" His voice would have the hint of a scream in it. "You haven't answered my question!!!"

You arose, and asked, "What question?"

"The question about the first president."

"I toldja. He was the first president of the United States."

"Who was??" — and now Mr. Lawless was screaming. You pretty nearly had him. You just had to keep answering his questions by asking him questions.

The answer to "WHO was?" was, of course, "Who was WHAT?" Any moron in the class knew that, and knew too that, any minute now, Mr. Lawless's control would snap and he'd call you a sonofabitch and you could say, "You got no right to call me no sonofabitch, sir," and the poor dazed man would realize that somehow he'd been maneuvered into being in the wrong, that he was licked again, give the whole thing up, and announce a drawing class. These drawing classes became, as I said, lifesavers. The passing out of "drawing paper" and crayons and the borrowing of rulers and erasers gave legality to the jabbering and conviviality that always went on anyhow.

Mr. Lawless pretended to himself that these drawing classes weren't just outs from hopeless situations, but, rather, shrewd psychological probes, by announcing "Themes" for each drawing. Like "What I Would Like to Do Tonight When I Get Out of School." Announcements like these caused a great deal of foul merriment among the subnormal. They were stupid, all right, but not stupid enough to confess what THEY'D like to do that night when they got out of school.

The "What I Would Like to Be When I Am a Man" theme first indicated to the Bad Kids that my drawing, which up to then was merely admired and envied, could be put to some practical use. Most of them wanted to be gunmen, bookies, and thieves when they grew up, but these hopes and dreams they preferred to keep sacred. For Mr. Lawless's eyes, they represented themselves as yearning to become policemen, firemen, and senators. Now policemen, firemen, and senator uniforms are not easy to draw, if you are subnormal, and so they began to drift over to my desk for help with their idiot scratchings.

I extended myself for them. Being slowed up by having lost my left leg at nine, I couldn't win the respect of such heroes as Cowboy Scalenzo, Six-Toe Tanglebaum, or Crooksie Rattigan in the ordinary way — namely, by attacking my classmates

from behind, and running off with their possessions before they could scramble up.

3

AT FIRST, all I got for my efforts, and all I wanted, was respect. This is how money came into it, and after that, Miss Mandelbaum.

One day Cowboy Scalenzo came into class with a black eye and many purple bruises on his face. He didn't offer to tell us how badly moidered the other two or three guys were and so we knew these were not the scars of victory, but something that the Cowboy preferred not to discuss. The drawing session came early that day when Six-Toe Tanglebaum wittily replied to a statement by Mr. Lawless that if he (Six-Toe) was a little rat then he (Mr. Lawless) must be a big rat. The theme that day was "My Greatest Ambition."

After I had drawn Crooksie Rattigan as a G-Man and Jackson Jackson, a colored boy, being inaugurated President of the United States, Cowboy Scalenzo came over with his usual request — to draw him like a cowboy. As always he would fascinatedly watch me draw his pinched, swarthy little face in a huge Stetson, and then put a kerchief, star-studded Western vest, boots and spurs on his drawn-much-healthier-than-life body. As always he would offer no suggestions with these technicalities of costume, but just breathe harder as his image became like a cowboy. It was never until I reached the drawing of the gun and holster that the Cowboy ever spoke. At that point, he would carefully describe just what kind of gun he was carrying that day, how the gun barrels were shaped, exactly how the handle was curved. He was very particular about these things. You had the feeling that up to that time we were in fantasy and artistic license was tolerated, but when we came to the gun, we had come down to business and that had to be right. On this day, however, the little bruised, bitter face said, "I ain't only holdin' the gun, see — I'm shootin' it."

I drew him shooting it.

The Cowboy looked at the billows of smoke coming from the nozzle with grim satisfaction.

"Got room for anudder guy?" he asked.

There was room.

"I'm shootin' it at my brudder. Drawr the bullet goin' right into him."

"What does your brother look like?" I asked.

"His name is Angelo. He's older than me. He looks lousy."

With this description, it was the work of only a few minutes to draw Angelo accurately, a look of anguish on his face, a bullet going right into him, and his legs kicking wildly in the air.

The Cowboy studied the drawing with pleasure, meanwhile tenderly rubbing his blackened eye and bruised jaw.

He didn't turn the drawing in. He continued to study it at his desk the rest of the day, seeming to forget the pain of his injuries in the joy of his revenge on Angelo.

When school was over, he laid two pennies on my desk. "You done good," he said.

And that's how I became a merchant of dreams. For all my little subnormal classmates had their little subnormal dreams which were, generally, of assault and battery on those larger than themselves. At first I was glad to draw their dreamings for free, for their respect. But, then, my commissions became so many and so intricate, and I, with my increasing importance, became such a prima donna, that the shrewder little morons began offering me pennies, then nickels, and finally, a dime apiece to do theirs first.

That dime a drawing cut the number of requests down, but there still came in more than I could comfortably handle, and I was looking around for an assistant. I had read in *The Book of Knowledge* how Peter Paul Rubens, an artist of another age but with practically the same problem as I, had hired assistants to help him with detail, and I had my eye on a comer in the third grade, when Miss Mandelbaum appeared and all hell broke loose.

Miss Mandelbaum taught drawing, and was the first female teacher (in fact, the first female of any kind) to enter our classroom. Miss Mandelbaum was new and young and no one had told her. She had simply noticed that the quality of drawings coming from Mr. Lawless's class (mostly done by me) was pretty high for a class composed mainly of morons.

It quickly became apparent to Miss Mandelbaum that I was the Talent, and she showed a great interest in my work, coming in every day, bending over my desk to watch me draw and (nothing is more distracting or destructive to the artist) coaching me as I went along. My classmates showed a great interest in Miss Mandelbaum's coaching, mainly because of what happened to her neckline when she bent over to coach me.

Their respectful crowding around Miss Mandelbaum during her daily visit to my desk, and their silent, rapt attention, delighted Miss Mandelbaum and gave poor Mr. Lawless his first glimmer of hope that the Experiment was stimulating those little subnormal minds. He was right. After Miss Mandelbaum, my commissions changed.

For the first time, Cowboy Scalenzo didn't order a murder. "Drawr me Miss Mandelbaum wit' a one-piece bathin' suit on," he said. In the early 1920s, the one-piece bathing suit was no more than a mad rumor then appearing in the more sensational press. No one had ever actually seen anyone wearing one, and even the most advanced and hopeful among us doubted that anyone ever would. I was a little hazy about the arrangement of a plump lady teacher with a one-piece bathing suit on, but the

Cowboy helped me with details. He was visibly pleased by the drawing, gave me a dime, and took it to his desk to study it.

After a while, he came back. I was busy drawing Miss Mandelbaum in a one-piece bathing suit (the idea had caught on) for Six-Toe Tanglebaum, who had canceled his order for a picture of him knifing Cowboy Scalenzo in the back (I played no favorites).

"Can that one," proposed Cowboy Scalenzo, "and I'll make it a quarter if ya finish this one." He laid on my desk the original One-Piece Bathing Suit Miss Mandelbaum.

"Finish it?" I asked, perplexed. "Didn't I draw everything you told me was there?"

"Sure you did, Al," said the Cowboy, "but I want you to draw me lookin' at her."

I drew Cowboy Scalenzo, in a cowboy suit, looking at Miss Mandelbaum in a one-piece bathing suit.

This caught on.

I then drew Tanglebaum looking at HIS Miss Mandelbaum.

Before the end of that day I had drawn dozens of Portraits of Young Morons Looking at Miss Mandelbaums. It had been my biggest day, at the new rate of two bits a Portrait, and I was loaded with commissions for the next day. I took some of the more urgent jobs home with me, and felt that I could no longer delay my talk with that comer in the third grade. Rubens was right.

The next day Fourfingers Bastardo came over to my desk.

"You finish that pitcher o' me an' Miss Mandelbaum yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Fourf, I'm still kinda working it up," I replied in a lying tone that was, in later years, to become familiar to deadline-worried syndicate editors.

"That means you ain't started on it yet," said

Fourfingers, who even as a twelve-year-old subnormal was a better judge of my character than syndicate editors, "an' that's okay, because I don't want you should do it."

"Well, that's okay with me, Fourf," I replied, confident that this wouldn't become a trend. "I've got plenty o' others I can —"

"I don't want you to work on no others," said my patron. "I don't want you should draw me simply LOOKIN' at Miss Mandelbaum." He bent over and whispered, "I'll give you a extra dime if you drawr Miss Mandelbaum in that one-piece bathin' suit and me in a policeman's uniform, and she's sittin' in my lap."

I followed his instructions, putting everything down very lightly, so that I wouldn't have to erase if I made any mistakes. It was all very complicated, and terribly engrossing, and before we realized it, Miss Mandelbaum had slipped into the room and was bending over my desk.

"Doing a wrestling scene, I see," she remarked brightly. "But the penciling is so light, so timid — as if you weren't sure of the anatomical details." She beamed at me, and picked up my pencil. "The only way out — to bring out the real meaning — is to *emphasize* all the main construction lines, with good, *bold* strokes!!"

She proceeded to do this, penciling vigorously over my light lines. Fourfingers' face emerged, and then the positions of both figures. It wasn't until she put in the few good bold strokes that brought out her own lightly, but accurately, sketched-in face that she realized what she was doing. She screamed a terrible scream of anguish and betrayal, dropped the pencil as though it were red-hot, and ran out of the room. She never came back. My father's business failed, we moved to Massachusetts, and my career as a professional artist didn't get going again for ten years.





Biographer, musician, and a member of the famous Drinker clan of Philadelphia, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN has scored a progressive success with what Ferris Greenslet calls her "interpretive biographies" — three of which have been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. *Beloved Friend* (1937) was the well-documented life of Tchaikovsky as disclosed in his letters to his wealthy patroness, Madame von Meck. In *Yankee from Olympus* (1944), Mrs. Bowen showed us the decisiveness of that great Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes. The paper that follows is based on a talk she gave on Justice Holmes's birthday, in which she told of the detail, the detective work, and the discernment which were called for in the preparation of her latest book, *John Adams and the American Revolution*.

THE BUSINESS OF A BIOGRAPHER

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

I

GERTRUDE STEIN once gave a talk before — oddly enough — the boys of Choate School. "It is the business of an artist," she told them, "to be exciting."

It is the business also of an historian. History is, in its essence, exciting; to present it as dull is to my mind, stark and unforgivable misrepresentation. And if history be, as Webster has it, the story of nations, biography the story of men — then by that same token, biography should prove, intrinsically, more exciting even than history. Biography is more immediately comprehensible; it is something our experience lets us know, in the Keatsian phrase, upon our pulses.

Choice of subject is, for the biographer, a vital part of the total creative effort. Sometimes it is not even an individual that lights the biographical spark, but only a period in history. Such was, for example, my own experience with my last book, *John Adams and the American Revolution*. I had published three biographies set in the nineteenth century, and each of them had spilled over, at its outset, into an earlier period. With each I had been given a glimpse, tantalizing, provocative, into the Century of Enlightenment, that Century of Reason — extraordinary and vivid time when our American world was young and yeasty, when men of faith, men of intellect and staunchest character, threw down a king and fashioned a government to their very liking. "When, before the present epocha," wrote John Adams to his friend Wythe in 1775, "had three millions of people full power and fair opportunity to form and establish the wisest and happiest government that human wisdom can contrive?"

Reading those words, I had felt a stirring at the

roots of my hair. Exciting? . . . I remembered a young historian, the ink yet damp upon his doctoral thesis, who had said to me with all the vigor and confidence of his twenty-odd years, "Now I have my training, I'm going to write and make some money. I'm not going to teach. I plan to take — well, some period of history, and *hop it up* the way you biographers do."

Hopping up, I learned, is done with morphine, marihuana. But we biographers do not hop up history! — I told my young friend quickly. Does one hop up the Rocky Mountains, or a hibiscus flower? On the contrary, we ourselves are moved by this astonishment of height, this redness of red; we desire to reproduce this astonishment, this good news granted by earth or sky. So it is with history, if one be history-minded, and so it was with me when first I read John Adams's letters, his essay *On the Canon and Feudal Law*, his legal brief in defense of the British soldiers on trial for their lives after the Boston Massacre. The life of any active man reflects his times, and with Adams this is peculiarly, startlingly true. Nothing that he said, nothing he did could have been said or done in any other era.

Adams's philosophy, moreover, was extraordinarily pertinent to the times in which I found myself living at the moment. This was February, 1945, and America was fighting a war. To our deeply troubled minds there had already been introduced, that spring, ideological problems which were to come after the war: problems of government, of federation. What, we had begun to ask ourselves, is the meaning of sovereignty? I wanted to study history through the eyes of a man interested in these problems, a man conscious of the word fed-

eration — a word that may well bring states or nations from the constant fear of war to the joyful practice of peace.

John Adams from his twentieth year was a student of law, a student of governments past and present. He was a constitution maker. Even before Independence was declared, he taught the various colonies how to compose their several state governments. Adams put, in short, a canvas bottom under the American Revolution, so that when the guy ropes to Britain were cast off, the colonies did not fall through to chaos, bloodshed, and a new paternalism.

Casting about, before my choice was fully made, I read the published biographies of Adams. There are not many, only five or six. I looked up Adams in the biographical dictionaries; I paged through the nine large volumes called *Life and Works of John Adams*, edited in the 1850s by John's grandson, Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to England during the Civil War. I read such published letters as I could find, notably those to Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, to John Winthrop of Massachusetts who was Adams's teacher of mathematics at Harvard in the 1750s. I read the superb correspondence with Thomas Jefferson when the two were old men, living in retirement. I lingered long over the little volume called *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, during the Revolution*. I read also the letters of John's daughter Abigail and the later letters of John's wife, written during John's presidency. I went through most of the books written by John's descendants — and the Adamses of Massachusetts were a writing tribe. *The Education of Henry Adams* tells much about Braintree, where John's boyhood was spent; so do the biographies and autobiographies of the various Charles Francises and the eight-volume *Memoirs* written by John's eldest son, John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States.

All doubts fled. I had chosen my hero — or more exactly, he had chosen me. I knew by now the basic facts of Adams's life; it would be for me as biographer to make the facts live. Should this high aim be achieved, I was aware it would be due not alone to the manner of presentation but to the manner of research. Reading hundreds of books and manuscripts, how does the biographer know which passages to copy down? He doesn't know, he guesses, and the instinct behind his guess can make or mar the finished product. It is laborious work, this copying in research libraries, hour after hour and day after day, using a soft pencil for the sake of one's wrist and begging the librarian for a table by the daylight.

In this process of research, I employ no helpers, no apprentices, no Ph.D. students to do my reading for me, nor even the subsequent filing and cross-filing of notes. It would be dangerous; something vital might be overlooked. Painting a portrait, does

the artist hire an apprentice to choose his colors, decide the pose in which the subject will sit or the texture of the frame in which the portrait will hang? This copying in libraries, this eventual choice of incident is half the biographical battle, perhaps more than half. While the biographer reads, he is actually in process of composition; he recites passages to his friends on the telephone, he talks continually of his great discoveries.

Selection of material depends, of course, on the type of biography one intends to write. The choice here is plain. Either one desires to dig out and reveal hitherto unpublished material, thereby gaining kudos in the academic world (with a likely raise from assistant professor of history to a full professorship) — or one desires to write a book that will be bought and read. My ambition, quite frankly, was to introduce John Adams to as many people as I could. Repeatedly, during research, I reminded myself of this aim. Otherwise, I might be tempted into following false clues, spend precious hours copying some incident which, while it may have been historically "new," was patently not biographical *news* — a matter altogether different. Whatever did not stand as illustration of Adams's character or Adams's part in forming the American States, must be thrown out. There were times indeed, when I almost wept with vexation, putting broken manuscripts, faded newspaper columns from me on the library table, or turning them face down against temptation.

So strongly did I hold to this purpose that in my first year of reading I wrote it out, filing it in the folder marked *Preface to Book*: "The facts on which my narrative is based are available to everyone. I do not scorn what the academic historian calls secondary material, or tertiary or septuagenary — so long as it is proven authentic. I aim not to startle with new material but to persuade with old, and I shall use a narrative form because for me it is the most persuasive. Fictionalized biography is the current label; I myself do not admit a phrase which besides being doubtful English, does not express what I am trying to do. Call this book, rather, a 'portrait' of John Adams. I shall draw a portrait, and like Saint-Mémin with his profiles, I shall use the *physionotrace*: I shall find instruments with which to measure, and then go ahead and paint. In brief, I shall study the available evidence and on the basis of it, build pictures which to me are consistent with the evidence. All my reading, all my research will be directed toward two goals: the understanding of John Adams's character, and the understanding of how it felt to be a citizen of the Eighteenth Century."

2

THE contract with my publishers allowed me five years; I sat down and portioned carefully the time

that remained. I would give myself two full reading years, then twelve months to write out what I call the *chronology* of my narrative — that is, a straight, unvarnished succession of facts, names, dates which trace my hero's movement from place to place. Knowing where one's hero is at each given week — if not each day — is the first necessity in biography, and by no means easy to achieve. There would be, I knew, gaps of weeks and even months when I should lose John Adams between Braintree and Boston as dismally as though he had journeyed to Samarcand.

So much for three years. The remaining two, I could devote to brooding about John Adams. I could think of him as walking, talking, studying, riding circuit, arguing cases in court, or resting at Braintree with his family. I could determine upon those scenes which best would illustrate character and times; I could cease collecting facts and begin visualizing my subject in terms of action. My story would have a protagonist as well as a hero: the United States of America was my protagonist. Its birth, its growth moved parallel with Adams's own coming of age. I must weave and interweave, move from Adams to history, from history to Adams. . . . To accomplish this, twenty-four months seemed all too short — twenty-four months to write my book.

My schedule determined, I ploughed into the second year of research, traveling about the country to interview Adamses when they would permit it, and to interview historians for the exchange of ideas concerning government practical and theoretical. In the end, I found myself the possessor of hundreds of slips of yellow paper, cut to half the size of ordinary typewriter paper and covered with writing, the source carefully copied on the upper left-hand corner. My first files were chronological, with the exception of certain large subjects such as *Boston, streets and buildings . . . or, Washington, George . . . or, Philadelphia, appearance of . . . or, Statistics of Population, 1700-1776*. Or, simply and quite terrifyingly, the file marked IDEAS.

I began to cross-file again, narrowing my chronology from decades to years, then to months, weeks, days, meanwhile committing to memory as many facts as I could, in the hope they would pop up at the needed moment. (In 1774, the Province of New York ordered *Liberty and Prudence* as the watermark for its official letter paper. In 1745, New England men sent 9000 cannon balls into Louisburg before the fortress surrendered.) The work fell of itself into three divisions: (1) Research about *things*. That is, how did the streets of Braintree look in 1745, in '65, in '74? How did John Adams's mother dress, what did Harvard students of the mid-Eighteenth Century eat and drink, what outdoor games did they play? (2) Research about *people*, their characters, affiliations, actions, beliefs. And (3) research about *ideas*, those philosophies and

principles by which the Eighteenth Century lived, wrote its books, and created its governments.

For the physical scene I found it necessary to visit Braintree in all four seasons. In the small tidy farmhouse where John was born, I went up narrow stairs, looked out a boy's dormer window onto February snow. I walked by Black's Creek when November held the salt grass stiff. John's great-great-granddaughter walked with me to show how she too had gone smelting in childhood between those marshy banks. I climbed Penns Hill in June as Abigail Adams had climbed it to see the Battle of Bunker Hill across the Bay. In Boston, the old State House still stands, and in Philadelphia, Independence Hall. All the bustle of the twentieth century cannot efface the spirits that walk within these walls.

3

BUT I spent far less time on the physical scene than on that other, harder quest. The Eighteenth Century is not to be trifled with. What made that century different from our own was not man's clothing but his outlook, his view of body and soul — a view so altered by time that only deepest immersion, a deliberate, disciplined shutting of the eyes would bring it back. Later, I was to say so, in an essay on *Sources and Methods* that was included in my bibliography. I mailed it to my publishers with the completed manuscript. Back, in due time, came my galley proofs from Boston, with an editorial query on the margin, "Author: Don't you mean *opening* of the eyes?"

I did not mean opening, and said so by return mail. I meant a closing of the eyes, a shutting out of our boasted scientific "progress." . . . In John Adams's day, Galen's four fluid humours still governed the body — the sanguine, the phlegmatic, the choleric, the melancholic. Harvard in 1751 debated the truth of Copernicus's theory. The narrowing of one's mind to this strange constriction is a struggle painful, almost impossible. The Age of Enlightenment has tales to tell that wash our world away. Gone are Pasteur, Lister, and the germ theory of disease. Gone is Darwin. Special creation, spontaneous generation rule the universe. Newton, Descartes, Bacon, Harvey have not yet obliterated the long medieval darkness. Over our shoulders peer Ramus, Abélard and the schoolmen, with Fra Castoreus and Meister Eckhart.

It is another world, and the biographer must somehow enter it. To help on that awful journey, I sought every avenue that offered, spending hours in the map rooms of libraries, to familiarize myself with old Braintree, old Boston, old Worcester, with the great Plymouth highway running down from the north and with the Connecticut River that divided Massachusetts of 1750 almost as the Mississippi divides our country today. Searching for the

faces, the authentic features of my subjects, I combed museums, art reference libraries, print rooms, comparing an Adams nose by Copley with an Adams nose by Stuart and deciding, in the end, that Saint-Mémin's physionotrace was more trustworthy than the draughtsmanship of the masters. As for Eighteenth Century newspapers, that gossip sheet called *The Boston Gazette* became more recognizable to me than the *New York Times* for 1950. I could even distinguish between the anonymous gentlemen who wrote for the newspapers (most of whom turned out to be Sam Adams).

In the Boston Public Library, I found some three thousand volumes from John Adams's own collection. I took them from the shelves, read John's inked marginal notes, and what I read made me laugh aloud. An impudent scholar surely, this Adams, of the sort that Carlyle calls "original men, the first peculiarity of which is that they in some measure converse with the universe at first hand."

Taking stock, I saw that I was done with the period of intensive reading; it was time to give shape to what I had found. Nevertheless I was troubled; it is a crisis which every writer longs for and every scholar fears. I wanted to read more, learn more, even copy more; the file marked *Things to do* was not exhausted by half. The temptation was great and insidious; I had witnessed historians who went on digging up facts until they grew too old to write their books at all. In a New England library I had met two learned professors, deep in manuscript and notebooks — beautiful, lined notebooks, with *Category A* and *Category B* traced in red ink and black. Each professor took me out to lunch, kindly showed me his notes, and confided with a sigh, "How I dread the day when I finish reading in libraries and have to put all this material together and write my book!"

It is indeed, a common occupational disease of historians. When I feel it stealing over me, I remind myself of what Justice Holmes told one of his secretaries: "There comes a time, young feller, when a book has to be *written!*"

For me the time had come.

4

FOR the actual writing of my tale, modern biography offered two literary forms: the critical and the narrative. In the first, the author remains eternally present, telling the reader what to think and bolstering all pronouncements with quotations from the original source, or leaving a shrewd margin for error by employing such phrases as, "We consider . . . the records tell us . . . it is probable that . . ."

The bulk of my biography would have no such handy props. Choice of the narrative form had set upon me an extra burden, an extra technical procedure; I must make my characters three-dimen-

sional instead of two. It was the artist's task as distinct from the scholar's — and *it is the business of an artist to be exciting*. The words went over in my mind, and there were hours when the cold hand of fear lay on me.

I could not, for instance, employ the frank critical statement that my hero in youth was shy, nor quote a reminiscent Adams acquaintance in proof of shyness. The reminiscence was penned thirty years later, when Adams had become the reverse of shy. To quote it would destroy utterly the illusion of reality, the hard-won empathy, immediacy, the sense of being *there*. How then, could I convey to my reader the fact that John was shy? Only in one way: I must show him being shy. From John's *Autobiography*, written half a century after the event, I had learned briefly of that fateful day when the boy, at sixteen, journeyed ten miles from Braintree to take his examinations for Harvard College. Quite obviously, those were, for John, fearful and significant hours. I must transcribe them; I must translate them from reminiscence to reality. I must let my reader travel to Cambridge with John, walk invisible beside his pony, trudge with him across Harvard Yard and up the steps to face his four examiners and that large, handsome, distinguished, and terrifying individual, President Holyoke of Harvard College. It was not for me to write, "We can therefore imagine John's feelings as he confronted the President of Harvard." I must do more than that, I must stand with my reader before that polished desk; with John I must answer the questions put in Latin, with John freeze to paralysis when he cannot recall the Latin word for *morality*.

And in my method will be no deception. The reader knows I am not God, knows I cannot actually be inside John's mind — and knows by now, I sincerely trust, that behind my narrative is historical source and historical evidence without which I would not presume to take young Adams to Harvard Hall or anywhere else. Should the evidence anywhere conflict, I shall sacrifice my narrative. Experience tells me I must forever be prepared for such sacrifice, not in large things — the facts of our Revolutionary history are by now well ascertained — but in those small descriptive details that bring a scene alive. When first I wrote of young Adams's journey to Cambridge, for instance, I had him walk the ten miles on foot, alone and frightened. The very act of walking seemed characteristic of his mood. When I discovered he had a pony, it altered somehow the very climate of the journey.

In this connection, when five of my Adams chapters appeared serially in the *Atlantic*, I received a letter from a distinguished college professor, himself a biographer. He approved my chapters, he said cordially. "I wish," he went on, "to take advantage of your research. But I am puzzled,

You have written Adams's conversation in such a manner that I cannot tell which words he actually spoke. In the published volume, will your documentation support these conversations?"

I told the professor that it would be for him rather than for me to say if my published bibliography proved adequate. My own conscience was clear. Each public utterance of John's, whether a speech in Congress, an essay in the *Boston Gazette*, or a legal brief used in court, was historical, actual, directly from source even if paraphrased. My ambition had been to persuade people to read historic documents such as Adams's essay *On the Canon and Feudal Law*, his *Instructions to the Braintree Representatives in 1765*. It was, indeed, more than an ambition with me; it was an obsession. Americans must know these glorious pages, these inspired paragraphs.

Unfortunately for the biographer, readers will not suffer lengthy quotations. At sight of set-in paragraphs, readers flee; they are gone, lost, the book is closed. The thought was awful to me. I must devise ways, I must lend a hand to my readers. . . . Could not James Otis, sitting in the *Gazette* office, read aloud the best lines from some long-drawn page? Or John himself, riding down from circuit court in Falmouth, rehearse his forthcoming essay on the *Canon and Feudal Law*? Or Sam Adams, journeying with John in the coach to Philadelphia, could quote Hawley's shrewd letter of advice to the Congressional delegates from Massachusetts.

So much for Adams's historical utterances. His private conversations were another matter. The sense of them, the emotional or critical content, I took from Adams's Diary or letters, then paraphrased into dialogue, taking care to have the sentences as brief as possible. Over even these insignificant phrases I labored long, testing words with the *Oxford English Dictionary* to make sure I fell into no anachronism. (Readers have demurred at my putting the word *propaganda* into Adams's mouth, yet the *Oxford English Dictionary* gives 1718 as the first date of use. Readers of *Yankee from Olympus* objected to my using *sabotage* in our Civil War era; it came direct from a Boston newspaper of 1861.)

To reproduce the speech of a past era is impossible. Attempting to catch even the echo of a rhythm that is gone, I took to bed with me each night for years, some seventeenth or eighteenth century book and read myself to sleep . . . Burton, John Selden, Isaak Walton, Sir Thomas Browne, John Bunyan; I chose chatty, facile writers who were at home in the vernacular and who wrote, I felt sure, as they talked. *The Letters of George Thir'd* were a treasury of conversational idiom, John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* (1680) a very mine of phrases: "They culled out their greatest shillings to lay in the scale against the tobacco." . . . Or,

"He *addicted himself* but little to the study of the law, being a *great waster*."

The device even of private conversation I used as sparingly as possible and never for any purpose but one — to reveal character, emotion, the state of being of my subjects. In real life, people do talk, and had not Plutarch, Heroditus, Thucydides, Tacitus used dialogue to illuminate history?

Academic historians, accustomed to write only in the critical form, are slow to recognize the difficulties of the straight narrative method. They are apt to call it "popularization," and their implication is not flattering. Yet among classic historians are those who acknowledge not only the difficulties but the value of historical narrative. In his brilliant essay, "The Muse of History," George Macaulay Trevelyan says: —

"It is in narrative that modern historical writing is weakest, and to my thinking it is a very serious weakness — spinal in fact. Some writers would seem never to have studied the art of telling a story. There is no 'flow' to their events, which stand like ponds instead of running like streams. Yet history is, in its unchangeable essence, 'a tale.' Round the story, as flesh and blood round the bone, should be gathered many different things — character drawing, study of social and intellectual movements, speculations as to probable causes and effects, and whatever else the historian can bring to illustrate the past. But the art of history remains always the art of narrative. That is the bed rock."

5

ACCEPTANCE of the narrative form was my first biographical step. But it was after all only an artistic decision, not a piece of writing. I had worked for three years; I had done my research, I had set down my chronology. Yet no character or place had actually been introduced to the reader. How then should the tale be opened, how closed? Was I to open with birth and close with death? It was at about this time that a novelist, a writer of detective stories, remarked to me, "What an easy time you biographers have, compared with us fiction writers! The shape of your book is laid out ready to hand, before you even begin to write."

I said, "What shape, exactly?" The novelist told me it was self-evident: — "Birth, education, marriage, death."

He could not have been more mistaken. Life has no shape, artistically speaking, any more than grief has a shape, or jealousy, or love, or any of those large angry things. It is for the writer to find a shape, find boundaries, a circumference within which he may freely move according to his abilities. If he tries to encompass the universe within his book, he will surely get lost, and getting lost is a sin the experienced writer can never permit himself. Nothing will repel the reader more quickly than

an author who wanders from his tale. . . . John Adams lived for ninety years. Was I to tell the full story of those years? Should I write of Adams as lawyer, as political philosopher, as diplomat to France and Holland, as President? What particular bias would guide me? Why, in short, was I writing this book?

Once more I asked myself the vital question — a question elementary, yet it would seem, neglected by writers of history. For my beginning, John Adams himself gave the philosophic clue; his story must open, not at his birth but when Adams was ten — the year, he told Dr. Rush much later, when he “first became a politician.” This was 1745, the famous year of the Louisburg victory, a moment of great significance both for hero and protagonist, for Adams and history.

I went on, yet as I proceeded, it became plain my story was sickening from surfeit of material; I was not creating a living character as I had hoped to do. I was setting down a mere list of events, an Adams calendar, with no space to explain why things happened or how the men felt who brought these things to pass.

In much perturbation of spirit, I made the decision to end in the year 1776, with the Declaration of Independence, when Adams was only forty. To sacrifice the Old John Adams was no easy decision. This was a glorious old man, as appealing at eighty as he was at thirty. I had looked forward to describing those years of retirement at Quincy, when an ex-President of the United States signed his letters so cheerfully, “The Farmer of Stony Fields.” To end in 1776 would be to sacrifice the wonderful correspondence with Jefferson — above all, to sacrifice the most dramatic death scene in American history. What climax could possibly substitute for dying on the Fourth of July? Moreover, I am suspicious of a biography that skimps the death scene of its hero. “It imports us to know how great men die as to know how they live.”

History came to my rescue. The Declaration of Independence was itself a kind of death; it marked the end of an empire. There were Americans who recognized this fact in all its significance, and who greatly mourned, even as they rejoiced. The Fourth of July, 1776, would be an ending and — for America, my protagonist — a beginning. The Fourth of July was a death and a resurrection, the very Easter of our national spirit.

Within my circle, within my stated circumference, I had room now to move, room to paint a scene or two, describe an incident to the full. I could let John Adams sit by his farmhouse window and *think*. Sitting and thinking was characteristic of Adams; again and again his Diary records, “At home, without company, thinking.” I had space, now, to describe the room where John sat, describe the old Plymouth Road beyond his window, the hard-packed snow, the squeak of sled runners as neigh-

bors hauled their wood by oxcart to the town. And when my “big” scenes fell due, such as for instance, the Boston Massacre, I could allow three entire chapters to Adams’s defense of the British soldiers involved on that fateful night of March Fifth. I could print Adams’s legal brief in its entirety, using every device in the calendar of biographical technique — describe the courtroom, the rain against long windows on those cold autumn days of 1770. I could have the sound of military bugles drift up from where British frigates lay armed and watchful in Boston Harbor down the hill.

My circle was closed, my boundaries defined; I knew what my first scene would be and my last. My book had now an end and a beginning — but then so, for example, has Wednesday. On Wednesday the sun rises and sets. Yet if the world is to be interested in what one does on Wednesday, one has to meet with trouble on Wednesday — meet an obstacle and conquer it. Or we can let the obstacle conquer, choosing tragedy for our Wednesday story.

Conflict, the book trade calls it. Suspense. As biographer, I could not scorn this technique of the craft. My story needed it. John Adams was, all in all, a happy man. “*Les hommes heureux*,” say the French, “*n’ont pas d’histoires*.” I myself do not hold with such cynicism. Surely, Wordsworth’s Happy Warrior is the truly happy man? And to be a warrior, a man must have fought for something, fought with something — perhaps with the devil, perhaps with his own soul. Life that possesses no conflict possesses no victory.

What then, was the conflict in John Adams’s first forty years? What made those years exciting *for him*? What, in short, was my over-all plot? Once more, history herself gave answer and plot: *How John Adams brought America to Independence*.

Herein lay personal conflict in plenty, though John Adams never carried a gun. When he took sides with the revolutionists, Adams sacrificed, or so he thought, every material thing that made life worth while. By 1770, he was the leading lawyer of Massachusetts; he was offered many more cases than he could handle. The law courts were royal courts, their judges crown-appointed. When they closed, John’s means of livelihood was gone. John was greatly ambitious for his three sons, especially for the eldest, John Quincy, who, John wrote his wife, “has genius.” It was Adams’s ambition to send John Quincy to Harvard, then to London to study law at the Inner Temple. He desired John Quincy to know the world, not grow to manhood in the narrow atmosphere of farm and township. When Adams chose the patriot side, he took as it were his vow of poverty, relinquished consciously and with sadness all ambition for his son. There was no way he could know this same son would one day be President of the United States. “I am melancholy for the public,” he wrote his wife Abigail in the summer of ’74, “and anxious for my family.

I go mourning in my heart all the day long, though I say nothing."

I had now my conflict, my "plot." It was my hope that this general plot would suggest a separate, specialized plot for every one of my thirty-two chapters. I desired each chapter to be an entity, a tale that might be read aloud and the book laid down until next evening. I hoped to devise chapter endings that would lead the reader on. I had a writing motto: *Will the reader turn the page?* Traced on yellow cardboard the words hung over my desk, a terrible warning.

Somebody asked Charles Dickens about his rules of composition, the artistic principles by which he proceeded. "I have only one artistic principle," he said. "That is, to rouse the emotions of my readers."

Between novelist and biographer the difference is profound. The one invents situations that will rouse a reader's emotions; the other brings out the

significance of situations that already exist. Both are concerned with *la recherche du temps perdu*, both wish to uncover the nature or motivations of man. "It is the business of an artist to be exciting." A large order, an ambition high and difficult. *Will the reader turn the page?* Ours is a vocation which carries great hazard; Justice Holmes used to say that no author could become truly conceited because every two years or so he exposes himself anew to the ridicule of the public.

There is no art that does not demand virtuosity. "If you own a hundred thousand francs' worth of craftsmanship," Degas told a pupil, "spend five sous to buy more." It is the business of a biographer to know his subject. And then, summoning such techniques as he has mastered through practice of his calling, he will settle upon literary form, upon circumference and plot — making it his business then to project his story with all the vigor his endowments will permit.



MY OLD FRIEND MORGENSTERN

by R. P. LISTER

BEFORE the sunrise, when the air is green
And shot with icicles,
Eastwards the red-nosed men with hungry mien
Stream by on bicycles,
And westwards I discern
My old friend Morgenstern.

There hangs in space the moon, bland odalisque,
Serene and tranquil,
Who holds more silver in her polished disc
Than ever bank will,
And, lounging by her stern,
My old friend Morgenstern.

He beams on Mandalay and Medicine Hat
And on the Tatra,
Just as he beamed on Caesar, Charles the Fat,
And Cleopatra
And noble Vortigern,
My old friend Morgenstern.

He has observed long aeons of human shame
And degradation,
But does not say a single word of blame
Or condemnation;
These things do not concern
My old friend Morgenstern.

Recovery

President and Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, one of the great independent papers of the country, BARRY BINGHAM has packed a good deal of activity into his forty-five years. He graduated magna cum laude from Harvard in 1928; served as reporter and then as associate publisher of the paper which he now directs; was on active duty in the Navy from 1941 to 1945; is the owner and operator of Radio Station WHAS; and helped to turn the tide in France as Chief of the ECA Mission in 1949-1950. In the paper which follows he tells of the convalescence of a nation whose strength was so vital to us in our days of crisis — and is still.

THE CASE FOR FRANCE

by BARRY BINGHAM

1

DURING my year in Paris as Chief of the ECA Mission to France, I used to enjoy visits from many touring Americans. A large proportion of them came to tell me what was wrong with our French allies. The favorite themes were these: France is a nation completely controlled by Communists; France is a nation of ingrates who have no use for the Marshall Plan; France is a country in which people do not pay their taxes; France is a nest of defeatist sentiment, which would offer no help in a struggle between America and Soviet Russia.

These charges fascinated me. Often I found that they were based on a broad cross-section of French opinion consisting of two waiters and three bartenders. What interested me especially, however, was the general similarity of those views to the ones I myself had held when I was a tourist enjoying myself in Paris. Working in France with French people, in and out of government, taught me some lessons.

Three years ago, when Congress voted the Marshall Plan into existence, conditions in France and elsewhere in Western Europe were so deplorable that many intelligent Frenchmen questioned the feasibility of the giant commitment. They regarded the American gesture as an admirable but unfounded display of optimism. Now, after three years of quite remarkable French recovery, America's view of France is darkened by a pessimism that was largely justified in 1948, but not in 1951.

Take the matter of Communist control. The Communist Party is still the largest single political unit in France. With its fellow travelers, it holds 30 per cent of the seats in the National Assembly. Often it manages to make that minority seem like a majority by its tight organization, its rigid party discipline, and the leather-lunged stridency of its members. The heavy Communist representation is based on the national elections of November,

1946. The vote that year reflected the prestige of the many French Communists who were effective leaders of the Resistance Movement. Still more it reflected the desperation of millions of Frenchmen in a morally and physically shattered country, who turned to the Communists as the only party offering fresh life and leadership.

Since then the Communist cause in France has suffered some hard knocks. The secretary of the party, Maurice Thorez, publicly admitted a decline of 30 per cent in card-carrying memberships. (Soon after that speech he was found unconscious and bleeding on the floor of his office, and was hauled off to Moscow for "treatment.") The Communist newspapers of France, which keep up an incessant drumfire of lies and hatred against the United States, have lost about 35 per cent of their circulation in the past year.

The Communists tried to destroy the country's economy by coal strikes in 1947 and again in 1948, and failed both times. Last spring the party staked its prestige on another type of obstruction. It pledged all its resources to prevent the unloading of Atlantic Pact arms shipments in France.

This seemed no empty threat, as the Communists were known to have followed their familiar pattern of organizing the dock workers of the country. Things looked difficult. Then the dockers of Cherbourg took it into their heads to hold a vote on the issue of unloading arms. Communist headquarters in Paris registered shocked surprise. Organizers were sent scurrying down to stop so irregular a procedure. Some skulls were cracked in street riots. The vote was finally taken, however, and came out this way: 256 for unloading, 21 against. The dockers issued a communiqué saying: "We are free dockers and will remain free. To the so-called peace organizations we say, Leave us alone, once and for all." Atlantic Pact arms have flowed into French ports ever since. The Com-

munist Party, with its amazing capacity for shifting ground, announced that the unloading of arms was no longer an important issue, and that the partisans of peace could turn their attention to more vital matters.

In 1947, when the Communists were kicked out of the government, they came close to overturning the country. This year's national elections are sure to show a decline in Communist power. The party's strength in the National Assembly has been unjustly magnified by an invention of the devil, a system of proportional representation which was saddled on the French people with their post-war constitution. Reforms in the electoral law will cost the Communists 35 to 50 of their 180 seats in the Assembly this year, even if they should win as heavy a popular vote as they achieved in 1946.

The reason for the decline in French Communist fortunes is recovery. When General Marshall outlined his revolutionary experiment on commencement day at Harvard in 1947, he declared that "our policy is not directed against any country or doctrine, but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos." Those grim horsemen were riding roughshod over France at the time he spoke. Now they have been driven off by the hard-working determination of the French nation, and by a unique combination of generosity and enlightened self-interest on the part of the American people.

We have spent a little over 2 billion dollars under the Marshall Plan in France, about 14 dollars for every man, woman, and child in the United States. The French have absorbed about one fifth of the total ECA funds. The returns from that investment can be indicated in a few figures. French industry is now producing 30 per cent more than in pre-war years. Coal and steel production are at the highest rates ever achieved, except in 1929. Agriculture is running 6 per cent above pre-war production levels. That means France is self-sustaining on food and can even export some meat, grain, and dairy products to food-short Britain and Western Germany. All rationing ended in January, 1950. It has often been observed that human beings cannot eat statistics. These figures, however, honestly mean food in every Frenchman's mouth and francs in his pay envelope.

There are 42 million people in France, but the unemployment compensation rolls carry less than 50,000 names. No modern nation can hope to achieve anything closer to full employment. Marshall Plan credits have put Frenchmen back to work and kept them there. The biggest employer of labor in France, the cotton textile industry, has had to secure 80 per cent of its raw cotton through ECA credits. Without that resource, mass unemployment would have struck the industry, providing a perfect culture for the sprouting of the Communist germ. With ECA resources, French industry has not only obtained its essential raw materials,

but has acquired modern machinery and equipment, stepped up its production, and put itself in a position to earn the foreign exchange that must take the place of Marshall Plan credits. During the first year of ECA, France had to use a heavy proportion of its credits to buy food for its hungry, debilitated people. By the second year, French people were taking care of their own food needs. The biggest chunk of Marshall Plan money has since been spent for machinery to bring French industry and agriculture up to date.

2

MANY Americans seem to enjoy dividing the French into two great classes: those who have never heard of the Marshall Plan, and those who are crabbedly ungrateful for it. The French are wary about giving answers to pollsters who come knocking at their doors with troublesome questions, but Dr. Gallup's operators have found that 88 per cent of the French people know about the Marshall Plan. The French do not, however, accost American visitors in the streets and thank them for this invaluable aid.

There are several interesting reasons for this failure to pour out an effusion of gratitude. One is the temperament of the French people. The American stereotype of a Frenchman is a being who bubbles like a bottle of champagne when the cork flies out. The true Frenchman, by contrast, is apt to be mentally stolid and leery of enthusiasm. The French are almost the exact opposite of the British. The flying sibilants of the French tongue and the gestures that accompany it create a surface impression of great animation, but the inner man is usually cautious and tradition-bound. The Englishman, in his shell of slow and weighty dignity, often hides a spirit that borders on the pixyish.

More important to consider in weighing gratitude for the Marshall Plan, however, is the method chosen by Congress for expending the money. The central point is the theory of the Counterpart Fund. This is a brilliant device whose anonymous originator gets neither public praise nor the satisfaction of public understanding. It applies to all ECA countries, but I will speak only of France.

Every French citizen who has received anything under ECA has paid its full value in his own currency. No single human being in France has had something from us for nothing. To take an example, a French farmer after the war wanted a tractor to improve his farm output, a project in the public interest. He had the francs to pay for it. But the French tractor industry, small at best, had been converted by the Germans to tank production and consequently was bombed out of existence by our own and the British air force. The farmer could not get a French tractor. American producers would not accept his francs.

Then came the Marshall Plan and its line of dollar credits for France. The farmer could make a case to his government agent for his need of a tractor. The implement was bought in America, paid for with a portion of ECA credits, and shipped to France. In time the French farmer picked it up and drove away, but not until he had dug down in his jeans and paid the full market value in francs. The French farmer is known for his reluctance to shell out money. It is impossible to conceive of such a type paying for a tractor and not putting it to its fullest use.

The currency collected from those who receive Marshall Plan goods goes into the Counterpart Fund. Here is a great pile of francs available for recovery projects, corresponding to the pile of dollars earmarked for France. Five per cent of this counterpart money is set aside for American administrative expenses and for the purchase of strategic materials from French overseas possessions, a welcome addition to our stockpile.

The rest of the counterpart money is spent, by joint agreement of the French government and ECA, for a program of public works that has jumped France forward three generations in three years. Counterpart francs have completely restored the French railway system, blasted from end to end by American and British bombers. So accurate was our work of destruction in the months before the Normandy landings that French harbor installations were 70 per cent demolished. Counterpart money has put them back in shape to carry 10 per cent more traffic than pre-war. Even more exciting is the development of electrical energy in a country that has had to shut down many factories in the dry summer months for want of power. The Counterpart Fund made possible the building of a dramatic series of dams on the rivers of France, comparable to the TVA system. Thermal plants have also been located at the mouths of coal mines. Already this program has added 60 per cent to the supply of power in France. By mid-1952 the increase will pass 100 per cent. This is no temporary palliative for French economic ills. It is a permanent contribution to the well-being of every French citizen.

The man in the street cannot yet comprehend the improvements in his own life that flow from the program of Marshall Plan investments. The farmer pays his hard-earned money for an ECA tractor, the textile mill owner pays for his raw cotton, the steel manufacturer for the heavy equipment that will furnish France with a new strip mill. The individual does not always see the end result of these purchases in national prosperity. He does not necessarily see why he should be grateful to Uncle Sam for something he paid for with his own money. But the purpose of the Marshall Plan was not to buy gratitude. It was to achieve recovery.

There is gratitude felt in France, nonetheless. I saw it in the 4000 letters from French citizens an average week brings in to the ECA Mission. Most of them say something to this effect: "I do not know any Americans, so I am taking this way of expressing my appreciation of the help your country has given us through the Marshall Plan. It has saved France." In various parts of the country there are dams, hospitals, schools, housing projects, and other monuments to the Counterpart Fund bearing stone tablets for the long future. Here is a typical French inscription: "The Bimont Dam, whose waters will bring fertility and richness to fifty communities of the Rhone and Var Valleys, has been built with the help of the Ministry of Agriculture and thanks to the generous aid of ERP funds furnished by the United States of America."

Americans are generally convinced that the French somehow run a country without paying taxes. Certainly the French traditionally hate taxes, use every effort to avoid them, and discuss their methods of evasion with a frankness that shocks American ears. The French tax system is inequitable by American standards, falling much too heavily on the middle and lower classes, and especially on the salaried workers, whose income is a matter of public record. Yet by this unadmirable system the French managed to collect 30 per cent of national income in taxes in 1950. The comparable figure for the United States, in federal, state, and local taxes, was just under 26 per cent.

3

THE commonest and the most harmful of American beliefs about France is that it is a nation of hopeless defeatists. To be sure, frequent utterances in the French press and parliament feed that perverse flame. The actions of the French, however, speak more impressively than their often cynical and pessimistic words. They have had right along a system of universal military training which takes in every young man at the age of twenty. The period of service was extended last September from a year to eighteen months, with only the Communists voting in opposition. France had 722,000 men under arms in March of this year, though these included only 5 combat divisions on the Continent in any shape to fight. The French are investing 28.3 per cent of their 1951 budget in military defense. They have pledged 10 combat divisions by the end of this year, 15 in 1952, 20 in 1953.

We hear a great deal in this country about French "neutralism." It is a sentiment found in all parts of Western Europe. The *Economist* of London diagnoses much of it as "the merest Usaphobia, an attitude compounded of jealousy, resentment, cussedness, and genuine disagreement with the workings of American democracy." Unfortunately, this attitude in France exists mainly among the

most articulate class, the advanced intellectuals, who fear and resent the encroachments of "barbarous" American culture. It was this small but noisy class, in odd association with the winegrowers and the Communists, who raised an outcry against the "Coca-colonization of France." It is an unhappy factor in French life that a segment of its most cultured citizenry is afflicted with intellectual dry rot.

In this realm as elsewhere there is a tragic lack of leadership in France. Of the generation who should be the leaders of thought, government, and business in France today, nearly 2 million lie buried where they fell on the battlefields of World War I. They have left a crying void. World War II killed over half a million more Frenchmen, many of them in Nazi concentration camps. Such losses have fed the French passion for security. "Fear divides the world," declares the wise old Radical Socialist leader, Edouard Herriot. "Despite her cruelly exposed geographical position, France tries not to give way to it and not to add to it."

This fear is very real in France, though it does not express itself in the outbursts of hysteria that sometimes afflict us in America. It is a sort of patient, undemonstrative fear, like a low fever that never leaves the veins. The plain truth is that the French have no stomach for a fight against the Soviets if it is utterly hopeless from the start. If it should come at once, the cause would be without hope in continental Western Europe. If, however, it can be staved off for one, two, or three years, there is a rapidly mounting chance that the assault could be not only repulsed but forestalled altogether.

France will play its full part in fighting the Soviets, granted three conditions: 1. Time to receive adequate arms. 2. Genuine development of a Western defense force, fully integrated, under the command of General Eisenhower. 3. Assurance of American support, on the ground as well as in the air, *when* the attack occurs, not *after* the nation has been overrun. With these assurances, France would fight hard on our side. Lacking them, we cannot expect much help.

A Southerner, whose forebears defended a lost cause, told me at a meeting in Birmingham that this attitude on the part of the French is "disgusting." We should try to look at the danger through French eyes, however. Some Frenchmen now living have seen their country overrun three times by aggressors in the span of their own lives. France's greatest fear is that war will bring a quick Soviet surge to the Atlantic, an occupation far more systematic in its horror and ruthlessness than the Nazi model, and eventual American "liberation" of French cities by a shower of atom bombs. Nothing gives the French security against this not unreasonable dread except the presence on the Continent of American ground forces, who would obviously not be abandoned by the United States in the early

stages of a war. I do not hold up the French attitude in this matter as something to be admired. I only submit that it is realistic.

4

How is it possible for France's case to be so poorly understood in America? Last year we sent nearly 300,000 American tourists to France, without making a dent in the problem. I lay a heavy part of the blame on the American educational system, which teaches students to conjugate French irregular verbs and to read the simpler classics, but does not equip them to carry on a two-minute exchange of ideas with a Frenchman.

It is partly this language difficulty that makes Americans clog up in Paris and on the Riviera, the tourist traps of France, while ignoring the charm, the interest, and the wonderful air of peaceful solidarity that pervade the French provinces. Certainly a thousand Americans breathe the murk of the Folies-Bergère for every one who encounters the atmosphere of Lafayette's birthplace amid the bare and astringent beauty of the Auvergne hills, where the flags are whipped by the very wind of freedom.

Our failure to understand France must partly be shared by our press, though we have some of our ablest foreign correspondents writing from Paris. The attraction of that incomparable city is such that nobody wants to leave it. Stories of Communist street riots are easy copy there, as are the often wild disputes in the Chamber of Deputies. Solid achievements develop across the length and breadth of provincial France without attracting much notice. Such stories are harder to get and harder to write. They would give, however, a true and balanced picture of the country.

It would help immeasurably if the French press reported such healthy activities. The French, however, have a horror of propaganda that has spilled over into a fear of plain, straight information. They are afraid to believe anything that sounds reasonably encouraging. There is something very winning about a country that refuses to allow a single souvenir shop or hot-dog stand to desecrate the awesome loneliness of Omaha Beach. There is something lacking, however, in a country that does not tell its own people about the biggest dam in Europe west of the Dnieper River, which is nearing completion at Donzère-Mondragon on the Rhone.

The beginning of wisdom for an American in France, it seems to me, is the realization that the French have a right to their own way of doing things, no matter how wildly impractical it may appear to our eyes. Their methods have a way of working quite well for them. A large factor in the success of the Marshall Plan in France, I am convinced, lies in the use of a purely French pattern for the important investment program. This plan

was developed in 1946 by the brilliant French economist, Jean Monnet, and a staff of experts. It was a blueprint for survival. The Monnet Plan could never have come anywhere near its ambitious goals on the thin resources of post-war France, but ECA pumped dollar credits into the blood stream of the Monnet system. ECA technicians, working closely with French authorities and checking every tiny item to see that it contributed to the economic health of the nation, found the Monnet Plan a short cut to French recovery.

Methods work in France that would seem in other countries to lead only to the realms of chaos and old night. Nineteen political parties exist together in the National Assembly, fighting, snapping, tripping each other up; yet among them a government forms, dissolves, and forms again. During the frequent periods of political realignment, a trained corps of civil servants carries on the functions of government with Jovian calm.

We would be foolish to try to force American methods upon the French against their will, and quite possibly against the grain of their highly individual economy. Where we can offer them help is in such matters as American techniques of production which can be adapted to French use. Dozens of teams from French industry and agriculture have come to America under ECA auspices to study at first hand the techniques that give us the highest level of productivity in the world. The French worker produces only about one fourth as much as his American equivalent. Part of this gap is being closed by modern machinery and increased electric power in France. Much more must be achieved if France is to hold its own in the fierce competition of the modern world.

The average French worker today has a standard of living just about as high as in 1938, counting real wages plus social payments. These latter payments, almost never included in statistics Americans see on French workers' incomes, amount to as much as 45 per cent of payrolls. Family allowances give extra monthly support for every additional child, a condition that caused a Normandy farmer to observe that his wife was now more profitable to him than his cow. Time after time since the end of the war, the French government has increased these payments in lieu of granting wage increases under its power to control wages, which remained in full force from 1939 until 1950. This method of increasing income of workers favors the married man with a family at the expense of the childless worker. (The plight of the childless worker is truly deplorable.) This system of payments partly accounts for the fact that the French birth rate, stationary for generations, has shot up to the highest level in recorded history. And the high birth rate surely indicates a return of hope for some future for France.

Yet the standard of living of French workers is

not high enough to sustain a stable democracy. French businessmen must come to realize that their own security depends on *increasing* the workers' share in prosperity. These same businessmen, tied to traditional markets for their export products, need a new appreciation of the importance of the American market. For most of them this market begins and ends in New York. It consists of a limited list of luxury items. It realizes only 5 million dollars or so a month of dollar exchange for the French economy. France has many beautiful, unusual, and useful products that have never broken into the American market. They need to be pushed. The ingenuity and style that fascinate Americans who go shopping on the Faubourg St. Honoré are almost never used to sell French products on this side of the ocean.

Yet dollars are absolutely essential to France. If war can be avoided, the American program of purely economic aid is likely to end with a gap of some 150 million dollars a year between France's dollar earnings and her dollar needs. (The gap was a billion and a quarter in 1948, a fair indication of progress.) It would be sensible for Americans to buy more French products, many of which are of a very high quality not duplicated by American producers. We know without doubt that the French will use their dollar earnings to buy more of a thousand export items from our factories and farms.

The most serious pitfall in our relations with the French is the soreness of French pride. The debacle of 1940 dealt a staggering blow to France. It was not just the military defeat that shook the nation so deeply. France had taken such a shock after Sedan and had come back with a magnificent display of unity and courage. This time it was the frightful feebleness of the national effort that cut French pride to the quick. This psychological wound has made the French abnormally sensitive to criticism, though the bold Schuman proposal is one of several signs of improving health. Lack of dollar financing was a French ailment for which we found a cure in the Marshall Plan. Lack of confidence in themselves is a still more dangerous illness.

It is to our interest, to speak baldly, for us in America to help France recover from that crippling affliction. I am not speaking of the French sentimentally as America's oldest allies. I am speaking of them as people we need to help us today and tomorrow. We need each other, we and the French. We have helped them obtain the tools of physical recovery, and they have used them effectively. The job now is to help them regain their national pride. If we assume that their morale is broken and their will to fight is gone, we may bring that assumption to a tragic reality. The tragedy would be ours as well as theirs. If, on the other hand, we show faith in the French, we will find them partners richly worth having, in peace or in war.



An Atlantic Story



One of Britain's most able career diplomatists, ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR, Lord Inverchapel, was Ambassador in Baghdad, 1935-1938, in China, 1938-1942, in Moscow, 1942-1945, and in Washington, 1946-1948. He entered the British diplomatic service in 1906, served in the Scots Guards in the First World War, and then with distinction in the Foreign Office. Now he has retired to his native Scotland, where he farms and occasionally adds to his collection of true ghost stories. This is the third in the series he is writing for the Atlantic.

THE DRUMS OF GLEN TUB

by LORD INVERCHAPEL

LORD JAMES was in one of his rare good moods. This was immediately apparent to his guests as, in deference to his habits of implacable punctuality, they gathered under the Gainsboroughs and Raeburns in the great hall a few minutes before eight o'clock. Tonight they seized upon this fugitive manifestation of geniality. I often wondered why they submitted to his normally sustained tetchiness, but those were the days when fashion laid it down that a substantial part of the autumn should be spent in Scotland, and, as fashion had to be observed and his grouse were good to kill, people tended to put in some days at the castle between perhaps more congenial visits, and to brave the often embarrassing spleen of their host.

I watched him as he stood with his back to the big fire and chatted with uncommon briskness to his somewhat obsequious guests, and I noted that he wore the kilt too short, showed too much of his rather bobbly knees, and displayed too many ornaments. It was the way of all his family from his brother, the duke, downwards, to disfigure with bejeweled fripperies an otherwise distinguished garb.

As the clock struck eight Kemble, the English butler, appeared. He was always to be counted upon to break the customary tension by announcing dinner. Tonight there was no tension. Tonight something had obviously ruffled him, for his normal calm and dignity were departed. "Mr. and Mrs. Starr to see your lordship urgently," he said; "something seems to have happened."

"Mr. and Mrs. Starr? Oh yes, that nice English couple at the lodge at Glen Tub. But why at this

time of night? Lay some extra places at the table, Kemble, in case they stay to dinner. Ian," addressing his son, "go and see what they want and bring them in. And you too, Archie, if you are as inquisitive as you look. Meanwhile, let us begin."

Lord James, although himself the tenant of his brother at the castle, ignored his grace's other tenants — mainly from England — who paid a handsome rent for six short weeks of sport. But Lord James had seen the Starrs in the village shop and had liked the look of them, more particularly of Mrs. Starr, who was youngish and handsome. "A damn fine woman. Well set up and shapely." Ian, his son, put these words into Italian for him: "*Un bel pezzo di donna*, you mean, father." "Yes, that's it, a very fine piece of a woman," glancing at me. In the village shop he had seen me disentangling from a sample of material one of the fishing flies with which her tweed costume bristled and at which her young brother had been fumbling ineffectively for some minutes, and he had twitted me about the length of time I had taken, "groping over her shapeliness," as he put it. I fancied that there was in him a slight twinge of jealousy.

Lord James and his guests went towards the dining room, and Ian and I to the front door. There we found three frightened people with a breathless story to tell, which they told all three at the same time. They were the tenants at the lodge of Glen Tub, some seven miles away, where the Tub Water spilled itself into the sea loch. The Tub Water, as Ian and I well knew, was an ample, goodly if capricious river, that drew its amplitude from Ben Sligrachan, Tom Soiller, and the tumble of two or

three other hills that topped its glen, its goodliness from the sea, and its caprices from the skies. At that time of the year it was full of fresh-run salmon and sea trout.

2

THERE were three beats on the Tub Water, each about two miles long. This meant that the three Starrs could all fish the river at the same time. That evening they had been at work. Mr. Starr had drawn the top beat, Mrs. Starr's brother was in the middle, and Mrs. Starr at the bottom near the lodge, where the glen splayed out from its narrows into an expanse of good meadowland. The plan was to fish downstream. The river had scooped its way deeply through the belly of the glen. It was quite a business to get down to it through the birches and the whins from the rough road that General Wade had cut out of the hillside nearly two hundred years ago, when he had begun his work of disarming the Highlands and destroying the clan system. It was still more of a business to climb up to it again from the Tub Water.

Mr. Starr had five sizable trout in his creel and was bent upon making it six. Intent upon his purpose, he was slow to lend an ear to what seemed to him to be the sound of faraway drums, of drums moving down the glen towards him. Yes, it was surely the sound of drums, louder and more insistent. At last his curiosity was stirred. As he heaved himself up through the birch trees he wondered why he was bothering to investigate what could be but the clatter of a troop of homing boy scouts. But something strong inside him impelled him to get up to the road to see what was afoot. It was a stiff climb and it left him breathless. As he reached the low stone dike that edged the road, the rattle of drums was there, there, right in front of him, beating loudly on his ears. The air was trembling and pulsing with their rhythm.

He sat on the wall and tried to recapture his breath, staring at the empty rain-washed road. The measured din had passed him now, but although there was nothing to be seen, he was conscious, as he put it, of a disturbance of the atmosphere as if caused by the passage of a large number of men. He fancied indeed that he could even smell them. He sat for a little time in startled wonderment, trying to dismiss it all as too unreal to have happened. But that was no good, for, while the air about him was now still again, the noise of the drums, although diminishing, was still thudding in his ears from farther down the glen. Now, as fear dwindled, a new thought came to him. He slowly persuaded himself that the drums must mean something to him personally, must hold some portent for him; and he wondered why it seemed natural to say to himself "the drums," as if they had indeed some special significance for him. As he told his

story he was at pains to make this clear to Ian and myself, as if expecting from us some kind of elucidation.

When calm had come back to him he had remembered that he had left on the riverbank the expensive split cane rod which he had just bought from Mr. Ogden of St. James's Street. He could not leave it and creel of five fish there. He slithered down the slope again, and once on the riverbank he decided not to try the exhausting climb back to the road but to follow the course of the river down to the middle beat. That was no easy journey either, amongst the rocks and brambles, and it was some time before he was able to hail his brother-in-law, who in his turn was to be seen packing up his rod on the fringe of the Still Pool. Mr. Starr began to shout, "The drums! The drums! Did you hear them?"

"Yes, our drums, our drums!"

The experience of Mrs. Starr's brother had been the same as that of her husband. He too had heard the sound of passing drums and he too had felt irresistibly drawn towards the road and had found it empty.

A few minutes later the two men, speculating excitedly, were making their way down the road towards the foot of the glen, the now distant throbbing of the drums still ahead of them. Suddenly the drumming stopped. It was followed by a confused noise as of shouting, which slowly died away until its eternal quiet fell upon Glen Tub again. The two men looked at each other in fresh fear and puzzlement; then they hurried on and there, stretched on the heather by the road, they came upon Mrs. Starr. She was unconscious. Colin, the young Highland gillie, was on his knees beside her. He was hardly articulate. He could not explain the extraordinary behavior of Mrs. Starr, who on a sudden had thrust her rod upon him crying out in her strange southern idiom something about "drums," and scrambling up the hillside to the road. Colin had heard no sound of drums. He had clearly thought that Mrs. Starr was daft. He had watched her climb over the stone dike and reach the road in safety. He had stayed on the river for a time to pack up her rod, and had then gone after her and had found her lying by the road in a faint. And now the other foreigners from London were clearly daft too, for they kept muttering as they bent over her, "The drums! The drums!"

It was some time before Mrs. Starr came to and could be taken to the lodge. She had seemed reluctant to believe that she had fainted, and had insisted upon coming to the castle with her men to tell the strange story and to ask its meaning of us, undoubted natives, who would be bound to know. Ian and I listened incredulously to the halting and disjointed story, and our curiosity was particularly aroused by the air of possessiveness with which the Starrs seemed to talk of the drums. Mrs. Starr's

brother had even called them "our drums." But there was nothing that we Scots could tell them. No, thanks very much, they would not burst in on Lord James's dinner. They had better go back to Glen Tub. It was getting late and Mrs. Starr was rather upset.

All that we could do therefore was to put them into their car and promise to bring some light upon the mystery in the morning.

When Ian and I got back to the dining room, to a half-finished dinner, our version of the story was probably as confused as the Starrs'. Lord James listened with keen interest and asked many questions. He was now obviously sorry that he had not seen the Starrs himself, and said that he would call at Glen Tub tomorrow. I wondered whether his interest lay more in the attraction of Mrs. Starr than in the sound of the drums. "I was born here and I have known Glen Tub since I was a boy — over fifty years. I've never heard anything that could explain this story. You boys had better go and see John Mackintosh in the morning."

3

EARLY next day we were in John Mackintosh's shop amongst the barrel-shaped rolls of homespun, woven on hand looms by the local crofters — John Mackintosh had a fine eye for what would catch the fancy of the English tourist — and slimmer bolts of multicolored tartans. He was the village tailor and claimed with some justice that he could cut a better kilt than any of those smart fellows in George Street, Edinburgh. He was also the village historian and he knew the legend of every ghost in Lorne, Knapdaile, and Cowal, but he knew nothing about Glen Tub. He would see what he could do.

It was not until weeks later that John Mackintosh's research brought him something like a clue. In 1745, he told us, the ancestors of Lord James, unlike most Highland families, had found it expedient to take sides against the Stuarts and to become the allies of the House of Hanover. Harried by their neighbors, who were all Jacobites, they had asked for and had been given the support of an English battalion which had occupied the little town of Invertullich throughout the wars. In the autumn of 1745 two companies of this battalion had marched out to raid the Macalastair country, for that clan had been giving much trouble. They had found the Macalastair clachans deserted by all except the old men and the very young. Not a fighting man was to be seen. The English did some burning and plundering, but respected the Lady Macalastair in her tower. They had been drumming themselves back to their base in Invertullich when they had fallen into an ambush set by the fighting Macalastairs at the foot of Glen Tub and had been massacred almost to a man.

It was in the library of the castle itself that John

Mackintosh had happened upon a contemporary manuscript record of the incident. He thought this enough to account for the sounds of the drums and the shouting, but he could not explain how it had come about that the revelation should have been made to the three foreigners from the south when no native of the glen had ever heard a murmur of drums. At this stage John Mackintosh felt that his work had been done, and his interest in the affair came to an end. But not so Lord James's. Memories perhaps of the shapeliness of Mrs. Starr had drawn him to London earlier in the year than had been his custom. From his romantic mind had sprung the happy thought that something might be gained by exploring the ancestry of the Starrs and they had taken up the idea with eagerness. Mr. Starr sought the services of a genealogist who, after prolonged search at Somerset House, made an interesting discovery. The great-grandfather of Mr. Starr had lost his life in 1745 as a drummer in the London battalion quartered at Invertullich. But, more remarkable, Mrs. Starr's great-great-grandfather had also been amongst those slaughtered in the tragic little massacre in Glen Tub.

Lord James was triumphant and the feeling of importance in the bosoms of the Starrs markedly swelled. When I passed through London shortly after on my way to Italy I dined with them. Lord James was there. He only had to walk across Cavendish Square to find himself in Mrs. Starr's drawing room. It was natural that we should talk of the adventure in the Highlands, and Mr. Starr reminded us that, after the first spasm of fear had passed, he had felt that in some way or other the drums belonged to him, and had been, as it were, the filling of some gap left bare long ago, something now reaching out into the present for the fulfillment of something that had happened in the past.

Lord James had an explanation of the mystery which was readily accepted by all of us. The chance juxtaposition, on that autumn evening, on what must have been an anniversary of the massacre, of the descendants of two of the drummers had made of the negative deeply impressed upon the melancholy glen a clamorous positive. A positive for the ears of the Starrs alone.

John Mackintosh was upset when Ian and I had to confess that no major tragedy had befallen the Starr family in accordance with everyday Highland tradition. We too had been disposed to foretell something of the kind. But the Starrs went their way in peace, so far as I know. I lost sight of them. But I did hear that Mr. Starr had given away his Ogden rod and declared that he would never fish again. That was in 1910. Despite all the blandishments of Lord James the Starrs could not be persuaded to come back to the Highlands, and for forty years no sound of drums has troubled the stillness of Glen Tub.



“THE HOUR IS LATE”

IT SEEMED to me in the night
I had no art after all.
That all I had tried to make
Was never for its own sake,
Stank with impurity,
And that what my enemies said
My kind friends left unsaid.
Then it seemed to me
I stumbled in a dark hall
In an unfamiliar house
Where I had no business to be.

Did vanity espouse
Such self-deceiving as mine?
As though not tree but vine —
As though not girl but kiss —
Were the reality.
Or had I at first some reason?
The beginning as true for me
As for some luckier men
Who quarried the light of day
Out of such night as this?

There was nothing to which to pray,
And the night was very late.
I could neither love nor hate
Who had lived so long alone
With an invented ghost
That now was utterly gone.
A naked man in a strange house
In the dark, nameless and lost.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

Renaissance

Every American city of size is working today on a Master Plan — a plan calling for a better routing of through traffic, for quicker access to the airport, for slum clearance, for park development and smoke control. The two which have achieved the most substantial transformation are New York, under Robert Moses, and Pittsburgh, under the remarkable teamwork of Dick Mellon and Wallace Richards. Pittsburgh, unlike some of the older towns, has big money to spend, and the dynamic changes of the past five years are described by KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER, journalist and biographer who has served on the editorial staffs of the Washington Post, the New York Times, and Newsweek.

THE PITTSBURGH STORY

by KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

I

SIX years ago, insiders were wondering if Pittsburgh was a used-up community. For a variety of reasons, the oldest, biggest, and most powerful center of heavy industry, the leading steel-maker for all the world, was shriveling away. Even the steel boom of World War II was not enough to keep it from the edge of disaster. It had become run-down, overcrowded, outdated. The decrepitude showed in its worn-out office buildings, its degraded housing, its traffic-choked streets, its sordid alleys, its polluted and uncontrolled rivers, and, above all, in the dense, choking smoke that covered the city and the river valleys with gray despair. More than a century ago, a frustrated group of citizens had met and passed a brave resolution that something should be done about the smoke. But it was still there and thicker.

Pittsburgh was a "used" city, and now economic considerations beyond the control of Pittsburghers seemed to be conspiring against the city and its surrounding towns. The vast industrial expansion taking place in the West and especially in the South became more than a threat as the decentralization of industry increased. Chicago, Cleveland, and Baltimore, new and expanding steel centers with modern methods and locations closer to consumer markets, added to the challenge. The confusing freight-rate muddle that long has nagged industry was another factor of the growing gloom. At worried board meetings towards the war's end there was more and more talk about "leaving Pittsburgh," and no plans for post-war expansion lay on executive desks.

Then, suddenly, something happened. An anti-smoke ordinance was passed and, even more remarkable, was enforced. To use a phrase Pittsburghers never seem to tire of, "the smoke cleared from the skies." Then the government got busy: federal money came into the program for flood control, highway projects, a new airport. When the Army

Engineers finish the Conemaugh Dam in the near future, the flood level of river-bound Pittsburgh will have been reduced by 10 feet. This is only part of a system of backing up and controlling floodwaters through the use of ten dams upstream from the city. Simultaneously work was proceeding on an extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike that will carry through traffic around the city to the north at a 70-mile-an-hour clip, while a new 90-million-dollar, 27-mile, limited-access highway will bring traffic from the turnpike into the city in the unbelievable (to Pittsburgh motorists) time of twenty minutes. Now under construction, at the cost of 29 million dollars, is the Greater Pittsburgh Airport, which, when it is opened in June (it is now being partially used by the Army), will be larger than La Guardia Field and the Washington National Airport combined. These are related parts of a program the total cost of which will run to a billion and a half dollars.

In the heart of the business district — that grim conglomeration of massive stone piles as old-fashioned as Andrew Carnegie himself — two new, modern skyscrapers are going up. One, which will be occupied by the far-flung Mellon interests and the United States Steel Corporation, rises forty-one stories above William Penn Place, and is known by local wits as the Temple of Earning — in contrast to the Cathedral of Learning, the skyscraper schoolhouse at the University of Pittsburgh. Next to this will be a green, tree-lined park, in reality the roof to a five-tiered parking garage, one of thirty-two city-wide garages for which plans have been made. This one, occupying an entire block, was made possible by the gift of land (worth 4 million dollars) by the Mellon family. And beside this is now rising the new aluminum-coated Alcoa Building, a thirty-story home for the Aluminum Company of America.

Ten blocks away another huge development is being built on what for many years past has been one

of the worst commercial slums in the Pittsburgh area. Twenty-three acres are being cleared away by the Equitable Life Assurance Company for what is known as Gateway Center. Here there will be eight office buildings. Three of them, which will house the offices of some of Pittsburgh's leading industries, are now going up. They will look out on Point Park, thirty-six acres of paths, trees, playgrounds, which will replace an ancient slum on the site of the birthplace of Pittsburgh.

Across the Mon River, just above The Point, Jones & Laughlin, next to the combined United States Steel subsidiaries Pittsburgh's largest industry, has swept away 125 acres of slums and is building a huge new steel mill that will increase the ingot capacity of Pittsburgh by 1 million tons annually and will add many jobs for residents of this booming place. Conservative estimates are that before the end of 1952 the annual steel capacity of the United States will reach 117.5 million tons, an increase of more than 45 per cent since 1940. In the Pittsburgh area, still the dominant steel center of all the world, the industry turns out 43 million tons a year. With the industry running at nearly 90 per cent of capacity, of course Pittsburgh is booming, but Pittsburgh has boomed before, and nothing like this cleanup has ever taken place.

2

THIS is the story of many men. Probably it could not have happened if it were not for Richard King Mellon, the present head of the Mellon empire of aluminum, steel, banking, oil, coal, and chemical interests. He must be credited with having followed his father's adjuration, made when he was a small boy walking along New York's Fifth Avenue, home of Pittsburgh's absentee landlords: "Live where you work and work where you live." He has stuck by the Smoky City, as has Jack Heinz, third-generation head of the famous makers of the 57 Varieties, whose food-processing concern will soon begin erecting a new 15-million-dollar plant and warehouse in the city. Even in the gloomiest days Mellon, while admitting that he alone could not fend off disaster, refused to concede that nothing could be done.

Pittsburgh has grown up as self-interest dictated, but down the years there have always been some natives with vision who have felt the city should and could be a better place to live in. Thus there was a background of creative thinking long before the post-war crisis made action imperative. In 1910 a citizens group was set up, and during that year Frederick Law Olmsted was brought in to show how the streets should run. His plan has long since been forgotten. A few years later a Citizens Planning Committee was organized, and over two decades it spent nearly \$400,000 on various plans and reports, some of great potential value.

But almost every municipality in the country has its Master Plan, and few of them have progressed beyond the blueprints. Men like Frederick Bigger, the forward-looking Pittsburgh architect, were generally frustrated in their dream of a better Pittsburgh. Today Bigger, as chairman of the official Pittsburgh Planning Commission, is seeing his dreams come true.

In the late thirties the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association was off to a fresh start. They had private funds and a vigorous secretary, a young New Dealer who had helped Rexford Tugwell to establish Greenbelt, Maryland, for the Resettlement Administration. Wallace Richards sniffed the smoky air, prowled the twisted streets, eyed the architectural grotesqueries inherited from the past. As executive secretary of the Association, then headed by the late Howard Heinz, he was quick to realize that local jealousies, clashing interests, and inertia were already thwarting the brave new plans which the technical experts of the Association were creating.

Richards believed that what was needed was an over-all agency, built from the top and made up of the city's most active industrialists, which would have the strength and the persuasion to bring together all the varied organizations necessary to implement a program of civic repair. It should not be a "reform" organization, but a practical amalgamation of all the industrial, political, and civic enterprise latent in Pittsburgh. Then came the war.

During the war many of Pittsburgh's leaders, men like Dick Mellon and others of his generation, were away in the service. When they returned they saw their home town in a different perspective. They were shocked and awakened. When Wallace Richards, who had also been in government service, proposed to Dick Mellon the establishment of what eventually became the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, Mellon was all in favor and gave him the green light. Mellon's support was absolutely essential, for he is the head of the family whose sphere of influence reaches into so many major American industries, including T. Mellon & Sons, the Mellon National Bank & Trust Company, Gulf Oil Corporation, Koppers Company, Pullman, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Alcoa, and Westinghouse. Where he led, others would come along.

At Mellon's suggestion Wallace Richards, now director of the Carnegie Museum and civic adviser to Mellon, turned to the late Dr. Robert E. Doherty, head of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Dr. Doherty enlisted J. Steele Gow, director of the Falk Foundation; Arthur E. Braun, banker; Dr. Edward R. Weidlein, head of the Mellon Institute; Joseph Dillworth, then of Westinghouse; and Edgar J. Kaufmann, president of Kaufmann's department store.

The Mellon-Richards team was determined the

Conference should not lapse into the desuetude that too often overtakes such voluntary undertakings. They planned that the Conference should become what its prospectus said it would be: "an over-all civic agency, stimulating and coördinating research and planning," working for the "development of a broad, unified plan and program for the region as a whole," and above all furnishing "the civic leadership needed to carry out and accomplish this program." This last was the key to its success.

From the practical point of view the most important single thing the Conference did was to insist that its members represent themselves; in other words, that they serve as individuals and not as representatives of the Chamber of Commerce or other established groups. No bank president or steel head was allowed to turn his duties over to an "assistant to the president" or public relations man. If he did not have an interest in, and some knowledge of, specific community problems he was not asked to serve. Thus men like James Hillman, the coal operator; bankers like Arthur B. Van Buskirk, now president of the Allegheny Conference, and Robert C. Downie; U.S. Steel's Clifford F. Hood; Westinghouse's Gwilym A. Price; and other leaders took a personal part in the program.

During its first three years the Conference contented itself with plan-making, sought no publicity, but went ahead solving technical problems. It brought in Park H. Martin, a veteran Allegheny County planner who knew the entire Pittsburgh area like a book, made him executive director, and gave him a free hand. The Conference worked with care. It did not suggest tearing down and rebuilding the city. It brought together industrialists, business men, and politicians; acted as a catalytic agent in fusing old self-interests and a new feeling of social responsibility.

James F. Hillman, who was to become chairman of the sponsoring committee, put in candidly: "Pittsburgh was a blighted area industrially. We needed a new outlook and we got it, through men like Richards and Park Martin. Men around here — hard, tough industrialists — of whom you would never suspect it, came to realize that the carrying of a social or civic responsibility was not only broadening to them but did something — and I'm not kidding — to the spirit of this old place that was wholly surprising."

3

THE money behind the drive was Republican money. But since the day it went Democratic with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Pittsburgh has been an unwavering Democratic stronghold. At the time the Conference was ready to emerge from its planning stage the Governor of Pennsylvania was Republican James Duff. Since 1945 the Mayor of Pittsburgh has been Democrat David Lawrence, an

old-timer, a national committeeman, and a supporter of President Truman from the latter's Senate days. His co-leader in all-important Allegheny County, in which Pittsburgh is situated, is another original Truman supporter, an old-time politician, Democrat John J. Kane. This was the two-way political situation in 1946 when the Conference wrapped up its recommendations for Pittsburgh's future in a single package and sent them to Harrisburg for legislative approval. Mayor Lawrence did not listen to the advice of many Democratic leaders who warned him that he would be accused of "selling out" to the "Mellon crowd." He looked at the Pittsburgh proposal and found it good. At what seemed a great political risk he put himself behind the "Mellon deal" — as the plans were referred to in some circles — and captured the support of the entire Democratic Party machine and the help of the dominant CIO unions. Labor has never played an outstanding part in the picture, probably because in a steel center it is busy on other matters more immediately relevant to the welfare of the rank and file, but from the start it has given it its blessing and done nothing to interfere.

"This unusual and unexpected alliance, cutting as it does across political lines," Wallace Richards says, "has been the key to the Conference's success. Without Mayor Lawrence" — and at this point the voice of the entire executive board is raised in agreement — "the minor miracle of bringing competitors together for common purposes and accomplishing what has so far been done could not possibly have been achieved." Mayor Lawrence is the only known Democratic leader whose name may be spoken out loud in the Duquesne Club.

With the Democrats and Labor backing Pittsburgh's men of power and position, the Conference proposals met little outright opposition in Harrisburg. Not all the proposals were approved, but these results were obtained: a smoke control act covering first Pittsburgh and then (in 1949) all Allegheny County, including railroads as well as industrial plants and residences; permission for the county to build incinerators and other garbage disposal facilities in 129 municipalities within the county; establishment of an Allegheny Transit and Traffic commission to study and recommend improvement in mass transportation; broadening of the powers of the County Planning Commission; establishment of a City of Pittsburgh Department of Parks and Recreation as a separate and functioning department of the city government; creation of a public parking authority; an amendment to the state highway act which enabled the construction of the Penn-Lincoln highway within city limits; and permission for Pittsburgh and other political subdivisions to broaden their sources of revenue beyond real-estate taxation.

Under the drive of Dick Mellon new blood began to flow into the industrial life of the town. General

Brehon Somervell came to head Koppers Company, George H. Love moved in as head of the Pittsburgh-Consolidation Coal Company, Frank Denton took over direction of the Mellon National Bank & Trust Company, and Sidney W. Swensrud came along to head Gulf Oil.

Other companies outside the Mellon empire — but, according to the Federal Trade Commission, closely allied through interlocks in directorships — also went outside Pittsburgh for new personnel. Admiral Ben Morrell of wartime Seabees fame was hired to run Jones & Laughlin and supervise the building of its huge new south-side plant. Still in his middle thirties, William Block took over the active management of his father's newspaper, the *Post-Gazette*. A few years before the renaissance it was impossible to induce new executives or workers to come to live in dismal Pittsburgh with its smoke and squalor. Now, many young executives, technicians, and teachers at Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh have come to Pittsburgh and found it a good place to live in.

Something, of course, was needed to dramatize the Conference. Smoke did it. Every Pittsburgher knew that the only time the skies were clear was when the mills were shut down during the Great Depression. Smoke meant work. They remembered how, in the 1890s, Andrew Carnegie had uttered pious platitudes about controlling the smoke — and let his open hearths roar and his chimneys pour. They had every right to be skeptical, especially when they saw various interests, including the powerful Pennsylvania Railroad lobby, lined up against the measure. But because the Conference was backed by strong men it, too, could exert pressure and did. The railroad lobby was called off and the smoke control measure became law. Soon industrial concerns were spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on smoke control; the Pennsylvania began replacing its switching engines with Diesels (and even gave its grimy depot a much needed bath) and householders were encouraged to convert to gas and other less volatile fuels. Last March the Pittsburgh Bureau of Smoke Prevention, which enforces the act, was able to report that, despite the severe winter Pittsburgh experienced, the hours of "heavy smoke" had been reduced from 226 in 1945 to 56. "It's not always remembered how dense Pittsburgh's atmosphere was six years ago," Sumner B. Ely, the Bureau's superintendent, remarked.

There were objections to the smoke ordinance, particularly on the ground that it forced unnecessary expenses on Pittsburgh and Allegheny County householders. In 1949 Mayor Lawrence was opposed for the mayoralty renomination by a Democrat who raised the smoke ordinance issue, but Lawrence won the nomination and went on to win the election by 56,000 votes (compared to his 14,000 plurality in 1945), the largest majority in Pittsburgh

history. Charges of his having sold out to the Mellon interests did not go down.

More serious objections have been raised to one feature of the Conference's plans. When the Republican legislature secured the enabling legislation, it gave great powers to the Urban Redevelopment Authority, among them the right to seize by eminent domain lands for private usage. Some of the parcels necessary for Equitable's Gateway Center project and about four parcels of the slum area Jones & Laughlin is now converting into its new steel mill were thus acquired.

There has been no question of the propriety of this procedure, which has in effect been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, and no hint of irregularities. But the possibility of abusing this right does exist, especially if the various authorities involved should fall into the hands of unscrupulous men. Thus far, however, thanks to a system of checks and balances surrounding the procedure (for instance, the Urban Redevelopment Authority cannot condemn land as a blighted area unless it has been so designated by the independent Pittsburgh Planning Commission), and to the integrity of the individuals serving on the various bodies, the taking of land for the new projects has worked wholly for the community benefit.

The spirit of coöperation which, as most of the Conference members will admit, has surprised even themselves, was exemplified by Edgar J. Kaufmann, the city's leading dry goods merchant. When the Gateway Center was proposed several of his business associates came to him in alarm because this would place three new office buildings, all more than twenty stories high and filled with a small army of white-collar workers, just across the street from Kaufmann's biggest rival. Instead of withdrawing from the Conference and fighting the proposal, Mr. Kaufmann stayed on as vice chairman of the sponsoring committee and worked as hard as any man in Pittsburgh to make Gateway Center an actuality. His theory was that anything that was good for Pittsburgh would in the long run be good for his department store, but for a time he had difficulty in convincing some of his associates.

In the minds of some thoughtful Pittsburghers there lurks the suspicion that the work of the Conference has laid too much emphasis on the materialistic side, that it has neglected the fields of social welfare and cultural development. There is no question of the truth of this accusation. But members of the Conference say that Pittsburgh, the greatest steel center of the world, must look first to its industrial welfare. The purpose of the Conference, they say, must be to prevent backsliding and to continue planning the physical improvement of the city. Social welfare and cultural betterment, they feel, will follow as a natural development of the new spirit of coöperation.

Meanwhile, Pittsburgh booms.



A New Yorker born and bred, H. R. NEWITT retired from business and headed north for Vermont — there to fish, to write, and to tie his own flies. For the past five years he has lived within easy walking distance of the most lovely pools of the Battenkill. His observation of that famous trout stream, which he swears is as full of fish today as ever in its history, will be rewarding for the week-end angler.

TROUT OF THE BATTENKILL

by H. R. NEWITT

1

RISING in the Dorsets, a few miles north of Manchester, Vermont, the Battenkill flows south for approximately ten river miles to the village of Arlington. There, at what is known as the Cove, the river takes a westerly turn between the Ball and Red Mountain, flows another few miles through West Arlington township, then on into New York State and the Hudson. It is a powerful stream at certain times, with a treacherous thrust in many of its reaches, and dunkings are a commonplace experience for anglers who wade it.

For the greater part shaded by trees, the ten-mile reach of river between Manchester and Arlington winds largely through meadow and pasture land, glides smoothly around boulders at the base of great mountains, and, broadening impressively at Arlington, sweeps on toward New York State, in a series of long, gin-clear pools, linked together by gravelly glides and short stickles. It is a magnificent stream, and one to quicken the pulse of the most phlegmatic angler.

Three species of trout abound in the Battenkill: the native or Eastern brook trout, the European brown, and the latter's lesser known cousin, the Loch Leven. Many large, some impressive, all outstandingly smart. The insect life of the Kill is both prolific and varied, ranging through the bewildering maze of the Ephemeridae, better known as the May fly, to the more subdued and less important stone and caddis flies. Food minnows also are plentiful; and in clear, sandy stretches of high visibility, the angler may see for himself large schools of black-nosed dace and common brook chub or, scurrying beneath stones at his approach, that shy little fish called the darter. It would be remarkable indeed if the Battenkill trout were not well-fed and lusty.

But while food is abundant, no less impressive are the trout's natural enemies. Heron, kingfisher, and mink take a more or less constant toll of Batten-

kill fish life, while those major-league killers, the otter and osprey, play havoc among fish of a pound or more in size. Heading this list in terms of its ubiquity is the kingfisher, whose festive rattle is as much a part of the Battenkill scene as is the sting of the black fly. Next in line come the heron and the more recent arrival, the snowy egret.

In my ramblings, I have come upon mink patrolling the riverbank; and on an early November afternoon, I surprised one arrowing through the shallows of a Battenkill slough. Otter, less common than mink and very shy, may best be observed by proxy, when snow blankets the countryside and the ever narrowing stream is little more than a winding black ribbon between its housing of snow and rim ice. Then, on snowshoes or skis, one may pick up their trails at the edge of the rim ice and follow their ramblings through the snow to the point where they return to the river. Now and then, however, a large smudge of crimson on the snow, along with the skeletal framework of a brown trout, points clearly to the spot where an otter paused for dinner.

About the time of first frost, a pair of ospreys put in an annual appearance in the vicinity of the Cove near Arlington. From then on until snow flies, these great birds of prey, only slightly smaller than the eagle, may be seen almost daily, wheeling low above the river or perched in the branches of a tree above a trout pool. At the foot of the Cove, the river spills over an old wooden dam. And while photographing trout one October, taking this hurdle en route to the spawning beds upstream, a sudden rush of wings overhead sent me scrambling beneath the lip of the dam to one side of the spillway. Crouched down in my blind, uncomfortably, I waited. The osprey meanwhile, after winging on downstream for perhaps a hundred yards, banked suddenly to the right above the treetops and, returning to the dam, came to rest on the limb of a dead elm not a

hundred feet below me. Unconscious of my presence the great bird merely sat there, one moment preening its feathers, the next looking idly about at nothing in particular. Suddenly, without the slightest forewarning, it plunged and, wings tucked in with a backward slant, struck the water with a crash and disappeared beneath the surface. Emerging in a shower of spray, it flapped heavily off downstream, a frantically struggling trout grasped firmly in its talons.

2

THIS balance, established by Nature, is, however, normal. But tilting the scales toward the deficit side, even dangerously, is the mass invasion by man of our trout streams. So that fished over daily, almost hourly, throughout the summer by anglers, pricked repeatedly by artificial flies, convulsed if not killed by spinning lures and worm hooks, the Battenkill trout have had to grow smart to survive.

It is not my intention to paint a disquieting picture. Quite the contrary. Trout still abound in the Battenkill and, no doubt, always will. The trick lies in taking them — in a manner, of course, that will at once serve the sportsman and the aims of conservation. For compared with the trout of twenty or thirty years ago, the Battenkill trout of today have a shocking disregard for the best efforts of the too casual angler, and yield only to the man with the knowledge and skill to bring his equipment to the peak of its performance.

Equipped with a binocular I have witnessed the behavior of trout under fire by an accredited master of the dry fly. His fly was right both in size and in pattern, and his casting was perfection. But the trout would not come to his dry fly. With the whole picture under my eye, I suspected his leader. Of a dark bronze color, it cast a shadow on the stream-bed sand as opaque and conspicuous as a clothesline, scattering the trout like chaff even as it hovered above the water. On an overcast day on darker waters, when leader flash and shadow would be negligible, this same leader might have worked to perfection.

Removing the offending leader, the angler replaced it with another of pale aquamarine shade, with a five-x tippet. With a handful of moss and mud from the stream bank, he spent the next five minutes removing all the kinks and shine from his replacement, then held it aloft for my inspection. I couldn't even see it. A few moments later, at the end of a beautiful loop cast, his fly dropped lightly on the inside edge of a rising trout's window. From that point on he had no trouble taking several nice fish; while, watching through my glass, I marveled at the precision of his rod work.

Of the several factors which may influence a trout's refusal, however, only one is set forth in the

above illustration — leader color. But had his fly been at fault as well, and had the angler, fumbling his cast, laid his leader along with the fly too far in from the edge of the trout's surface window, his problem might well have been multiple, and a completely fresh start with three corrections might have been required of the angler.

The average fly-fisherman, and this includes the writer, is an incurable romantic. Hence the subject of trout fly patterns, however esteemed by anglers as a conversational gambit, is more often than not a delusion and snare for the unwary and gullible tyro. There are altogether too many patterns of both dry and wet flies to make sense. With this fact established in his mind, the beginner will save time and money by avoiding this pitfall.

Using approximately a half dozen self-dressed and unnamed patterns ranging in hook size from No. 12 to 18, and in color from cream-badger through lemon and primrose to a nondescript reddish-brown and gray-blue — fishing only these few patterns in four sizes, I have greatly improved my trout take in recent years over earlier ones. Unlike too great variety in pattern, however, variety in hook size is of vital importance. The reason for this distinction becomes clear when it is considered that the May fly, with all its interfamily resemblances in form and color, occurs also in many sizes. Of the two factors, size and pattern, however, the former is more exact from an optical standpoint. In short, first by its size — and only incidentally by its color — does one distinguish the crow from the goldfinch. And so it is with trout, who are far more selective in their diet than many anglers realize, and who, when feeding on a given type of fly, have a way of rejecting all others, especially when their size reveals their difference at a glance. Thus, while only with a hook may the tier fix the size of his dry fly, he may *suggest* in a single pattern, tied in four sizes, a wide range of May flies of similar, if not identical, coloring. It is no mere coincidence when trout come up repeatedly for the No. 16 fly after pointedly ignoring its No. 12 counterpart.

Some anglers, if they could, would have trout feed around the clock to fit snugly into their own itinerary. Fortunately for the sport, Nature has better ideas on the subject and takes suggestions from no one. "When grub's on, trout feed, and when it ain't, they just loaf" would be the guide's laconic comment on sol-lunar tables and die-hard anglers. For he has learned, as do most of us in time, that trout have an irritating way of upsetting too finely drawn theories as to the hour and manner of their feeding.

However, as the season advances and trout become more and more nocturnal in their habits of feeding, the seasoned angler joints his rod about sundown, when, cooled by the forests, soft winds bring relief to the lowlands, sweeping over his trout stream and energizing indiscriminately all life be-

neath its surface. Then, seated on the bank, he awaits a bit impatiently that phenomenon of Nature called the hatch, when May flies swarm to the surface in whole battalions. Only then does he enter the pool by way of the stickle at its foot and, taking up his stance in midstream, stand by for that most spectacular of all moments in the drama of the trout stream when, having fasted all day, the trout swing into action and the evening rise is on.

Then suddenly his pool is full of movement. Deserting the mowings, swallows flick the water all about him, the faint snapping of their beaks a strange nuance in the silence as they share along with trout the bounty spread before them on the water. To the angler, however, the thing of greater interest is the dimpling of the surface caused by trout — the eager splashing of the small ones out in midstream and, in along the bank beneath the willows, the surreptitious rise-forms of the big ones, whose caution on the take is known to every angler on the Battenkill.

But our angler, by this time, has marked down his trout and in turn gone into action. His line leaps out, pauses briefly in mid-air, then settles toward the water, its belly arcing upstream as our angler "shoots" the slack held lightly in his line hand, its leader curving inward toward the willows.

A split second later his fly settles lightly on the water about two feet above and an equal distance out from the center of a rise-form near the bank. Completely at the mercy of the current, it now starts its journey past the target — high-riding, free, undisturbed by line drag — a morsel to tempt the most cautious of fish, yet apparently ignored by the one beneath it.

Then a strange thing happens, surprising to the angler, who, about to retrieve his fly, is caught completely off balance. Deceived all along, the trout has pursued the fly downstream, swung quickly about, and come quietly up to receive it. Instantly our angler recovers himself, his rod arm twitches, and the big trout is on.

But wait! Something has gone wrong beneath the willows. A boiling of the water, then a crash; and his fly is returned to him, its hook straightened out, a battered wreck, reminding him too late that willows at times have roots beneath the water. Grinning ruefully, he changes his fly for another of identical pattern, waits patiently a spell for the pool to quiet down, then starts in all over.

For this is the Battenkill; beautiful, unpredictable — not a stream for the easily discouraged, but a school for postgraduate anglers, to whom its challenge stands forth as its number one virtue.



SENEX RUMINATUR HISTORICUS

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

*(Framed by the ivied arch, they pause and pass
Beyond my ken across the campus grass.
O tempora! How unabashed, how free,
Young love has come to be.)*

If order now to chaos must return,
And value sink into vulgarity,
And culture like a lamp turned low should burn
With futile clarity, —

*(Or say, perhaps, the heat of blood has dwindled,
And stairways have become more steep since youth,
And delicacy that quick desire once kindled
Seems somehow grown uncouth, —)*

Doubt not, in its own way, the earth will yet
Repeat the roistering blade and the coquette.
Depart with confidence that some new lore
Waits at Time's open door.

Books and Men

Irish born, FRANCIS HACKETT came to America in 1901, was trained as a

journalist, and served from 1914 to 1922 as an associate editor of the New Republic. Then he cut loose as a free lance and in 1929 began the publication of those biographical volumes which were to establish his reputation: Henry the Eighth appeared in 1929, and it was followed by his Francis the First, and then by his novel Queen Anne Boleyn. Though now an American citizen, he has never lost touch with Ireland, and at the time of Shaw's death he wrote to Mr. Justice Frankfurter this sapient, perceptive letter appraising the great dramatist.

SHAW—AND WELLS

by FRANCIS HACKETT

SHAW — and Wells! Yes, the postdated obituary that Wells left on file is chock-full of the old antagonism. The giraffe and the bull! A very combustible Wells and an asbestos Shaw. The antagonism had plenty of raw material to work on.

But there is another side to the inhuman logic which outraged Wells, and which might have warped Shaw forever. He was a born crank, a theorist, a dislocated citizen, a man of unpopular causes, physically meager though distinguished, with a poor tummy and migraine. He was a moralist, a Puritan, and an arguer. The amazing thing, with all this, was Shaw's practicality. Out of this bramble of a man came the brilliant blossom — nothing sensuous, no perfume, but a thin fragrance and a sweeping form. With all the obvious limitations of his temperament, his brain was first-rate, and his brain was used for effectiveness. For rhetoric, I mean, not for critical fidelity or circumspection. His Ibsen wasn't Ibsen, not the real, historic Ibsen. His Wagner wasn't Wagner. He used them for pamphlet material, just as he used Marx, in the higher literary politics. The gift was histrionic and forensic.

When he was a dramatic critic, he used each review as a vehicle for propaganda. His wasn't a soul with enough feminine in it to make him absorb the other fellow's theme and purpose. The Shakespearean hermaphrodite — which Wells says was a "synthesis," an Incorporation presumably like Helena Rubinstein Inc. — could not serve the Voltaire in Shaw. Shaw didn't care to understand. He intended to provoke, to tease, to confuse, and to win by gaining a laugh. What he had to say about George Meredith's "comedy" was experienced in the way of the world. Shaw was Congreve with a sociological brain, giving the theater a new subject matter, a new thesis, but by method natural to the Anglo-Irish milieu, which is one of mental gymnastics appropriate to a society where the English

in exile took to conversation as the only form of riches to be had without pain.

That's why Shaw, the whole refracting prism in his cut-glass mind even when he was a clerk in a Dublin land agent's office, recalled his encounter with Parnell, their client, as an encounter with a deucedly disagreeable person, or some such phrase. Parnell had no gift of the gab. And Shaw was not humble enough to recognize that the inarticulate landlord might be the architect of a new state. The architecture that Shaw admired, and that he was ravished by, was the architecture of his ideas, to which Parnell would have been insubordinate. Ireland, in any event, was no place for Shaw's particular affluence. The Irish can't peddle fluid conversation to one another. There's too much of it. They have to go to the Sahara of London. In that Sahara they are usually forced to be water boys on hire to Fleet Street, just "journalists," which Shaw avoided because his mother was there to support him. He matured in the ten years she gave to him, from twenty to thirty, when most men are warped into earning their living. He was allowed to become a critic of society by being protected against it during the apprentice period.

Of course this humiliated him. And so, probably, did Mr. Lee's presence in his mother's domestic life. Shaw was a retarded male on this account; a drunken father, of whom he was ashamed in a sense, a mother on the fringes of bohemian Bloomsbury, giving music lessons, her adorer near by who had followed her from Ireland. And Shaw absorbing Marx, the avenger, with William Morris as the antiseptic heroic artist, and sex excluded, or made comic, or denied. Maybe Wells, who did not deny sex, was right about Shaw's aversion to the physical, but this could have been part of the exile's detachment from community. Shaw was inventing a community of ideas. And the heroine in that might be Beatrice Potter. I don't say it was an eroticism

of statistics, but it enabled him to see her as a figure walking out of William Morris's sagas, into *Candida* and *Major Barbara* and *Joan of Arc*. History for Shaw was a chance to give Fabianism a fancy dress while knocking over the conservative waxworks. His people are alive in this fancy dress because they are from living contemporaries and not historic resurrections. His documentation equips him to bluff. And his audiences want him to bluff. The past gave him a mere scaffolding, except in *Joan*.

Stamina is the supreme fact about him. He was a penniless adventurer, strictly speaking, but a young hardheaded Cromwellian coming back to a pursy England, and stripped for combat — stripped of roast beef, of tobacco, of drink, of comfort, of placatory romanticism, of philandering, of intrigue or platitude. He was an anatomist of society where Robert Louis Stevenson was a knight-errant and costumier. He was an ironist where all the Scots, Barrie and the lot, were sentimental. He was straight where Oscar Wilde was sinuous. He was sky-blue incorruptible where Wilde was a heavy-lidded pasha. Shaw gave evidence of real brains by grasping economic interpretation so early and so fearlessly. His greatness was in uniting this clean line of perceptiveness with comedy; and his sense of the hard reality of money, in spite of what Wells says, came from his antagonism to a society that softens the artist's muscles though flattering his vanity.

Where would Shaw have been in the theater without a bit of capital? He would have failed to penetrate it, as Henry James did and as Conrad did. Shaw took the prostitute stage as he found it and spent years fighting his way into it. His victory over the whole whorish "entertainment" idea, the decrebrated theater, is very remarkable. And he did it as gaily as Mozart in opera. Comedy was his weapon. *Pygmalion* is festive. It's fun. I didn't realize it at first. I resented its frivolity in 1914. But the fresh fire is in it, the bright zest of comedy.

Shaw, just the same, knew the importance of being earnest. He might have been a Gilbert, a Gilbert in search of a Sullivan. But the very thing that made it impossible for him to write novels — the alienation from community — liberated his verve as a social critic. And he took his chessmen for this game from the most unconventional sources — the Salvation Army, the brothel, the dentist's office, the medical profession, the philologist — not the leisure class, not the "artists," until *The Doctor's Dilemma*. He utilized history as the nonacademic wrote it, history with the bombast extracted from it. All this was part of his integration as a social critic. He had to invent his audiences as well as his theater, London polytechnic audiences, Queen's Hall audiences, cheap-edition people, autodidacts, the predecessors of the London School of Economics. Shaw came in with the bus; he was part of London's

urban facilities. France couldn't see it, but Germany could. Germany had the same polytechnic public, the same industrial contemporaneity, and gave him his biggest revenue.

Shaw was as naturally effervescent as Heine. His comic spirit is his one universal human touch, and it's as traditional as the circus. One great Frenchman saw it, Anatole France, and when they met, these brothers in arms, France made Shaw blush by kissing him on both cheeks. Shaw could blush! Tolstoy, on the other hand, was annoyed by the gadfly, and wrote in his diary, "Shaw's triviality is astounding!"

At times, to his wife's horror, Shaw was diabolically impish. When the P.E.N. dinner celebrated H. G. Wells's seventieth birthday, Signe and I went to London for it, and that was the night Shaw paid his sly tribute to Wells — "as a son, and as a brother, and as a father!" The English sense of indecency was not vivid enough to take it in for a moment. Then they rose to it and laughed. Wells was too pugnacious not to be furiously angry, yet how could he hit back? Shaw had done it so lightly that the malice was like a vaccination scratch, oh but how telling, how final! A man who could laugh at himself would have had immunity, but Wells hadn't. Comedy calls for social sense, celerity, finesse, and also for detachment. And this was the gift from heaven that Shaw exploited so audaciously. His rapier wasn't the duelist's. Shaw wasn't bellicose. It was the gymnast's. I don't think he was *cruel* with it. Cruelty, as I've experienced it, comes from callousness plus a vigorous sense of superiority. Shaw felt superior but he wasn't callous. He was disdainful, in effect, but in reality he did not disdain. He burned like anthracite, and nothing smudged his life, none of that fuscous resentment which beclouded Wells, who really was much more genial and greedy and full of gusto. Shaw picked his way like a well-bred fastidious animal. He didn't brawl. But of course he outwitted his opponent if he could. I think he had a merciless conceit of the Montgomery kind, which isn't cruelty. It asks no quarter. It confesses no weakness. It accepts life as warfare. It loves fame. And it is isolated.

Even when Shaw wept for Charlotte, he was outside his grief. The poor fellow couldn't be long inside his emotions. He couldn't surrender. And the generosity of the profuse Shakespeare temperament, with which Churchill is touched, is completely alien to Shaw. The salt of his wit preserves him from stupidity at the cost of humanity — what Tolstoy meant by saying he had more brains than was good for him. That salt didn't allow him to sink deep in the overwhelming calamity of life if it's taken with sympathy. He bobs up in spite of himself. He didn't *feel* for Italians when he praised Mussolini, or for Germans when he praised Hitler. He even identified himself with the overdog.

I think that was histrionic in him. And he wasn't easily fraternal.

But he was a comrade-in-arms just the same. St. John Ervine lost a leg in the First World War, and I think I remember correctly when I say that Shaw gave Ervine 600 pounds so that he could have time in which to get back. I have copies of letters Shaw wrote to Æ when Æ was fighting to save the *Irish Statesman* after the Catholic attempt to knock it out by bringing a libel suit. Shaw gave Æ hundreds of pounds, and he was ready with a dry friendliness to back him up to the limit. I'm sure he was accessible to many demands on him. He didn't value money as such when he gave away the Nobel money, 7000 pounds, the minute he got it. And gave it away with Strindberg in mind. No, he was glad to have the golden bullet in his arsenal, but he wasn't a miser or a skinflint.

I met him half a dozen times. "Why don't you have a big limousine to pick you up after your long lecture and take you home without further effort?" I asked him that after a lecture on Ricketts and Shannon. He had been walking alone down to Southampton Row, and I fell into step with him. He laughed. "If I were a Cardinal Wolsey, that sort of thing would be natural, but I have nothing of that in me. Money is wasted on me!" And then he skipped across the street and took the Tube back to Whitehall.

That lecture was unadvertised, given to an etchers' and engravers' club meeting in Red Lion Square. Open to the public. Shaw wasn't witty. It was rather garrulous and formless, but modest, easy, and, yes, "fraternal," one craftsman talking to other craftsmen. I went alone, out of curiosity. Earlier I had heard him give a big address on Kingsway, and went with S. K. Ratcliffe. S. K. told him who I was. "H'm," said Shaw with something like acerbity. "Hackett! Hackett!" Not much percentage in that encounter. That talk was supposed to be imposing, but it was deficient in vitality, and I can't even remember what it was about. The platform wasn't his game. He wished to carry it off histrionically, but the wish defeated the object. A good speaker forgets himself. He couldn't forget himself, or rather submerge the threshold so that his inner self could pour out. He was buttoned up. He looked superb, however, with a dark red silk handkerchief and a dark blue suit, and his bearing was proud. Irish gentry! The severity relieved by the quizzical unruly eyebrows and the ironic beard. His eyes were like a poacher's, however. He snared in spite of the gamekeepers.

We happened to lunch with him the day that Beatrice Webb had a big operation. Sidney Webb was at the table, deep in the misery of anxiety, his mind absent and at the hospital. Lion Phillimore had brought us. It was she who had brought Shaw and Charlotte together, I think, and Shaw, to please her, said, "You may think we're best sellers

but she's written a book that has gone into thirty-five languages!" It was hard going. Mrs. Shaw lifted her chin above her prejudices and preoccupations like a walled-in reverend mother being kind to the outsiders. No walls about Shaw, but he knew he shouldn't unleash his mind. We sat on the sofa afterwards, and he talked of the Irish Academy. "They thought I was going to pay for the whole thing," he said with a twinkle. "A queer fellow, Yeats. Dead against the Black and Tans, but when his own place was threatened he wanted them poured in." Both he and Mrs. Shaw were strong for De Valera. We could not get very far with that. It wasn't a good occasion. Even the lunch was soggy — vegetables brought to their ultimate defeat by an English cook who had no love in his heart. But Shaw, with his long, spare bones, had no lust in him for sheer delectation.

He was living on Adelphi Terrace the first time we saw him, in 1920. It is true, as Wells says, there were three or four Bernard Shaws on the walls or on pedestals. But what is a striking individual to do? His wife likes him to be painted — and when he has been painted, where are you to put the painting? Not on the floor. Then you look from one to the other? Naturally. I don't think it proves vanity, though vanity may be a by-product of a world-wide furor. Some Chinese had just been to see Shaw, and he asked them to put any question they liked to him. They said, "What about Ireland?" "Think," Shaw exclaimed, "they came from across the world, and then they asked me about this cabbage garden by the sea!" But Ireland was disentangling itself from a great power, and that interested the Chinese. Signe asked him if he'd gone down to air-raid shelters during the war. Oh, he was too lazy, he said. But he'd thought of putting in luminous paint on the roof in German a message to the Luftwaffe, "Please fly on. Here lives Bernard Shaw!" That was comic, and we enjoyed his telling us.

I bet he could have been fun! And certainly my one juicy accidental encounter with him, some ten years later, showed him capable of giving with both hands. I told you of it, I'm sure, meeting him at twilight in Cambridge Circus on an isle in the traffic jam. "I suppose I may speak to you, after reading you for thirty years," I said as we stood shoulder to shoulder. "It's too long to read anyone," he said. Then I reminded him of my name and said I'd just crossed from Ireland. "Ah," he said, "I'm in the middle of a gorgeous book by an American called Hackett." "About what?" "Henry the Eighth." That was a moment! We walked along together, and he talked of biography. I felt so cocked up that I went back to an art dealer's and bought a Picasso etching I'd been wobbling about. "What has happened to you?" asked the dealer. "It must have been something extraordinary." It was extraordinary. Unpre-

meditation makes any compliment extraordinary.

Felix, his appetite for publicity was a terrible thing, a pernicious appetite. How is a man to avoid it who has a gift for posing and whose least word is recalled because he is so pungent? He could sharpen the salad of conversation at will, and here am I, retailing every word he said. In the end, however, he lived for it. He teased the public, it teased back, and then he repeated. It became a vice and, like all vice, had something joyless in it.

But Shaw was a big, big man, no matter how he succumbed to the show business. The first thing he asked us in 1920 was, "How is Frank Harris?" Given Shaw's Puritanism and the fact that Frank Harris was reputed a great scamp in England, he might well have shrunk from him. But in his young days Harris had given Shaw his start as a dramatic critic, and Shaw put down Harris's difficulties to a natural extravagance and love of splash and champagne. He valued the man in Harris, the swash-buckler in him, and carried this to mixing his life, his *Life* in fact, with the bravo. I knew Harris. He had asked me to take on the editorship of *Pearson's* when he was leaving America. I didn't want to be an editor. But I admire unbreakable loyalty to a friend who is up against the hypocrites. Shaw did not desert Oscar Wilde.

Thank heaven Shaw's wife had money. But her money, and the service Frank Harris did to letters by taking his stuff, were only by the way. His talent for the theater was simply astounding, and would have conquered anyway. His sure-footedness in its dialectic, before he began to indulge

himself, is any craftsman's joy, though Broadway was too brutally numb to know it. *Joan of Arc* is simple enough for a child to understand. It's as fresh as a daisy. His gift for situation goes with fertility of invention, alacrity in devising contrast, power of impact, and novelty of thinking. That shining hook can catch the best minds of an epoch. (How could such a man eat such morose Brussels sprouts!) But to have kept his zest Shaw had to have character of flawless purity. Eternal vigilance preserved his work in an independence of tradition that Voltaire didn't match. Shaw was athletic and vivacious, springy by temperament, and his temperament persisted after the brain began to flag and the productiveness to become flabby. The paradox of his Communism — Stalin's portrait in his bedroom — seems to me to be temperament dominating the critical spirit — temperament and devotion to the enshrined Webbs.

He should have been in a circle of artists, not sociologists. He contracted the habit of dominating his associates, and that is an enormous mistake because it means associating with satellites. He is at his kindest in Lady Gregory's *Journal*, since she knew how to bring out the congenial squire in him. If there's no great open fire in him, more a sort of ingenious central heat, and none of that prepossession by nature which keeps Shakespeare green, he still can't help diffusing the delights of his clear and sparkling mind, so full of refreshment and so luminous when he forgets to tease. He was of noble steel, and he knew how to play with it. . . .

How much more there is to say!



ENTAILED ESTATE

by MARY LAPSLEY

FROM unambiguous air you cannot draw
your breath;
Before, behind you, at your side
walks a new death.
This generation's will for pain
bears in its train
No warranty of hope
That you may find retreat or know
the easy joy, the simple woe.

This heritage cannot be willed away.
Squander your hurt by night, by day,
An heir you must be still
To all this age's ill,
an heir responsible:
Tomorrow your own heirs
Will question poor repairs.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

A King's Story: The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor (Putnam's, \$4.50) has that primary ingredient for success: the compulsion to make you turn the page. I do not see how it can fail to be the most popular autobiography of the mid-century.

Edward VIII was born in 1894. "Gangan," his great-grandmother Queen Victoria, who was to rule for his first seven years, held him on her knee in his christening robes for that famous photograph of the Four Generations; as a child he visited her at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral and was never to forget the relics of her widowhood with which she engloomed her household. Victoria's children and grandchildren ruled the courts of Europe; in the year of his birth, there were twenty monarchs on the Continent where today there are six. His grandfather Edward VII, whom he adored, had created at Sandringham and Marlborough House "a second court," to which the new wealth and the new talents of the new century were admitted. His father was a disciplinarian trained in the Navy but not too well equipped for the storms later provoked by Lloyd George and the Liberals. It is against this heritage and the pageantry of Britain at her prime that he begins the story of the boy who was born to be King.

His Victorian boyhood was a time of golden serenity and, for the young Prince, a time of highly personal contrasts. He dreaded the austerity of Balmoral; his favorite place of all was Sandringham with his grandfather in residence, when thirty guests or more would come down for the autumn shooting — each man with his own valet, each lady with her maid. He recalls the sumptuous luncheons served in the open under a marquee with the large group photograph to follow, the day's kill spread in rows that might total 2000 pheasants. He sees again The Big House on the Hill blazing with lights, being made ready for the evening festivity as the grandchildren came in for their evening kiss.

His home place was York Cottage, the smaller establishment a quarter mile distant from Sandringham, where he, Bertie, Mary, and the younger brothers were brought up. Here he was placed in the care of Finch, his Admirable Crichton; here he suffered the unhappy tutoring of Mr. Hansell; here he was allowed a maximum of instruction but a minimum of intercourse with boys of his own age, inducing that shyness that was to cost him plenty later; and here after the formal Summons to the Library, he received the scoldings from his father for being dirty, late, or otherwise inadequate which made him never cease to dread that room.

One delights in the portraits in these early chapters and chief of them the portrait of his father. George V was never to forget his fifteen years in the Navy. He came reluctantly ashore with "a gruff, blue-water approach to all human situations, a loud voice, . . . and a damaged eardrum." We see him consulting the barometer the first thing in the morning and the last thing before he goes to bed. We see him writing in his diary — a document, to judge from the quotations, with as much intimacy as a ship's log — or sitting absorbed over his stamp collection, or reading *The Times*. His life aboard ship had taught him the value of a quick nap and he could fall asleep instantly and wake up fifteen minutes later as if an alarm had gone off inside his head. He was a fine shot. Few in Great Britain could teach him anything about sailing a boat. Punctuality was a fetish. The sense of procedure was inbred; even at Christmas, "we children were always shown our presents last." One gathers that he got across to his oldest son only rarely, and then in hesitant words. "He believed in God," writes the Duke, "the invincibility of the Royal Navy, and the essential rightness of whatever was British."

As the book moves closer to our own time, the self-portrait of the Duke is more clearly defined. We see his disappointment at not being allowed to serve in the Navy after having been trained for it; we feel his bitterness at being excluded from combat duty in the First World War ("as Heir Apparent I was to discover that my trophy-value exceeded my military usefulness"). He has made us understand his dislike of cricket, of Buckingham Palace, of formal clothes and the rubber-stamp of office. And on the other hand, he has made us sympathize with his love of his grandfather, his happiness at Sandringham, his desire for privacy, his groping for independence, his need for exercise, his zest for travel and dancing. We see that he has the tastes

of a squire who will always prefer the country to the city.

Of some tastes he tells us very little. Of his tastes in food and drink, in books and music, nothing is said. These are for his own living quarters and the door is shut. Through the door, one sometimes hears the sound of laughter but what they are laughing at we are not told. Very little mirth runs through this book. The tone is agreeable but not relaxed.

There is much to admire in his reserve. It never prevents him from being candid about his own limitations and it never exposes him to special pleading in describing those crucial days leading up to the Abdication. This is the most revealing and historic episode in the book. At a Cabinet meeting at 10 Downing Street, Mr. Chamberlain grumbles that the King's indecision is ruining the Christmas trade; Mr. Baldwin in his mock humility discloses that he has made a deal with the Opposition not to form a new Government, thus forcing the ultimatum: Renounce her or abdicate. Mr. Churchill, who rises to speak for the King, is howled down. So "The King's Party" is snuffed out. "When the history of this episode comes to be written," said a friend, "it will be realised that your nobility in refusing even to test your popularity was a sign of true greatness, and probably saved the very existence of the Empire. . . . I must humbly express my intense admiration for your obvious and inflexible determination not to encourage a 'King's Party.' It was within your power to create Civil War and chaos. You had only to lift a finger or even to come to London and to show yourself, to arouse millions of your subjects to your support."

These decisive pages are written with dignity, self-restraint, and with divided loyalty to the Throne, the family, and the Duchess.

I have left to the last the question of the skeptic: Did he really write it? The answer is to be found in large part in the Author's Note. There, by name, the Duke singles out those who helped him in the preparation — his friends, his courtiers, his secretaries, his editor, and his amanuensis. He had reams of clippings and official papers and stacks of photographs to draw from. He had his own diary and access to his father's. For three years the sifting, assimilating, and writing went on, most of it in France with an occasional trip for research to London. With him through all of this was Charles J. V. Murphy, one of the ablest Editors of *Life*, an amanuensis who had earlier proved to be of constant help to Admiral Byrd. I have looked for Murphyisms: "tycoon" is a word from the Luce vocabulary and so is the phrase "Christmas at Sandringham was Dickens in a Cartier setting." But these are rare. In the last analysis, this is the Duke's book. He lived it and, like many an English author before him, he rewrote it almost entirely in galley proof. In the final going over he spent every day for

three months working with his editor, changing, polishing, testing. It would be fun to see those galleys.

Irish sunlight after rain

I remember thinking, the first time I saw the Abbey Players, that the actors looked as if they had walked in right off the streets. They were playing *The Whiteheaded Boy*, and the good humor, the exuberance, and the awe with which they responded to their situations were the very essence of unaffected Irish temperament. **Walter Macken** is a talented young Irishman who has distinguished himself as an actor, a playwright, and a novelist, and in his new novel, *Rain on the Wind* (Macmillan, \$3.00), he has captured the refreshing spirit of his country. His story is laid on the coast of Connemara; it is the tale of a fishing village, and of the fishermen and their women; it is the story of the rivalry between two brothers: Tommy, the bright acquisitive scholar, fighting for the scholarship which will enable him to escape from the drudgery of the sea, and Mico, broad as a barn and always conscious of the big birthmark which covers half his face. Mico's knowledge, much of it learned from old Gran, is of the sea, the small ships, and the ever changing wind; his strength is for the nets and for the tiller in the storm; and since his mother has never let him forget that no woman will want him, his humility is the key which unlocks the loyalty of the villagers. These people are as natural as Irish sunlight after rain. Pa, the little old schoolmaster; Gran, once so powerful and now the fading seafarer; Twacky, the plucky little runt; Jo and Peter, the young lovers; and Maeve, so fresh in her youth, so grief-stricken after the storm, who comes to Mico in the end.

Indeed, the book had me in its pocket up until the very end. The children tide-caught on the fairy island where Mico stands off the plague of rats; the weary home-voyage on which Gran acknowledges that he is through with the sea; the hurling match in which Peter is almost beheaded; the terrible storm at Claddagh; the moonlight search for the sand eels when the lovers' hands meet; the fight against the invading English trawler — these are told as if I had seen them taking place. It is only the rampaging climax which seems to me melodramatic, but a book as good as this should not be scolded for its last five minutes.

Undoing the expert

Stephen Potter is a master of what I call the dead-pan style. Two years ago he published with apparent solemnity a volume entitled *Gamesmanship*, or, *The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*. In it he described those little devices like overpraising a long hitter in golf; those little plays — "ploys" he terms them — like arriving late for a tournament match and limping onto

the tennis court with a heroic half-apology to make your opponent feel sorry for you; those little stratagems like a tune persistently whistled off key at a billiard table, which will enable the poor player to outwit his better. The book was founded on sound psychology as any elderly competitor, if pressed, will acknowledge; the incidents were inspired by many of Mr. Potter's friends, as I discovered when I visited the author in London; and because the book was as true as it was funny, it eventually found its way into the hands of a good many thousand gamesmen in America.

Now Mr. Potter, still as solemnly as if he were a professor lecturing on immortality, has extended the psychology of *Gamesmanship* to what he calls "the simple problems of everyday life." *Lifeman-ship* (Holt, \$2.50) is the art of intimidating the expert. "A good Lifeman," says Mr. Potter, "is always alert and ready for the slight put-off, the well-timed provocation, which will get the other fellow down." The Lifeman — that is to say, you, myself, the average layman — is always in danger of being talked to death by an authoritative bore. To protect us Mr. Potter has written a chapter on Conversation in which he shows how a monologist can be interrupted and thrown off the track by a loaded question, a French quotation, or other form of Glaciation ("two or three lines of a stanza from Spenser's 'Faery Queen' is probably as good an all-round silencer as anything").

There is an excellent chapter on Week-endmanship in which the indolent nonplaying guest learns how to walk off with the girls, and other instructive sections on Reviewers, How to be Press Photographed, and Telephone Management. Mr. Potter argues that since all experts are necessarily fraudulent, like the psychiatrist who knows very little about anatomy, they are slightly afraid that the Lifeman will find them out. Here is how it's done.

"The Gabber"

We have all of us ground our teeth as we have listened to the oleaginous voice of a radio commentator whose words and opinions we despise. Such a newscaster is Christopher Usher, the hero of Edwin O'Connor's first novel, *The Oracle* (Harper, \$2.75). Christopher has come a long way from the sports page where he had his beginning; for nine years he has enjoyed the backing of a prosperous manufacturer; and from the casual pilfering of news notes, his ego has swelled until he regards himself as the infallible seer. Then in the best scene of the book, while his contract hangs fire, Christopher is scaled down by the Vice President of the network. The deflation does not last, but in the violence of the setback this portrait of what *Variety* calls "the gabbers" is drawn with sharp, deft strokes. Like Saki, Mr. O'Connor has produced a caricature which comes outrageously close to reality.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

The Life of Letters

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE, 1939-1949, translated by Justin O'Brien. (Knopf, \$6.00.) This fourth and concluding volume of Gide's great Journal is notable for the discussion of his problems as a writer, the comments on literature (from Virgil to Steinbeck), and the new note of serenity in Gide's dialogue with himself. The work of an octogenarian triumphantly young in spirit.

WILLA CATHER by David Daiches. (Cornell University Press, \$2.75.) A forceful critical appraisal, blessedly free of the jargon of the "higher" criticism. David Daiches's luminous study is a strong invitation to revisit Willa Cather's work.

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE by Frank Swinnerton. (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$4.00.) Mr. Swinnerton has caged, between the covers of his intimate, anecdotal volume, just about all of the literary lions and lionesses at large in England from 1910 to 1935.

HERMAN MELVILLE by Newton Arvin. (Sloane, \$3.50.) A critical biography, both penetrating and absorbing, which recently received the National Book Award for the most distinguished work of nonfiction published in 1950.

Fiction

NEITHER FIVE NOR THREE by Helen MacInnes. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00.) The author of *Above Suspicion*, *Assignment in Brittany*, and others has cast a sharp eye on Communist penetration of a Manhattan magazine. A deftly written and incisive story, with love as a counterpoint to politics.

THE WITCH DIGGERS by Jessamyn West. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.) A long, warmly lit American novel: Indiana at the turn of the century and a Hoosier courtship which Miss West handles with sympathy.

THE STORIES OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. (Scribner's, \$3.75.) This collection of twenty-eight stories brings Fitzgerald's finest tales back into print (along with some mediocre ones). Malcolm Cowley contributes a first-rate introduction.

JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV by Eric Ambler. (Knopf, \$3.00.) An inquisitive reporter finds himself the target of mysterious gunmen when he tries to get to the bottom of a "treason" trial in the Balkans. The author of *Journey Into Fear* is not in top form, but still this is a good thriller.

Science for the Layman

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE by Fred Hoyle. (Harper, \$2.50.) The findings and theories of modern cosmology, this book by a young Cambridge astronomer is a wonder of lucidity and compactness — and exciting to read.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE by James B. Conant. (Yale University Press, \$4.00.) Dr. Conant's challenging statement of the achievements, promise, and methods of modern science. He discusses such questions as the teaching of science in the universities, the impact of scientific discovery on industry and medicine; and the now crucial relation of scientific research to the state.

A new "**GEORGE**" book
with all the fun of the
perennial favorite,
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
GEORGE & HELEN
PAPASHVILY'S
THANKS TO
NOAH



The story of George Papashvily and his adventures in America is known to readers the world over. **ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN** was a book of laughter and warmth and deep humanity — qualities which are caught again in this new "George" book, the story of his friends who happened to be animals. Illustrated by Jack Wilson. \$2.50

The important new
book by the author of
THE TIME FOR DECISION
SUMNER
WELLES'
SEVEN
DECISIONS
THAT
SHAPED
HISTORY



VOGEL, N. Y.

With authority and first-hand knowledge, Sumner Welles reveals the truth about seven wartime decisions that played vital parts in history — with a timely chapter stating his opinion of what U. S. foreign policy should be today, in Europe and the Far East. \$3.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

*Reader's
Choice*

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE one foreign correspondent who, as a figure, has captured the public imagination lately is **Marguerite Higgins** of the New York *Herald Tribune* — the daring young miss of the Korean foxholes. Miss Higgins's appealing femininity has no doubt had something to do with the conquest: Jimmy Cannon of the New York *Post* said to her in Korea, "If *Racing Form* had sent a race horse to cover this war, it wouldn't be more of an oddity than you are." But "oddity" aside, Miss Higgins's dispatches have shown her to be an outstanding reporter, and now she clinches the issue with a book, *War in Korea: The Report of a Woman Combat Correspondent* (Doubleday, \$3.00).

After being ordered out of Korea because she was a woman, Miss Higgins made it a "personal crusade" to share the experience of the fighting men as fully as possible, and her story conveys to the reader an exceptionally vivid sense of participation. In some respects, she was worse off than her male colleagues. When covering the Inchon landing, the correspondents returned to the flagship to file their stories. But the Admiral decreed that his warship was no place for a woman at night, with the result that Miss Higgins slept on the docks or at the front while the newsmen enjoyed Navy accommodations, warm showers, and scrambled eggs.

The Korean war, with its strange geography, fluid combat lines, and disappearing enemy, is probably the first war in which newspaper readers have complained of being confused by too much foxhole coverage and not enough over-all reporting from headquarters — the difficulty was that headquarters had a nasty habit of suddenly becoming foxholes. Miss Higgins's book does a fine job of pulling together this bewildering campaign into a lucid narrative. It also contains a good deal of information which is probably news to most readers — for instance, that prior to the North Korean attack, supposedly a total surprise, the Reds had been showering leaflets over the border threatening invasion, and had ordered

civilians to evacuate the parallel; that MacArthur instituted plans for the daring Inchon landing five days after the UN entered the war; that American officers inexplicably panicked at Suwon and precipitated a shocking, helter-skelter retreat, three days before the enemy appeared.

While *War in Korea* is mainly a combat story, the author makes some forthright comments on the controversial issues. MacArthur's "end the war" offensive, she says, was a blunder which, in view of the Intelligence difficulties, was not as heinous as his critics have charged; the General was victimized by the legend of his infallibility. As for his decision to cross the 38th parallel, it had no bearing whatsoever on Chinese intervention. Miss Higgins warns that the new militarism of China has produced a first-class army and that the Korean fighting has proved a crucial point which Americans are reluctant to face: "We can no longer substitute machines for men." It is "a mockery," she declares, to suggest that we can stand up to Communism in Europe and Asia with three and a half million soldiers — "Every responsible officer knows that it will be closer to fourteen million if we want to win." All in all, *War in Korea* is a book that packs a man-sized punch. Marguerite Higgins, in the fullest sense of the phrase, *was there*.

Verdict on history

Sumner Welles *was there* when Franklin D. Roosevelt made the great diplomatic decisions that have shaped the post-war world, and he feels that some of the recent anti-Roosevelt books by gentlemen who most decidedly were *not* there have put grotesque falsehoods into circulation. By way of rebuttal, Mr. Welles has written *Seven Decisions That Shaped History* (Harper, \$3.00). The following are the arguments that Welles develops: —

1. Roosevelt had a statesmanlike plan, to be announced on Armistice Day, 1937, for rallying the peaceful nations against the drift toward war. It was scotched by Cordell Hull and Chamberlain. 2. Roosevelt's policy toward the Vichy government played an important role in hastening victory. 3. The late President, who has been accused of "provoking" the Japanese attack, was consistently more cautious on the issue of embargoes than most of his military and diplomatic advisers, because of



We admit to a very special enthusiasm for **Hugh MacLennan**, author of *The Precipice* and *Two Solitudes*, and especially for Mr. MacLennan's new novel — *Each Man's Son* (\$3.00). What a writer! And what a book! Shall a man covet another man's son, and shall he seek to secure his own marriage with the child of another's? That's the problem that troubles the Calvinist conscience of Dr. Ainslie, brilliant surgeon in a tiny community on Cape Breton Island, who yearns for a son to give meaning to his marriage and to his life. It's wonderful how Mr. MacLennan makes you feel the brooding storm hovering over the hearts and minds of his protagonists. Then the storm breaks upon them in all its fury and, as in the denouement of a classic drama, we see again how man proposes but God disposes.

* * * * *

Fortune magazine says that "Sumner H. Slichter, Lamont Professor at Harvard, is the best known economist in the U. S." In *What's Ahead for American Business* (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book: \$2.75), Mr. Slichter answers the questions everybody is asking these days, questions that affect the pocketbooks and indeed the lives of all of us. No gazer into the clouded crystal ball, Mr. Slichter reasons soundly, argues cogently, shows that our contest with the Soviet Union is primarily a contest of production.

* * * * *

Which brings us to three very different kinds of novels that have nothing in common except good writing and good reading. One is by a young Englishwoman — Oriel Malet's *The Green Leaves of Summer* (\$3.00). Another — *The Enclosure* (\$3.00) by Ethan Ayer — is by a young American who has a wry knowledge of the importance of owning money and the self-importance of exclusive communities. And the third — *Insurrection* (\$3.00) by Liam O'Flaherty, the author of *The Informer* — is by a writer who has been referred to as "the Irish Faulkner." *The Green Leaves of Summer* is charming and gay, a lighthearted, youthful story that's all sunlight and radiance. *The Enclosure* is subtle and witty and sophisticated and in its quiet way quite devastating. As for Liam O'Flaherty's considerably more mature novel, *Insurrection*, about the 1916 Easter uprising in Dublin, for sheer narrative drive and force, it can hardly be excelled.

**LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON**

his awareness of isolationist sentiment. 4. On January 25, 1942, Roosevelt overruled Hull's instructions to Welles to reject the limited declaration of anti-Axis solidarity which was the most Argentina would accept at the Pan-American Conference at Rio. This decision "saved New World Unity." 5. The grave mistake made in postponing political and territorial settlements until the end of World War II cannot be blamed primarily on Roosevelt; this postponement was urged by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the U.S. Secretary of State, and Winston Churchill on grounds of "military expediency." 6. The Far Eastern settlement reached at Yalta was "warranted," in the light of the military leaders' (erroneous) estimate that we needed Russia's help against Japan. That settlement was bound up with Roosevelt's determination to unify China under Chiang Kai-shek, a policy abandoned after his death. 7. Roosevelt made possible the creation of the United Nations before the war's end.

A book of this kind opens up controversies (including Welles's feud with Hull) which are going to be fiercely debated for years, and which certainly cannot be debated in a paragraph — all I can proffer is a marginal comment or two. It is my impression that Welles's book adds relatively few significant facts to the known record. He performs a timely service in pointing up the extent to which isolationist pressure has contributed to the hesitations of U.S. policy and, as he stresses in the last chapter, is endangering containment of Communism today. He furnishes a useful corrective to those glib post-mortems on wartime diplomacy which have ignored the fact that many disastrous decisions were made because the military believed they were necessary to win the war as rapidly as possible, a policy with which the entire nation was warmly in accord. He does not, I believe, bring forward anything which weakens the charge of Roosevelt's critics that F.D.R. failed to grasp the total unreliability of Stalin's promises.

Toujours Shaw

Of making many books about Bernard Shaw there has been no end, and some have been nothing so much as illustrations of Durante's Law, namely that "Everybody wants to get into the act." Most people, I suspect, feel that by this time they



**Since he sat on
President Grant's
knee as a boy,
this man has kept a
date with history—**

James W. Gerard

FORMER U.S. AMBASSADOR
TO BERLIN

OUT of half a century of social, political, business and diplomatic celebrity, former Ambassador Gerard has a host of wonderful, revealing stories to tell — about the panic of 1907, the infamous Ridley and Rice murder cases, the war of the copper kings, his Berlin ambassador years, and his behind-the-scenes political experiences since then. T.R. and F.D.R., Wendell Willkie, Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, Blum, Briand and Foch of France, George V and Queen Mary, Lily Langtry, Hetty Green, and many more who have made their imprint on our era are seen through the eyes of one American who himself looms large in history's pages.

— "So entertaining and revealing that we'd better all read it right now." — CHARLES POORE, *N.Y. Times*

— "Crammed with nuggets . . . His life has been full enough for any two men." — JOHN BARKHAM, *Chicago Sun-Times*

— "You will have more fun reading it than going to the circus, while you get a liberal and comprehensive education in both domestic and international affairs through half a century." — DANIEL A. POLING, *Christian Herald*

— "Few memoirs have so much to tell. Few say it with such complete delight . . . They set a high mark for years to come." — JAMES FARBER, *N. Y. Journal-American*

— "This book is a must-get! Most exciting memoirs in years." — WALTER WINCHELL

MY FIRST EIGHTY-THREE YEARS IN AMERICA

4TH PRINTING \$3.50 everywhere

DOUBLEDAY

*A new biography and
some astute criticism*

The Two Lives of James Jackson Jarves

By Francis Steegmuller

A wonderful biography of a fascinating man, who failed as newspaper editor and plantation owner in Hawaii, and began a new and productive life in Europe as a resourceful and magnificent collector of Italian art. *Illus. \$5.00*

Thoreau THE QUEST AND THE CLASSICS

By Ethel Seybold

Thoreau presented as a lifelong seeker after transcendentalist truth—a biography which avoids two popular pitfalls: the futile attempt to explain him in terms of any one single interest, and the tendency to dismiss him as an incomprehensible enigma. *\$3.00*

Katherine Mansfield

By Sylvia Berkman

If you admire Katherine Mansfield you won't want to miss this perceptive biographer's sensitive appreciation of Miss Mansfield's work and sound ideas on her unique place in the history of modern literature. *Illustrated, \$3.75*

At your bookseller

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

have heard more than enough about the Sage. But the latest Shavian memoir, *Thirty Years with G.B.S.* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00), by his secretary, **Blanche Patch**, is an exceptionally interesting item. Even in the best books about Shaw, and, no less, in Shaw's writings about himself, it has often been hard to separate the truth from the great Shavian "act." Shaw himself liked to boast that the public image of G.B.S. was "one of my most successful fictions"; and he guarded it by stage-managing his biographers with a firm hand.

Miss Patch, writing after his death, was under no such constraint; what is more she happens to be a remarkably independent woman, who was never swept away by Shaw's personality. She gives us a picture of Shaw as seen by a sensible, clear-eyed associate so close to the man himself that reality shuts out the legend.

Miss Patch seems to have been influenced by Shaw at least to the extent of becoming an agreeably crisp and lively writer. Her occasional comments on the plays and on Shaw's leading ideas show a shrewd and vigorous intellect, but her memoir makes no pretension to being more than "just a modest domestic backcloth" to Shaw's career. It is certainly the most human close-up of G.B.S. I have encountered—of his working habits, household routine, and many idiosyncrasies.

Between breakfast and lunch, Shaw turned out a daily average of 1500 words, some 40 million all told; and in thirty years his secretary only caught him in one spelling mistake. He wrote his plays in shorthand, using blocks of green-tinted paper that was restful to the eyes. Dialogue he could write at great speed, but he had trouble developing action; he once said he would find it easier to write all of the dialogue of *Hamlet* than manage the entrance and exit of the Ghost.

Miss Patch's book is crowded with amusing trivia. At sixty-five, Shaw enthusiastically took up the tango. . . . A young workingman once asked Shaw how to learn to write poetry, and was advised to cultivate the habit of talking in rhyme, such as "Molly, you sinner, where's my dinner?" . . . Shaw sometimes worried about paying small bills by check for fear of depreciating the value of his autograph. . . . During the war, when the air raid sirens sounded, Shaw would go to the piano and play Italian opera. . . . At meals, he kept



Florence Nightingale

by Cecil Woodham-Smith. ". . . a biography worthy to stand between David Cecil's *THE YOUNG MELBOURNE* and Lytton Strachey's *QUEEN VICTORIA*."—*N. Y. Times*. "It would be difficult to praise FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE too highly. It is a magnificent biography."—*Saturday Review*. ". . . the power and intensity of a fine novel."—*New Yorker*. *\$4.50*



A History OF England

From the coming
of the English to 1938

By Keith Feiling, *Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford*. "Comes as a refreshing breeze. . . . He is the first English historian of our time to emphasize the strong conservative tradition running all through English history; yet he is eminently fair to the other side, too."—SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. With maps, genealogical tables and index, 1,229 pages. *\$7.50*



Roswell's London Journal 1762-1763

Edited with Introduction and Notes, by FREDERICK A. POTTLE. "A book you can't afford to miss."—*Chicago Daily News*. "One of the most fascinating and illuminating records of human peculiarity that ever ran down the nib of a pen."—*Saturday Review*. "A literary event unsurpassed in several decades."—*N. Y. World Telegram and Sun*. *\$5.00*

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
N. Y. 18

the radio turned on so loud that conversation was virtually impossible; the world's most famous talker was, ordinarily, quite untalkative.

Thirty Years with G.B.S. is notable among Shavian memoirs in that it brings Mrs. Shaw into the foreground. Charlotte Shaw was a woman of wide culture, with a very active interest in life. She was one of the first people to whom T. E. Lawrence showed the original manuscript of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and he humbly accepted her suggestions for improvement. A deep friendship developed between Lawrence and Mrs. Shaw — she was the only woman, he said, with whom he felt completely at ease. It was Mrs. Shaw's fondness for travel which took Shaw around the world. His attitude towards Charlotte, says Miss Patch, was always "tenderness itself"; but otherwise he was quite lacking in human warmth. He was a humanitarian and a reformer not because he loved his fellow man but because he hated poverty and considered error wasteful. Shaw emerges from this memoir as, above all, a man to whom writing was as natural, and as essential, as breathing.

"The divided generation"

"In this book," writes **Stephen Spender** in his autobiography, *World Within World* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50), "I am mainly concerned with a few themes: love, poetry, the life of literature, childhood, travel; and the development of certain attitudes toward moral problems. All these are related to the background of events from 1928-39." Born in 1909, Spender belongs to what he calls the "divided generation" of writers, who became deeply involved in the political turmoil of the thirties, a period which it is now fashionable to regard as simply the era of pink delusions. It was that, of course, but it was also — and this is one of Spender's deeply felt motifs — the era in which frightened conservatives, by playing along with fascism, precipitated the end of a great Liberal phase in history.

Spender, who was living in Germany during the emergence of Hitlerism, quickly grasped its portent and joined the anti-fascist struggle. In 1936 he was invited into the Communist Party, went to Spain as an observer, and there was revolted by the methods of the Communist minority which was fighting to dominate the Republican side. Since then, he

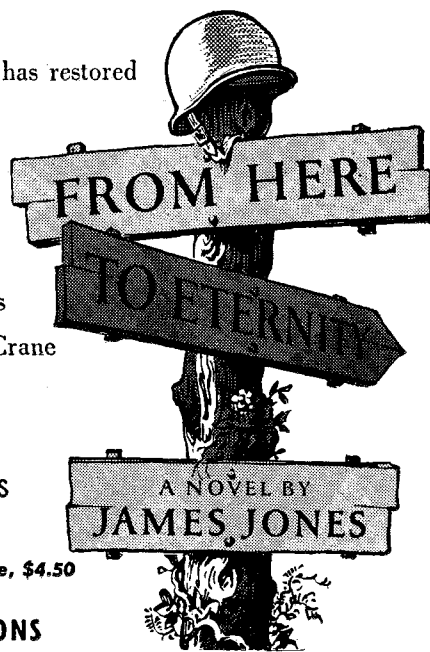
"Make No Mistake About it 'From Here to Eternity' is a Major Contribution to Our Literature... has restored

American realism to a pre-
eminent place in world
literature... in every
sense a work of heroic
proportions. Mr. Jones does
for our time what Stephen Crane
did for his in *The Red
Badge of Courage*."

New York Times
Book Review

At your bookstore, \$4.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

Bread Loaf

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

AUGUST 15-29

26th Annual
Session

Director: THEODORE MORRISON

Author of: *The Portable Chaucer*
The Dream of Alceste, etc.

Come enjoy the 26th Annual Session of the popular Middlebury College Writers' Conference. It's held in the cool, scenic mountain village of Bread Loaf, Vt.

Be stimulated by the carefully planned two-fold program:

- (1) Regular instruction, lectures, group "clinics" private conferences for criticism of manuscripts. Novel, short story, biography, history, articles, and verse considered. Leading literary staff members.
- (2) Thought-provoking, interesting program of evening lectures by people prominent in many branches of writing. Lecturers will discuss important problems of writing in relation to the contemporary world.

Early registration advised.

For complete Bulletin, information write

OFFICE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOLS

Middlebury College

Middlebury 8, Vermont



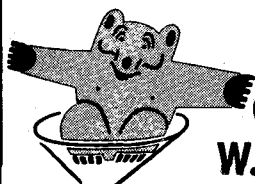
STAFF and LECTURERS

will include:

LINCOLN BARNETT, *Author*
JOHN MASON BROWN, *Drama Critic*,
Author
JOHN CIARDI, *Poet*, *Poetry Editor*
ROBERT FROST, *Poet*
FLETCHER PRATT, *Columnist*, *Biographer*,
Military Historian
MAY SARTON, *Novelist*, *Short Stories*
RICHARD SCOWCROFT, *Novelist*, *Fiction*
Teacher
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., *Historian*,
Author, *Writer*
WILLIAM SLOANE, *Publisher*, *Novelist*
RICHARD WILBUR, *Poet*, *Author*

Laughter Unlimited!

BEARS *in the* CAVIAR



by
**CHARLES
W. THAYER**



■ You have
sampled it in
The Atlantic.

Now read all of this zany
off-the-record record of di-
plomacy without spats. A
young American diplomat
tells the hilarious — and in-
formative — story of his rol-
licking adventures behind
various international cur-
tains.

\$3.50

LIPPINCOTT FICTION SUCCESSES

Geoffrey Cotterell

STRAIT AND NARROW

An important new British
novelist makes his American
bow with this "first-rate
novel, original, mature, per-
ceptive and highly finished."

— ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y.*
Times.

\$3.50

James Ramsey Ullman

author of *THE WHITE TOWER*
RIVER OF THE SUN

Physical adventure and spir-
itual discovery in a superb
story of the Amazon jungle.
"An eerie and exciting story
... a fine nerve-tingling tale,
authentically set in one of
the great last frontiers where
man is still a stranger . . ."

— LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y.*
Herald Tribune.

\$3.50

At all bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia New York

has been a prominent spokesman
against Communism. But never hav-
ing surrendered himself, body and
soul, to the God that turned out to
be Satan, Spender is not today
palsied by the sour fanaticism of so
many ex-Communists. He does not
believe that political man can live by
anti-Communism alone; and he tries
to define an attitude toward politics
based on the pre-eminence, at all
times, of the individual conscience.

Side by side with the political
chronicle, Spender unfolds, with
searching candor, his struggle to
understand and harmonize two strains
in his make-up: his compelling need
for deep friendship with another
man, and his seeking for wholeness
through the love of woman.

And then, throughout *World
Within World*, there is the world of
letters: Auden at Oxford, immensely
self-assured and erudite, surrounded
by a "cabinet" of emergent artists.
Evenings at Virginia Woolf's. An
amusing portrait of Lady Ottoline
Morrell, the disheveled, fantastic
grande dame whose "Thursdays"
brought together the choicest literary
lions in London. Ernest Hemingway
in Spain, trying hard to behave like a
character out of Hemingway. The
launching of *Horizon*, with Cyril Con-
nolly. Fine evaluations of poetry,
Auden's and Eliot's in particular.
Reflections on the role of the artist.

When Spender was a small boy, he
planned to write a book which would
bear witness to a truth which was
then perfectly clear to him but has
become difficult to state in middle
age. The whole of his autobiography,
in effect, seeks to achieve that state-
ment, and it is this: "Everyone is
occupied in blindly pursuing his
own ends . . . and yet . . . he
wants something quite different . . .
simply to admit that [what] he pre-
sents to his fellow beings [is] all a
mask, and beneath the mask there is
only the desire to love and be loved
just because he is ignorant and miser-
able, and surrounded by unknowns."

The big lie

In the immense body of anti-Com-
munist literature, there have been
few memorable works of fiction:
Darkness at Noon, 1984, *The Case of
Comrade Tulayev*, and one or two
others. To this select handful, I am
inclined to add *The Burned Bram-
ble* (Doubleday, \$3.95), by Manès
Sperber, though it is seriously flawed
as a novel.

**"Best background
work to date."**

THE Koreans and Their Culture

by **Cornelius Osgood**

Yale University

All-around survey of Korea, its
people and its culture, from
earliest beginnings down to the
climactic events of
1950. A highlight is
the author's first-hand
study of a Korean
village — an enlight-
ening contribution to
an understanding of
Korean life and cus-
toms. Delightfully
illustrated.



THE NEW YORKER — "Distin-
guished by serious scholarship, a
sense of humanity and an absence
of academic fustiness. Illustrated
with drawings and photographs of
village life, as well as Korean
temples, sculptures, ceramics, and
paintings—works of art that, at
their best, are as fine as any in the
Orient."

THE NATION — "After reading
the author's account of Korean
village life one can never again
interpret the headlines in coldly
impersonal terms."

NEWARK NEWS — "Who are
these Koreans? . . . Here is a book
with the answers . . . in terms which
plain folks, as well as anthropolo-
gists, can enjoy and absorb." **\$5.00**

The Land of the Camel



**TENTS AND TEMPLES OF
INNER MONGOLIA**

by **Schuyler Cammann**

Exciting account of the author's
travels in Inner Mongolia, shed-
ding timely light on the Mongol
peoples and customs, and their pres-
ent plight in their relations with
the Chinese. Many photographs.

TIME MAGAZINE: "Schuyler Cam-
mann travels in the tradition of
the scholar-adventurer, and his
book cleaves to the best in its tra-
dition (truthfulness, a sense of
moral involvement, good humor)
while shunning the worst (bad
writing, political or sectarian
tirade, excessive footnotarianism)
... a sharp-eyed account." **\$5.00**

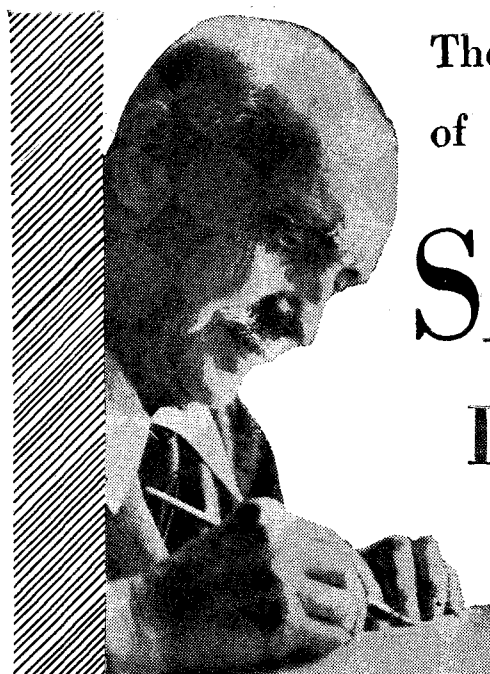
At your bookstore or from

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th Street, New York 10

Mr. Sperber — a teacher of psychology who worked for the Communist Party in Germany until 1937 and has fought Communism since — has written a panoramic story of the Red underground in Central Europe in the early thirties. The profusion of characters, the jerky movement from one plot to another, and the continual jumps across the map are, unfortunately, as confusing to the reader as the gyrations of the Party Line. Even so, *The Burned Bramble* is an impassioned and profound picture of Communist experience in the years before Stalinism had fully shown its face — of the faith and exaltation; the monstrous erasure of human decency and truth; the incredible loyalty and self-sacrifice whose eventual reward was a disillusioned soul, a cheated mind, and a bullet in the neck. "One finds reflected in this book," says Arthur Koestler, "the swaying and trembling outlines of the most extraordinary adventure of the human spirit since the age of the medieval Church."

The novel's central drama, which revolves around Herbert Soennecke, leader of the German Communist Party, is in essence the story of how the Komintern helped to bring about the bloody liquidation by the Nazis of the Reich's vast Communist network. The Komintern ruled against coöperation with the Social Democrats, in the mistaken belief that they and the Nazis would wear each other out. Soennecke, an "old revolutionary," questions the Party Line; and after events have proved him right, he and his chief aides are summoned to Moscow to serve as scapegoats for the Party's error by making a confession of treachery.

Mr. Sperber projects the evil of Stalinism not by the cheap device of making his Communists hateful but by making you aware of the evil done to men and women by a poisonous ideology. His Communists — Germans, Austrians, Yugoslavs; peasants, workers, intellectuals — emerge as human beings, however corrupted by the God they serve. One cannot help feeling sympathy when, for instance, they are taking part in the Austrian workers' hopeless fight against the Schuschnigg regime. One feels compassion as they are tortured and murdered by Gestapo and police; betrayed by each other; used as expendable puppets by the Party. And because of this sympathy and this compassion, one is able to feel, in the



The crowning life work
of the great philosopher

GEORGE SANTAYANA Dominations and Powers

*Reflections on Liberty,
Society and Government*

One would have to go back to Plato's *Republic* or to the *Ethics* of Aristotle to find an achievement comparable to this great discourse on politics. Santayana's penetrating views on the problems that confront the United Nations, and the futures of Russia and the United States as world leaders, provide perhaps the most profound analysis yet made of today's ills.

At your bookseller

Coming May 7 \$4.50

• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS •

*America's No. 1
Favorite Adventure!*
KON-TIKI
\$4.00 at all bookstores • RAND McNALLY & CO.

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices — postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

Poor Cousin Evelyn by JAMES YAFFE

James Yaffe's stories in the *Atlantic* and other national magazines have attracted wide attention. This, the first collection of his stories in book form, will appeal to all who like their truthful stories entertaining, and their entertaining stories true to life. \$3.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

**LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON**

JUST PUBLISHED . . . MAN: MIND OR MATTER? By Charles Mayer

Translated with a Preface by Harold A. Larrabee

André Maurois has this to say of Charles Mayer: "By the extent and variety of his learning, he recalls those universal minds, consumed with curiosity concerning science, literature, and action which were found in Europe at the time of the Renaissance. I find it admirable that a writer, in the midst of the present chaos of our planet, should rise above his times, work out a coherent system of thought, and concentrate on things which are eternal."

Says Professor Larrabee in the Translator's Preface: "There are many reasons why American readers should welcome this sanely optimistic survey of man's place in the universe. . . . The principal one is it will aid in resolving one of the greatest paradoxes of our national existence: The flat contradiction between our professions and our practices in regard to physical matter . . ."

Chapters include:

A New Philosophy of Materialism
Freed from Earlier Misconceptions
Is Science Bankrupt?
Ultimate Purposes are Illusions
The Three Stages of Creation
Free Will: Reality or Illusion
Can There Be a Truly Natural Ethics?
Critique of Marxist Materialism
Progressionist Materialism

At all booksellers . . . \$2.50

BEACON PRESS

25 BEACON STREET • BOSTON 8, MASS.



A grand human
being and a great
citizen tells his own
story—the inside story

THE LETTERS OF
**Theodore
Roosevelt**

Selected and Edited by
ELTING E. MORISON

TRUST-BUSTER and conservative, Bull Moose and party man, explorer, historian, naturalist, Theodore Roosevelt practiced the sort of constructive conservatism which has revitalized American politics from the time of Abraham Lincoln to the present. His letters reveal this versatile and dynamic man and the sprawling Roosevelt clan more candidly than anything yet published about them. Written with zest and a vivid turn of phrase, Roosevelt's letters show a master politician in action and provide an invaluable record of a changing world—from the standpoint of a man who did his utmost to change it for the better.

► Now published

The Years of Preparation (1868-1900) Volumes I and II, \$20.00

Youth — Civil Service Commissioner — Assistant Secretary of the Navy — Rough Rider — Governor of New York.

► Forthcoming—this year and next

The Square Deal (1901-1905)
Volumes III and IV

The Big Stick (1905-1909)
Volumes V and VI

The Days of Armageddon (1910-1919) Volumes VII and VIII

Letters supplied with editorial comment. Brief biographies of people mentioned. Index at the end of each of the 4 two-volume, approximately 1600-page sets. Profusely illustrated. All eight volumes will be published by the end of 1952.

At all bookstores, or
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Mass.

later pages, the crushing impact of the truths which struck the Soenneckes, the Sperbers, and the Koestlers fourteen years ago.

As a distraction from the time's distemper, we are offered a book billed as "a novel of sheer delight"

— **Festival** (Harper, \$3.95) by **J. B. Priestley**. "Let the misanthropes and wet blankets take warning," the jacket says menacingly, "*Festival* . . . will make the world a pleasant place to live in for a very large number of people." At the risk of appearing a misanthrope and wet blanket, I must confess that my appetite began to flag, drastically, after getting through half of Priestley's 600-page helping of Olde English Delight.

I am, if anything, more easily amused than the next man by British comedy characters such as Priestley's Commodore Tribe, an engaging old adventurer, broke and full of distinction; Major Bulfoss, the Blimpish Tory M.P.; Seth Hull, the rugged publican, mine host at the White Hart; and similar traditional types. But Priestley has taken a humorous little fracas, which might make the world a pleasant place for a few hours—shall the township of Farbridge celebrate the Festival of Britain?—and he has spun it out with stubborn complacency into a bloated epic. At best Priestley is a rather simple-minded humorist, who seems to find it hilarious to parody his betters (a playwright who is obviously Christopher Fry). His hearty brand of good clean British fun has its charm, but in bulk—that is, in *Festival*—it reminds me of the suet pudding with currants we used to get at school: after a time you don't notice the currants, you just taste the suet.

Potpourri

THE NEW SOVIET EMPIRE by **David J. Dallin**. Yale University Press, \$3.75.

The author, whose previous books have showed him to be a shrewd prophet of Russian affairs, now turns in an up-to-date survey of conditions within the Soviet Empire. Mr. Dallin's findings, if often controversial, are always well documented and, in the main, highly encouraging. He believes that the old forms of imperialism were much more efficient than the Stalinist variety—Stalin is seriously handicapped in his empire-building by having to maintain certain ideological fictions. The Western democracies, accordingly, should do everything in their

power to drive home Russian defeats. Mr. Dallin disagrees with the anthropologists and historians who have argued that the Russians have a leaning towards absolutism; and he stresses that it should be our policy to regard the Russian people as potential allies. Stalinism can and must, he concludes, be made to crumble from within.

OF SOCIETIES AND MEN by **Caryl P. Haskins**. Norton, \$4.50.

A distinguished scientist considers the ways of the ant and other social insects, with fifty or more million years of history to their credit, to see what can be learned about the social evolution of that million-year-old parvenu, modern man. What he comes up with is the cheering news that totalitarianism, on biological grounds, has less prospect of surviving than democracy. Meanwhile he draws some provocative parallels between the social evolution of many different kinds of organism, and he gives a fascinating close-up of behavior in the insect world.

TWILIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA by **Henry Gibbs**. Philosophical Library, \$4.50.

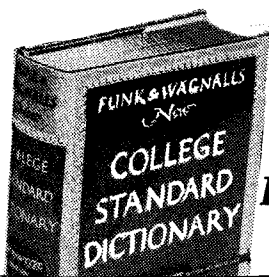
Mr. Gibbs's hard-hitting political and social report tells an important story which the press has rather neglected. Malan's Nationalist Government in South Africa is brazenly following the pattern of Hitlerism. It has enacted discriminatory racial legislation; is fighting for Boer domination over the other whites; and has spread hate and apprehension throughout the country. South Africa, says Mr. Gibbs, "faces . . . a time fraught with potential disaster."

WASHINGTON CONFIDENTIAL by **Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer**. Crown, \$3.00.

"A cesspool of drunkenness, debauchery, whoring, homosexuality, municipal corruption . . . protected crime . . . racketeering, pandering and plundering, among anomalous situations found nowhere else on earth." The authors are referring to the nation's capital, and the quotation gives a rough indication of the tone and tenor of their report. They write about malfeasance with almost jubilant relish, but they do expose a certain amount of high-powered dirt which might interest the Kefauver Committee. There are also chapters on Washington society, the diplomatic corps, Washington gastronomy, and so on.

A SOCIALIST'S FAITH, by **Norman Thomas**. Norton, \$4.00.

Mr. Thomas believes that socialization "does not mechanically answer our economic problems"; he sees "a strong case for keeping a segment of industry under private ownership"; and he proffers some outspoken criticism of the practices of labor unions. What he expounds is a "democratic socialism," which can be



The most
Complete
NEW
Dictionary
available

● 145,000 Funk & Wagnalls-tested definitions—thousands more than any other dictionary in its field—make this big NEW COLLEGE STANDARD the most comprehensive college-size dictionary available. Features *Emphatye*, the simplest, surest way of showing you how to pronounce a word—literally at a glance. \$5.50 plain. \$6.00 with thumb index.

FUNK & WAGNALLS
NEW
College
Standard
Dictionary
EM'PHA-TYPE Edition

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
153 East 24th Street New York 10

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE
WORLD TODAY
WHAT CAN BE DONE
ABOUT IT
WHAT OF THE FUTURE



These questions, asked of twenty-two leading psychologists and psychiatrists of twenty nations, are answered in this remarkable book.

This clinical approach—diagnosis, therapy and prognosis, views the world as a patient and is a departure from the more usual approach of the economists and diplomats. Each contributor represents his own national interest. The result is an eye-opening examination of the fundamental question—what causes our present-day world-wide tension?

WORLD
TENSION

THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Edited by GEORGE W. KISKER, Ph.D.

At bookstores \$5.00

PRENTICE-HALL, 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

achieved, he argues, without infringement of individual liberties.

In the field of foreign policy Mr. Thomas is a good deal more concerned than several leading archconservatives about all-out military measures to check Stalinism. He also stresses that "it takes something better than Franco in Europe or Chiang Kai-shek and his coterie in Asia to stop Communism. . . . A positive American policy for peace must be a far bolder program for economic aid in a coöperative war against hunger and poverty under the auspices of the U.N."

VIPER IN THE FIST by Hervé Bazin.
Prentice-Hall, \$2.75.

This first novel, which has won a couple of literary prizes in France, is the story of a fiendish mother's warfare with her three small sons. The second of these, the narrator, quite understandably becomes possessed of the devil himself, and he organizes a junta which wages a resourceful vendetta against Mama. M. Bazin has wrested from this grim subject a curiously exhilarating tale, glowing with ferocious humor and executed with superb artistry.

GOD'S MEN by Pearl S. Buck. John Day, \$3.50.

A long, consistently pedestrian novel which instructs the reader in Chinese politics from the Boxer Rebellion to the controversy over Chiang Kai-shek. The two central characters are a hardheaded newspaper tycoon and an idealistic humanitarian, both of whom grew up as American missionaries' sons in China. As fictional creations, both are made of hackneyed stuff.

DARKNESS AND DAY by Ivy Compton-Burnett. Knopf, \$3.50.

Miss Compton-Burnett is not merely original—she is unique. Like her previous novels, *Darkness and Day* is a glacially witty conversation piece about skeletons in the cupboards of English country gentry. The skeleton in this case is incest—not a fruitful subject for comedy. In Ivy Compton-Burnett's hands it proves exceedingly fruitful and appallingly comic.

AT SWIM-TWO-BIRDS by Flann O'Brien.
Pantheon, \$3.00.

In this fictional Irish stew, the author dishes up, seriously and spoofingly, all of the literary traditions of Ireland, from Celtic legend to James Joyce. Mr. Graham Greene, in a helpful note on the jacket, sums up the major plots as follows: "You have a) the narrator writing a book about a man called Trellis, who is b) writing a book about certain characters, who c) are turning the tables on Trellis by writing about him." I was too flummoxed to go along with Greene's opinion that this wildly original novel is something of a masterpiece "in the line of *Ulysses* and *Tristram Shandy*." But I found in it some very amusing pages.

SUCCESSFUL WRITERS

Teach You
To
WRITE



ROBERT SMITH

Author: *Hotel on the Lake*; *The Human Image*; *Baseball*; *One Winner in Boston* and many short stories.



JANET WELT

formerly on staff N. Y. *Journal* and *Detroit Times*; writer for Dell and Fawcett Publications.

BETH WALKER, author: *Hills of Home*; *Hollywood Ho*; radio scripts; verse; juvenile stories.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author: *The Prestons*; *A Footnote to Folly*; stories in *Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

ONLY COURSE OF ITS KIND

The Magazine Institute, the ONLY New York Writing School which is completely owned, staffed and operated by successful writers and editors, offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did—by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticised and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do. Your work, if it seems ready, is offered directly to market by our sales department.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to find out for yourself if you have any writing talent. The test is Completely Self-Correcting.

THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD

Inquirers also receive a big free catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan of professional help to writers and the Booklet **THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD**, telling how Magazine Institute graduates without other training have succeeded in the book, magazine, or newspaper world. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY. Do not risk mislaying this page. Do it NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
THIS COURSE APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING
The Magazine Institute, Inc.
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

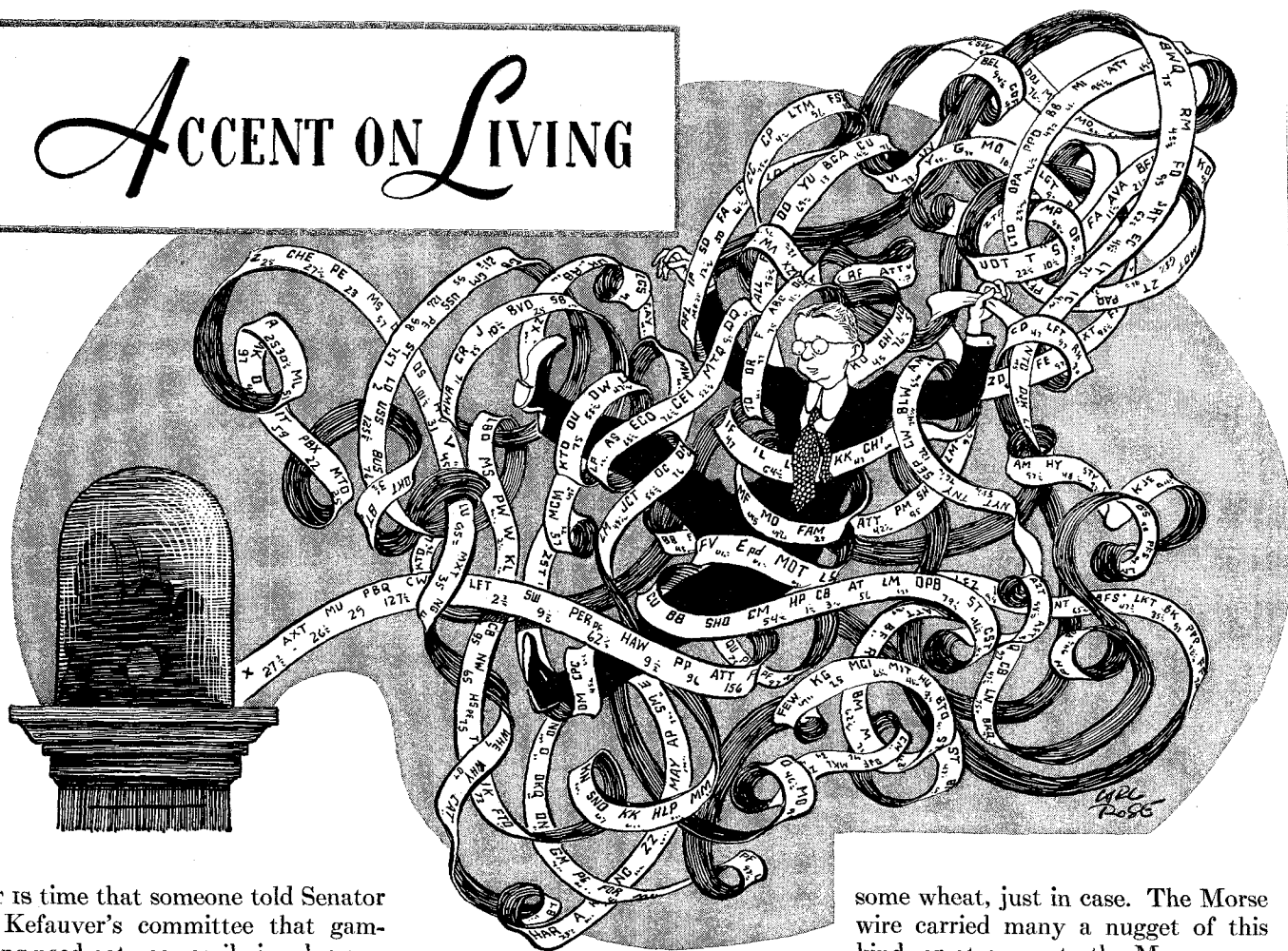
The Magazine Institute, Inc. Dept. 15-C
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.
Yes, I want to find out for myself if I have any writing talent. Send me your FREE Literary Aptitude Test together with your Free Catalog and other material about opportunities for success in writing. I understand that this inquiry is confidential and that no agent will call on me.

Name _____

Address _____

() Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill

ACCENT ON LIVING



IT is time that someone told Senator Kefauver's committee that gambling need not necessarily involve corruption of public officials by armed hoodlums. There was a day, not so long past, when people could lose their money in this country quite decorously in urbane surroundings, and with the utmost exercise of their intellectual powers. I refer to the period — ending, alas, with the securities legislation of 1933-1934 — of the bucket shop.

The bucket shop existed on the simple proposition that Americans enjoyed trading in stocks and that sooner or later they would trade themselves out of whatever money they had. On this eminently correct theory, it was unnecessary for the bucket shop to go to all the trouble of actually executing the buy and sell orders that its customers thought up. An order was "confirmed," usually at the price of the next quoted transaction in that particular stock or commodity, but the order was tossed "into the bucket" instead of becoming a reality on the floor of an exchange.

Bucketing was, I fear, frowned upon by non-bucketing brokers because of its genially low margin requirements. The bucket shop was more interested in how quickly a customer lost money than in how much

THIS MONTH

margin he maintained. The smaller the margin, the faster the action. If the customer was in a hurry, so indeed was the bucket shop. Frank Costello would have lost his shirt with any good bucket shop of the twenties. If a customer seemed to be about to make any money, the bucket shop might austere bid him take his business elsewhere. But complications on this score were rare, very rare.

Horse and dog track gamblers of today would have been abashed by the toplofty considerations which bucket shop customers discussed so readily and on which they based their trades. The customers' room buzzed with significant reports from every quarter of the globe: car loadings, building permits, rainfall in the Dakotas (or in the Punjab), call-money rates, and the doings of great personages in Chicago, New York, and London. "Armour is selling the wheat!" the bucket shop's Morse operator would call out; and after a decent interval of feigned indifference, the customers would furtively sell

some wheat, just in case. The Morse wire carried many a nugget of this kind, or at any rate, the Morse operator gave the impression that it did, and none of the traders were willing to let Armour, or Morgan, or Livermore make his killing without a bit of company in the coup.

From time to time, prosperous strangers would appear — simply passing through town and anxious to see how their own deals were faring. Quizzing by the local customers would eventually wring from the stranger a tip on a phonograph stock: the company had just invented a new needle. By noon the whole clientele of the bucket shop would have shifted quietly into the phonograph stock. A week later they would be off on their own again, this time in December lard, the locomotive stocks, and bar silver.

Whether these strangers were employed by the bucket shop to stimulate trading or whether they were part of a "jiggle" in the phonograph company stock, I am not sure. (I still assume that even a bucket shop customer could have made a real purchase and emerged with a stock certificate had he been stubborn about it.)

In the year 1920 I happened to be the adolescent proprietor of a 1919

Stutz Bulldog Special; also of a fantastically active margin account in a vast bucket shop with branches all over the United States, known as E. W. Wagner & Co. These two facts in combination caused me to keep a shrewd eye on all goings-on in Stutz motors on the N.Y. Stock Exchange and I watched the stock go up five and ten points a day and cross 120. My own feeling was that the investing public was doubtless catching on to the fact that the Stutz was a lot of fun to drive and that its open exhaust made a wonderful noise — great car on dirt corners, too.

But when Stutz got up to around 120, it occurred to me that the investing public — the ignorant small traders of whom I certainly did not count myself as one — was laying itself open to a bold stroke by me. I thumbed through the little manual which all Wagner customers used in reaching their unhappy decisions and made a quick analysis of the Stutz company. There was certainly nothing in the book to justify such prices. A short position was plainly indicated.

It was only about fifteen minutes before the close of the market. (The time factor was not really important, for I realized months later that the Wagner offices rarely executed any orders anyhow, although everything was solemnly confirmed from Chicago a day later with great punctilio.) My account was worth about 700 dollars, but this was spread paper-thin in a rare medley of long and short transactions, a stray put (that didn't pay off), and a job or two of July corn. These other trades I could close out if I had to, I reasoned, and I ought to pick up 20 or 30 points on the down side in Stutz in a hurry.

I scribbled an order and handed it to the manager. "Sell 50 Stutz at the market," I said grandly.

Even the Wagner manager was shocked. I doubt that any other 700-dollar account on his books was in and out so many times each day as mine, and although I never made any money, the commissions must have added up to a staggering figure. A one-point profit usually seemed to me the time to unload. I think I expected Stutz to open off 10 or 20 points and thus make it impossible for me to beat myself as I usually did. I stood firm.

The manager called me up at home that evening. He was in

something of a state. So was I. I had been reading the evening papers, which contained for the first time news that a cast-iron corner seemed to be making up, from mysterious sources, in Stutz. "We sold your 50 Stutz at 130½," the manager reported, "but I'm afraid Chicago will be hollering for more margin." This was somber news indeed, for my entire personal fortune was already on the line at Wagner's. I walked the floor, went out and skidded a few dirt corners in the Stutz and was charmed as usual by its muscular behavior. Perhaps the 16-valve series was doing better than I had thought. Perhaps the corner was based on some awareness of this by big operators in New York. Perhaps all sorts of things.

I was down at the bucket shop next morning before the doors were unlocked. "Buy me 50 Stutz at the opening," I told the manager when he arrived. "I am going to cover."

This shocked the manager even more than my short sale of the day before. The stock might open up 50 points, he pointed out (it did several times later on). But I was fed up, badly scared. It never occurred to me to switch. I probably would have closed up Wagner then and there if I had, but of that circumstance I had no knowledge. "Buy it in at the opening," I repeated.

The laugh was, an hour later, that Stutz opened at 129 and a fraction and I grossed almost a point on the trade. I was out. But by noon it was flitting around 300, a Page One story that night, and a few days later trading was suspended at 724.

I got a margin call from Chicago shortly afterward on my miscellaneous cats and dogs and closed out the account. It took me about four weeks to wrest from Wagner the 600-odd dollars due me. A month after I got the money, the Wagner Company went bust for about 10 million dollars. Wagner jumped out a window in Chicago, and the liquidation the next day of his own position in wheat — he was apparently just as hopeful a trader as his customers — caused a 14-cent nose-dive in one or two deliveries.

There was a certain dashing quality in the finance and automobile exhausts of that period which one misses today.

My 600 dollars looked enormous to me in my own clutch, and I wisely transferred it to poker.

CHARLES W. MORTON



by FRANK K. KELLY

FRANK K. KELLY is a former Kansas City and New York newspaperman now working in Washington. He is the author of many magazine articles and his novel about the workings of a press association, *An Edge of Light*, was published in 1949.

WHEN I reached twenty-one, I was hacking out a living by writing about the delights of interplanetary travel. But midway in a tale of a great drought on Mars, I was blocked by a vision of the tanned beauty of the girl next door. I came to a full stop, and I could not start again. The touch was gone, the golden touch which had made my chronicles of war on Jupiter and woe on Mars acceptable to the elastic-minded editors of the science fiction magazines. I stood up, put on a tie, and went out on the porch of my father's house in Kansas City to watch the girls go by.

How did women think? What did they think about? What did they desire, what were their weaknesses, what were the enticing things to say to them? How could I capture one? These questions flickered through my troubled mind. The bright face of Zeletta, the phosphorescent girl of my teens who had shared my adventures on the far planets, became a small and faded image in my memory.

When my first fumbling efforts to capture a few women were repulsed, I turned to my submissive typewriter and produced a flood of love stories. The stories were always poignant and passionate. The women in them were vigorous, outspoken creatures. Not certain of how women should talk in tales of love, I made them speak as forthrightly as men — not with rocket pistols or death rays, but with harsh words and fists when necessary.

"Caveman stuff doesn't go any more," scribbled one manuscript critic on the back of a rejection slip. "Tone it down." Another advised me crisply: "You may be all right when you learn restraint." One man warned



me: "You get to the point too abruptly. Winning a woman is not always done by direct action." When I got a story printed in a love pulp periodical, a feminine reader commented: "No woman would act like



that." Most of the complaints hit the same note: I was too brutal.

While I wrote savage stories of burning love, I was rejected by a flock of blondes, brunettes, and redheads. One girl explained to me that I had an irregular occupation, and no girl would marry a man who carried his love stories as far as I did. Another said she loved me a little, but not enough. My knowledge of women grew slowly, and my stack of stories became higher and higher.

A friend of mine glanced over a dozen manuscripts one night. He lingered on a sardonic tale of an impetuous man rebuffed by women who were frightened of his despairing style of love-making. "Why don't you try this on a confession magazine?" he asked. "If you put a moral on this, it would sell."

I stared at him. "It isn't exactly taken from life," I muttered. He regarded me with wonder. "The stories in those magazines are dream stuff," he said. "All you need for them is a heated imagination, and you've got it."

"But I've never overwhelmed any women," I said. "I've never fallen in love with a friend's wife. I've never been caught in a tragic triangle."

After he had gone I threw my manuscripts into a cardboard box under my desk, and I decided to get a steady job. I became a newspaperman, and I tried to forget my elegies on love. But I kept adding to the tall heap of stories in the brown box, and one New Year's Day I abandoned my job to go to Manhattan, determined to become a sophisticated free-lance and to savor the temptuous freedom of Greenwich Village.

Before I boarded the train that cold and rainy day, my friend slipped a letter into my overcoat pocket. He

explained that he had composed a few lines of introduction for me to a confession magazine editor, and urged me to use the letter if I found myself absolutely on the rocks. I didn't want to get into an argument, but I silently resolved that before I would turn to confessing synthetic sins for a living I'd sink back into the newspaper business.

In New York I hoped to encounter the adventures I had not been able to find in my own home town, yet somehow they eluded me. For six months I lived in dingy furnished rooms on West Seventeenth Street with a fellow refugee from Kansas City, a taciturn reporter. He roamed the bleak Manhattan streets by day in search of jobs while I paced the gray rooms or pounded my portable typewriter.

At night the horns and whistles of ships in the Hudson River haunted our fitful frustrated sleep. We seldom met any girls, and when we did we had just enough money to take them to the movies, so we didn't make much progress. My savings dribbled away in expenditures for English muffins and coffee, and at the end of six months I had sold only one story, a short and powerful piece about a French cabin boy on a merchant ship, who had been saved from drowning by a talisman given to him by a Breton girl.

On a rainy night when my reporter friend returned to the rooms dripping moisture and melancholy, I announced my intention of seeking a spot on a newspaper. He simply shook his head. "Then I'll use my letter of introduction," I said. "If I can't sell anything else, I can sell confessions."

Bill sighed deeply and removed his wet shoes. "We're doomed," he said. "As far as I can see, you haven't got anything to confess."

I went to the bare cupboard, and then turned. "I've never been to Mars, but I sold a lot of stuff about Mars," I said.

Bill shook the water from his shoes. "Try it," he said. "Okay, try it."

The next day I donned my last gabardine suit and rode in the subway to the offices of the Morality Publications on Forty-second Street. When I walked into the reception room I noticed that it was decorated in crimson and cream, colors richly symbolic of sin and forgiveness.

My letter gained for me a quick admittance into the spacious office of

Mr. Snow, the editor of *True to Life*. He studied me for several seconds, and nodded. "You've got that tormented look," he said. "I think you're going to write things for me. I'll tell you what we want, now. We want straight stuff, stories pulsing with the heartbeat of life, quivering with the warm blood of human experience."

I hesitated. "What is your word rate?"

"If I like your stuff, you'll get four cents a word. Later you'll get more. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do first. Here are copies of some back numbers of my magazine. Take them home and read them and come back to see me a week from today." He scratched a pencil across a calendar pad. "Next Thursday, at three o'clock." He came around the rim of the desk, carrying a pile of thick magazines. I took them, and the weight made my arms sag.

Before I could continue the conversation he caught my arm and led me along a corridor to the reception room, talking about our mutual friend in Kansas City.

"He told me you were an evangelist," I said.

Mr. Snow stopped. He looked a little touched and a little pleased.

"In a certain way, I am an evangelist," he said. "My magazine has done more to win decent treatment for unmarried mothers than any other in the country. All our publications have high standards of morality. You've lived long enough to know that sin leads to sorrow, and redemption brings rejoicing. Remember that."

He squeezed my shoulder and re-



treated toward his office. I went past the pale receptionist, took an elevator to the lobby of the building, and stepped into the glare of Forty-second Street, shaken and confused.

Back in the gloomy furnished rooms down in the Village, I studied the magazines. NIGHT OF DISILLUSION was featured on one blazing

cover; MY MOTHER WAS MY RIVAL was splashed on another. There were stories of luckless brides, lost girls, unhappy bigamists.

I didn't have the background, the range of experience, to produce such tales, but the next day Snow called me. "I need a 5000-word piece to fill out my next issue, and I need somebody not long out of college to handle it," he said. "There's a young professor, teaching at a college for women. He takes advantage of his position, he's a cruel heartbreaker. Then he falls in love with one of his students, really in love, and she treats him with cold contempt because of his reputation. He pays the penalty of loose living."

"But he gets her in the end," I said.

"No. Our stories are true to life. We don't have to force a happy ending. She goes away, and he keeps her enshrined in his heart, and he becomes a great teacher, a fine influence on all the girls in the college. He becomes a living proof that faithful love does exist."

"Do you think I can handle it?" I asked.

"Certainly you can," he said. His voice became softly persuasive. "I'll give you a break. Tell it from the man's angle. We don't usually take it from that angle, but it'll be easier for you. Later you can try the woman's angle."

I wrote it, and he bought it. He took me to lunch at a hotel to discuss the future. Before we ate, he spread the pages of the story on the tablecloth. "It's good," he said. "Fine, except for a few things. You don't get enough *bone* in your love scenes. *Bone*, that's what you need. And your plot needs more of a motor. You've got to have an engine to make it go. What drives this guy? Why does he go from woman to woman, when he secretly believes in one big love? Can it be that he's seeking the tender affection his mother didn't give him? Or maybe there's some other reason. But get it in. Get it all in."

He seized one of the pages. "Now this scene in the woods needed some juice. I touched it up. Listen to this: 'Call it wisdom, call it madness, call it what you will! Pearl and I were lifted up to the heights of ecstasy, and all the dull world fell away from us.' That gives it more *zip*. You've got to have *zip*, you've got to have *zing* in these scenes."

ACCENT ON LIVING



Here's to the Winner!



"A CHAMPION DESERVES
THE BEST, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE,
AND THE BEST IS
BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH...A
CHAMPION, TOO! ITS QUALITY AND
CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



Under his tutelage I learned how to tell stories as though I had become a woman blooming in the presence of deep love. I went to Washington, the city of government girls, and got enough *zing* in a week to fill a dozen stories. I wrote of the bitter competition for love in a city where women were too numerous. I turned out a novelette about a foreign correspondent who was torn between his desire for a brave British girl and his pledged love for a gay but shallow American sweetheart. I described scenes of agony and despair, the gratitude of forgiven sinners, the high happiness of triumphant lovers.

As soon as I got a chance at a promising job, an opening on the city desk of the Associated Press, I resolved to break with Snow. I couldn't seem to do it. The next green checks he gave me overcame my objections to the strange changes he made in my plots and the purple injections he shot into my prose. He was earnest about the moral value of his magazine, and he convinced me that he really was a crusader.

The decisive event came when I went to Kansas City on a vacation trip. I met a new girl, and I knew I had found the great love of my life. We had two evenings together, and I flew back to New York in a shining stupor. When I landed at La Guardia Field I sent a telegram, asking a vital question. She sent the right answer.

With that message in my hands I told myself that I must begin life afresh, I had to put my career of synthetic sin behind me. I telephoned Snow and told him.

He did not speak for a while. When he did, his voice had that smooth, agreeable quality. "It's wonderful. Congratulations. Of course you're going on to other fields. But before you do, write the story of your own romance. The American way. Love drops in by plane. The man who hunted love in far places and found it in his own home town. It has angles. It's magnificent."

"No," I said. "Sorry."

"You'll need money for your honeymoon," he reminded me in his gentle, reasonable voice. "You call me back. Why, you can tell this story in a few hours. It will pour out of you. I want it. It's authentic, it's real, it's natural."

"No," I said. "No. I can't."

"Think it over, and call me back."

"Good-bye," I said.



MOTHER WIT

by MARGARET HURST

MARGARET HURST tells us that none of her writing has been published since she received, while in the eighth grade, five dollars for a tract entitled "The Harm of a Glass of Beer." Originally from Pittsburgh, she now lives in an old farmhouse in Hellam, Pennsylvania.

As one who was long ago considered something of a card by her contemporaries, and who always wrote such clever letters, I was deeply chagrined to discover — through whom but my own children — that I'm not very funny.

I had even given "humorous readings" as a girl, and continued to be nothing loath when asked to perform during the early years of my marriage.

I had my earliest inkling one afternoon at a Parent-Teachers meeting when I was giving out with my sure-fire *A Mother and Her Small Boy at the Circus*. As I gained momentum I stole a glance at our first-born, who was sitting in the front row directly under me. He was bent double, to the point where I could clearly make out the "Toughies" tagged to the inner rear band of his corduroys, and beyond the point that might be expected of one burdened with the responsibilities of office connected with being Custodian of the Wastebaskets for the first grade. Besides, his hands were pressed firmly over his eyes.

He remained frozen thus as I continued doggedly with my thin, whining "What's a cowboy, Mothah?" The patient mother-voice, "A man who tends cattle out on the plains." A quick switch to the whine, "Well, *Mothah*, are there any little calf-boys?" At this last I noted an abrupt flinching of the entire body; the eyes were still tightly closed, but the fingers were now plugging the ears.

Call it mother instinct if you will — at this move I began to sense that my pride and joy was trying to inform me and sundry that I definitely wasn't his. Yet, when the plaudits of the P.T.A. rang sweetly (I didn't cost anything, and I suspect they were looking ahead to having me again), I told myself it had been merely an unhappy choice of subject. The child of course had identified himself with the little boy in the reading.

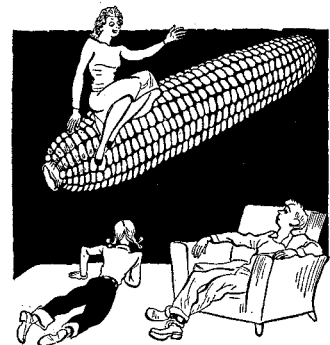
I didn't do my encore. In truth, the performance turned out to be something of a farewell appearance. I was too busy having babies, I said. And soon they stopped asking me. Suspiciously soon, come to think of it.

In those dear dead days I was forever having sidesplitting experiences. Just let me so much as go to market any morning and by afternoon you'd find me at the telephone regaling a friend. Came the day when, as I sat there rollicking it up, I felt something brooding behind me.

When I hung up I looked guiltily around into the scrupulous eyes of our Girl Scout, bound for a meeting with hat and tie at the precise angle of Assistant Patrol Leader and Member of the Guard of Honor. I was reminded, levelly, "The whole bag of oranges didn't roll, Mother. Only three."

As time went on there were further intimations that I was something less than a riot. One day I found our living room swarming with weightlifters, each in turn grasping the leg of an end table and raising it aloft. So I said — wittily, I thought — "Having a séance?"

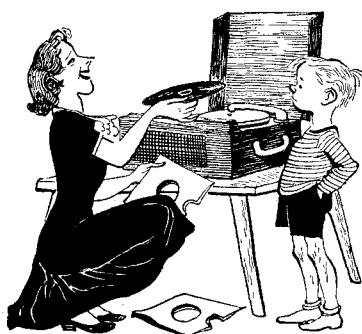
There was a pitying silence, during which they all rose uncertainly, the others looking at my son in a moment of all-out empathy. I wasn't equipped with the sort of cover-up gag Bob



Hope takes refuge in when he lays an egg, such as, "Well, that one certainly laid an egg," but my boy came charmingly to the rescue. He jerked a tolerant head in my direction.

"The poor man's Judy Canova," he explained, and the boys roared. I had become the straight man.

But one doesn't give up without



a struggle one's sole claim to distinction however unfounded. And one will sometimes stoop pretty low indeed. I suppose I was nearest nadir when I was to adopt — briefly — the very jargon of the elect. (How desperate can you get?) If I'd donned at my age (which is bemberg) a halter and shorts, or even a broomstick skirt, the reaction wouldn't have been quite as withering. Except that a more fitting relation between me and a broomstick might have been thought of, if not pointed out.

But it was the old Victrola records that irrevocably fixed me in the family circle as a dim- or non-wit, besides changing me overnight from one who never throws anything away to one who throws away practically everything.

I found them hidden away in the storage room in a worn, fuzzy suitcase from early school days. (There was a beautiful Neysa McMein girl with black bangs and a shiny nose pasted inside the lid. Underneath I had written, funnily, "Me.") Among the records, a few of which were rather beat up (having been handed down to me by my Aunt Bess, who was a caution and whom everyone used to say I took after), were *No News or What Killed the Dog*, *Uncle Josh at the Dentist's*, *Cohen at the Telephone*, and several Gallagher and Shean records. I believe there were some of *The Two Black Crows*, too.

I grew naïvely excited. I'd show them something really funny. Over these old records the twain would meet. The precautionary measure of a tryout never even occurred to me.

It was the beginning of summer vacation, and when the children had assembled piecemeal for lunch that fateful day, I was waiting for them with nauseatingly mysterious air. I hinted at a treat in store for them.

The teen-agers turned dead-pan faces politely toward me. Our youngest had been, up until that time, not quite disenchanted.

We stacked the dishes, and my family straggled after me into the living room. One of the boys eyed the pile of records. "Oldies," he remarked succinctly. At this information one or two tentative eyebrows lifted, and if I hadn't known better I would have sworn someone even leaned forward slightly.

I lovingly chose the first of the pile, and probably the oldest of the oldies, *Cohen at the Telephone*. I switched on the starter, smiled a knowing smile.

"Hello. . . . Hello. . . . Vat number do I vant? Vell, vat numbers have you got?" They listened, appalled at first, then in rigid silence, too embarrassed even to exchange glances. The thing ground inexorably on, "I aindt svealring at you! Von man to mend the damaged shutter outside mine house. Not two men. . . . Last night the vindt came. . . ." I avoided four pairs of eyes that I knew were painfully avoiding mine as I hurriedly removed Cohen for *Uncle Josh at the Dentist's*. All right, I remembered how funny that was!

But when Uncle Josh without warning let go with that long-drawn agonizing wail under the dentist's drill, it was as nothing compared with the assorted suffering in our living room — and not in sympathy, either.

When I gingerly disposed of Uncle Josh and for some reason laughed a small sheepish laugh, the audience started violently, as at a sound unseemly. My despairing eye



fell on the next record. . . . Ah, Messrs. Gallagher and Shean wouldn't let me down. Why of course! They were later — and it was music. We had laughed till we thought we'd die back in '21. Good old Gallagher and Shean would save the day — the old days — for humor.

The instant I heard that first robustious "Oh, Mister Gallagher! — Oh, Mister Shean!" I knew I was licked. (Positively, Mister Gallagher? Absolutely, Mister Shean!) We saw it through, to the last revolting revolution and that crack about lawn tennis. Even our youngest, with the onslaught of Gallagher and Shean, had progressed from bewilderment to a kind of bleak disdain.

I removed the record slowly. I also removed a speck of lint here and there. For a craven moment I thought of passing off the whole thing as a joke but fortunately dismissed the idea. Nothing to do but scoop up the records for too long delayed burial. They stank and I knew it.

The children began to emerge from their *Weltschmerz*. They made conversation! Bless them, they were growing up. I could see they were all gently sorry for me.

But not surprised!

"What were those very early machines like, Mother?" "Did yours have a horn?" (Futile for someone pre-wheel to deny the horn.)

The unease was relieved by a snicker and a soft "Ho-ly Crumb! Corn from a horn!"

When my daughter said kindly, unconvincingly, "You must have had fun, Mother," she knew better. They all knew better.

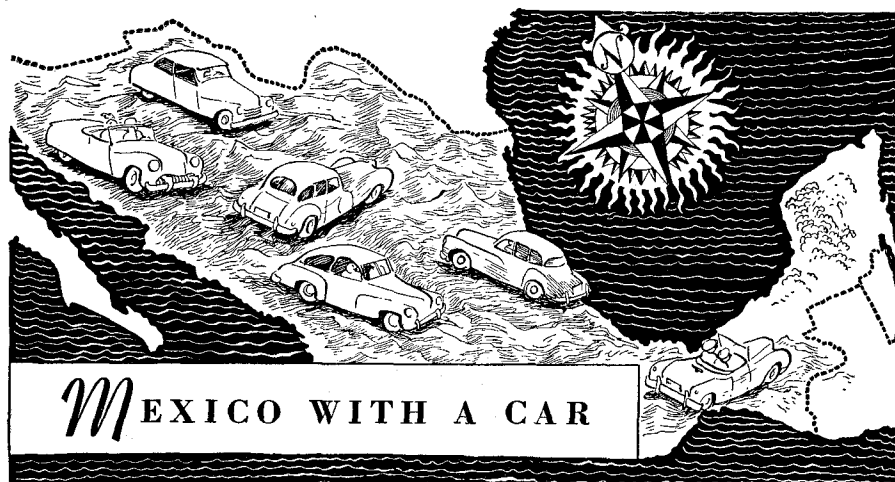
MAY'S PROMOTES GERTRUDE SCHULTZ

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

Miss Gertrude Schultz, for the past three years market representative of budget coats and suits for the New York store of the May Department Stores, has been promoted to market representative of better coats and suits. — *Women's Wear Daily*.

DEAR Gertrude, now you rise, it's clear,
From budget coats a full step higher,
While I, a faithful budgeteer,
Raise my voice, confused, to inquire,
Who fixes the terms the trade press quotes,
Maligning my budget coat as inferior,
Something less than a better coat,
Something drabber, something drearier?

Luck to you, Gertrude, keep up the quest,
Budget to better, better to best.



by MACKINLEY HELM

Facilities for motor travel in Mexico continue to improve, and here are several itineraries for the visitor who rents a car or brings his own. An authority on the art and architecture of Mexico, MACKINLEY HELM is the author of Modern Mexican Painting and of the motorists' guide-book, Journeying Through Mexico.

MORE than 400,000 freshly vaccinated Americans went to Mexico last year by plane, train, and motor. They spent an estimated 150 million dollars on the other side of the border and presumably got a lot for their money. Mexican travel and the spoils of travel have remained consistently cheap since the 1949 devaluation of Mexican currency.

The 1951 tourist can reach Mexico City, the lofty center of Mexican life, from Nogales, El Paso, or Laredo by rail; by plane, east or west, nonstop from Monterrey to the capital; or by motor from Brownsville, McAllen, Laredo, El Paso. The last is the gateway to the new Central Highway.

There are so many comfortable overnight stopping places on the well-known Pan-American Highway to Mexico City that the trip no longer requires any considerable foresight beyond booked-up Monterrey. You have only to choose between two grinding days of climbing from Monterrey to the capital and three leisurely days with time to see the interior heart of the country and to ensure arrival at the high altitude of the Valley of Mexico without undue fatigue. Night driving is not recommended because of the late heavy rains from June to October and stray cattle on all roads at all times.

Motorists from the West are now regularly driving the Central Highway from Ciudad Juárez, the Mexican opposite of El Paso, Texas. There are

as yet few hotels on this highway, however, and overnight stops should be planned somewhat as follows:—

1. Chihuahua, 234 miles from Ciudad Juárez. Advance reservations are practically mandatory at the handsome resort Hotel Victoria and the Palacio Hilton.

2. Durango, 450 miles south of Chihuahua — Hotel Casablanca and a well-appointed tourist court amusingly called Pancho Villa. Luncheon and gas can be taken aboard at Parral, 190 miles out from Chihuahua; and from Durango, the second day's destination, you can fly to Mazatlán, on the coast, in less than an hour.

3. Motorists planning to visit the lovely lake of Chapala and the newly face-lifted city of Guadalajara (Hotel Guadalajara for good cooking, Hotel Morales for atmosphere) will perhaps take lunch the third day with the Fresnillo Chinamen and spend the night (Hotel Paris) at Aguascalientes, famous for hot mineral baths and weird catacombs. Otherwise you can go on to busy León, a regional shopping center (Hotel León), or to the baroque hillside city of Guanajuato, 15 miles off the Central Highway and just about 400 miles from Durango (Hotel Santa Fe on a silvery plaza and Hotel Orozco out in the suburbs).

From Guanajuato the way into Mexico City is easy. You pass through the native architect Eduardo Tresguerras's twin cities, Celaya and Querétaro, from the latter of which you can make a 40-mile side trip to San Miguel de Allende on pavement. From Querétaro into the capital, take the route through Huichapan and Colonia. Some of my correspondents have reported that a can of American gas may be put to good use on the northern section of the new Central Highway.

People who have neither the time

nor the desire to go over the road — there are 765 miles of tropic and mountain road from Laredo to Mexico City and 1335 miles from El Paso — may take comfort in hearing that a party of four can go touring out of Mexico City in a hired car with chauffeur for something less than the price of four railway and Pullman fares in the States. You pay approximately one peso for one kilometer of travel, plus a small bonus. The beneficent institution of the *turismo*, which every hotel porter understands thoroughly, furthermore provides limousine transportation at very low cost between Mexico City and the fabulous towns, while fares on good buses to everywhere can be computed in pennies.

THE HIGH PLATEAU

If you are affected by high altitudes, you may want to retreat from Mexico City (some 7400 feet above the sea) to mile-high Cuernavaca, a town which enjoys the most salubrious climate in this whole hemisphere. In springlike Cuernavaca it obligingly rains, when it *must* rain, at night. There is also ample amusement right there for a time: swimming in the orchid gardens at Hotel Marik; picnics at the sixteenth-century Augustinian convents on (or near) the road to Cuautla; dove shooting at Lake Tequesquitengo, Mexico's newest resort; a day at the ingratiating Tepoztlán pueblo; and music and dancing through the whole balmy night in the plaza.

Mexico City, when you get back to it, can be almost as expensive as an American city, although low-priced accommodations, weekly or monthly, may be found through *Esta Semana*, a fortnightly publication available everywhere free of charge and indispensable as an up-to-date guide to concerts and restaurants, to art exhibitions and regional festivals. The so-called "provincial" cities are cheaper by more than half, with full pension in clean, modern hotels at \$4 a day, sometimes less. The typically tourist places, like Fortín, Taxco, Acapulco, and San José de Purúa, will obviously be more expensive.

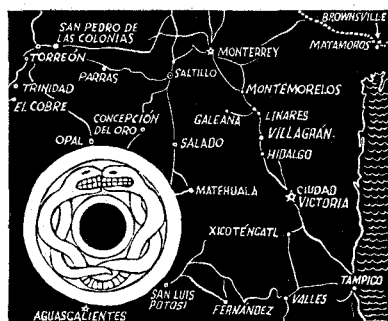
ON TOUR OF THE COLONIAL CITIES

I should count a visit to Mexico, even a brief one, disappointingly planned if it did not include a week's tour of the central colonial cities, some of which the motorist from our western states has encountered en route: Querétaro, San Miguel de Allende,

Guanajuato, Morelia — the last the seat of the Western Hemisphere's oldest music conservatory. Each of these towns has its own local color and its individual surface, often transposed from Spain and invariably ornamented with indigenous splendor.

San Miguel and Querétaro are on the railway from Laredo; or a *turismo* will take you cheaply from Mexico City to Maximilian's Querétaro, and buses or hired cars will complete the choice circle. A little white road, somewhat rough and scarcely frequented, that runs south to Morelia from the dazzling convent of Salamanca, en route from Guanajuato back to the capital, discloses memorable monuments of the old Spanish days: the Convent of San Pablo at Yuririapúndaro, a few miles east of the traveled road, and the Convent of Santa Magdalena at Cuitzeo.

With two weeks to spare, you can fill out this number-one side trip with a swing around to Guadalajara, a co-



lonial city enriched in our time by the frescoes of José Clemente Orozco. You can go out by way of Querétaro, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, and Lagos, and return past Lake Chapala to Pátzcuaro and the garden city, Uruapan, near the new volcano. A paved highway westward from Guadalajara to Tepic has lately opened up the legendary state of Nayarit to tourist travel, while one of the most spectacular stretches of road in the whole country lies just *east* of Morelia, on the return to the capital. A celebrated spa, Ixtapan de la Sal, also known only lately to tourists, lies 50 miles south of Toluca, a bustling market town 160 miles east of Morelia. There you can bathe as often as three times a day in radioactive waters and live well and cheaply at Hotel Lolita.

Another week of delight can be spent on the 368-mile trip from Mexico City south to Oaxaca, a colonial city in the green valley from which Hernán Cortés took his title. You take your lunch in a basket and leave

the capital right after breakfast. Over the mountains, at Texmelucan, you might make the side trip to Tlaxcala to see the Sanctuary of Ocotlán and buy tweeds and striped cowboy fabrics in the village plaza. At Huejotzingo, back on the highway, there is an extraordinarily well preserved Franciscan convent, worth a half hour's visit. Then you go on to Cholula, with its cluster of churches, and so to Puebla, the City of Angels. Puebla's churches and convents and environs are well worth a whole afternoon, and you can eat a good dinner at the shabby old Ritz. The most spectacular ornament of the next breath-taking day out of Puebla is the convent of Yanhuítlán, a Dominican house founded twenty years after the Conquest. The pueblo of Yanhuítlán may not be on your map; it is in a colorful valley at Kilometer 427.

Oaxaca itself (Hotel Marqués, Hotel Monte Alban, or Roy Jones's homelike Oaxaca Courts) is an architectonic poem in the green stone of the region, and near at hand, at Monte Alban and Mitla, lie the imposing remains of two ancient cultures. The Christopher Columbus section of the Pan-American Highway is paved as far as Tehuantepec, but the motor trip to the Isthmus cannot be comfortably made in midsummer. In cool weather, however, nothing is more beguiling than a tour of the Isthmus and the state of Chiapas to take in Juchitán, San Jerónimo Ixtepec, Tuxtla Gutiérrez (by plane from Ixtepec), and the drive from Tuxtla through Maya villages like Chiapa de Corzo to the mountain town of San Cristobal de las Casas. In summer, I recommend only the DC-3 trip from Oaxaca to Tuxtla Gutiérrez and the drive by bus or hired car to Las Casas, where hand-woven fabrics and Maya hats and embroideries are available, still, for the proverbial song.

The seashore excursions to Mazatlán, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Tampico, Veracruz, are most agreeable in the winter and early spring seasons when



there is fresh weather, warm enough water for bathing, and miraculous fishing. Yet even in summer, tourists and Mexicans are going in increasing



numbers to bathe in Acapulco's warm cobalt waters. You reach Acapulco by plane or by motor. The uneven descent to the ocean by road, from the mountains of Taxco, involves an unforgettable passage through lurid canyons and the crossing of tropical rivers in the steaming lowlands.

Perhaps the most enjoyable motor trip involving just a taste of the tropics in summer is a circular tour which begins on Route 2 at Mexico City, passes through Puebla, and picks up the lakeshore drive which bears left from Route 2 at Zacatepec. Past Teziutlán and down the mountain, you reach the hot country and the blue Gulf of Mexico at a village called Nautla. At Tecolutla, just north of Nautla, there is an endless white beach with a sufficiently comfortable inn, the Hotel Tecolutla.

At Papantla, on the return by way of Pachuca, you can make arrangements to visit El Tajín, a famous Totonac pyramid 10 miles from the town. At the fiesta of Corpus Christi, which occurs this year during the last week of May, you can see at Papantla almost the last manifestation of the *Voladores*, the birdlike male dancers who perform their ritual dance on a tiny platform at the top of a pole a hundred feet high. The dancers tie themselves to bound ropes, at the climax of a sacred aerial circus, and leap into the air from their perilous perches. They weave in and out through the air in ever widening circles until they touch ground. It takes quite a good stomach to watch them. From the old mining town of Pachuca, on Route 77, you can find your way to the Pan-American Highway and so back to the capital.

FOOD AND DRINK

One or two of my friends, in printed reviews and the like, have intimated

that I do not take the perils of eating and drinking with the gravity due them.

It is true that many tourists in Mexico pick up a troublesome touch of the dysentery — and also true that most cases are cured in a matter of hours by such a remedy as Entero-Vioformo, which can be procured in any *botica* without a prescription. The absolute question is, what brings on any given attack of the tourists' complaint?

My own view, the result of quite a good many years of not wholly detached observation, is that most of us eat and drink too much at night, given the altitude, and through over-indulgence become prey to omnipresent bacteria. It has seemed to me that moderation in eating and drinking in the late hours is more often effective than abstinence, say, from green salads. It is a good rule, however, to eat only in first-class hotels and restaurants and to resist dishes of uncertain origin temptingly purveyed in the markets and plazas. While table water in good hotels and restaurants is usually safe, it is probably wise for the casual visitor to drink only bottled water or beer. Mexican beer, light or dark, is delicious, with every well-known brand supported by regional partisans.

Among the scores of fine restaurants in Mexico City (there are others in *Esta Semana*), I like the Jena, the Ambassadeurs, the Del Prado, Paolo's downtown Bar, the Papillon, the Ritz, the Majestic roof, and very especially the plain-looking *Prendes*, where my idea of a memorable two o'clock lunch — the best meal of the day — would consist of French-fried caterpillars (*gusanos*) with purée of spiced avocado (*guacamole*); cold prawns (*langostinas*) with a stiff mayonnaise, or



Lady Baltimore specialize in plain, wholesome food for homesick Americans.

SHOPPING

Many tons of wrought silver were imported by tourists last season, much of it fine but more of it badly designed and imperfectly wrought. While Mexican silver is cheap, by comparison with American and British prices, once you understand the fixed price for the ounce of wrought silver you will not find any relative "bargains" within local markets. You get what you pay for. Variations in price between superficially identical pieces are accounted for by corresponding variations in weight or technique.

If you want to get the best values in silver, stick to the best places — the three or four outstanding shops in Taxco, their branch stores in Mexico City, and reliable Sanborn's. Many shopkeepers display cast silver at hand-wrought silver prices. Among these people you can, to be sure, make bargaining offers; and if cast silver suits your purpose, and you can get what you want by way of shape and design, well and good: just see that you get it at cast silver prices.

Arts and crafts from every region in Mexico, except perhaps the far south, will be found in shops in Mexico City, particularly along downtown Avenida Madero and Avenida Juárez and uptown Insurgentes. Yet there is surely great pleasure, not to say greater economy, in the discovery of sandals and baskets and blankets and silver or whatnot at source. The Oaxaca market is noted for hand-woven stoles of bright-colored wool, the scarlet of cochineal the most typical color. The silversmiths of Oaxaca copy the antique gold jewelry of Monte Alban in silver and gild it to order.

To the south of Oaxaca, the women of Mitla make lace among the mathematical ruins while native potters in near-by pueblos cook black glazed vessels in out-of-door kilns.

Veined white onyx is worked into boxes and book ends and idols on sale in the central plaza in Puebla. At Texmelucan, on the Puebla highway, lengths of hand-woven fabric and shaped table linens are made on antique looms while you wait. Each town produces its own handmade scarves (*rebozos*) and sandals (*huaraches*). In addition to these, in Querétaro, you will see unset opals; cambric skirts and embroidered blouses and wrought tin in San Miguel de Allende; pottery galore at Tlaquepaque, near Guadalajara; ceramics and lacquer at Uruapan and Pátzcuaro. If you go to Pátzcuaro, be sure to be at the lake at ten o'clock on a Friday to see the red-skirted female traders arrive at the shore in hollowed-out logs.

The Tarascan potters and lacquer makers also show their traditional wares in a shop fronting the highway in the town of Quiroga, at the point of intersection of Route 4 from Morelia and the road to Pátzcuaro. And 2 miles west of Quiroga — and in not



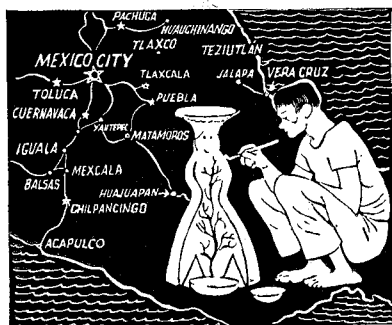
more than two minutes — you can drive north off the highway, if you look sharp for the signpost, into a perfectly alien world. This is the plaza of Santa Fe de la Laguna, a town lost in the past. There your car will be swiftly surrounded by smiling women and children, and you have only to smile back and cry out "*Barrol! Barrol!*" to be led to the workshops of the world's drollest potters.

WASHED UP

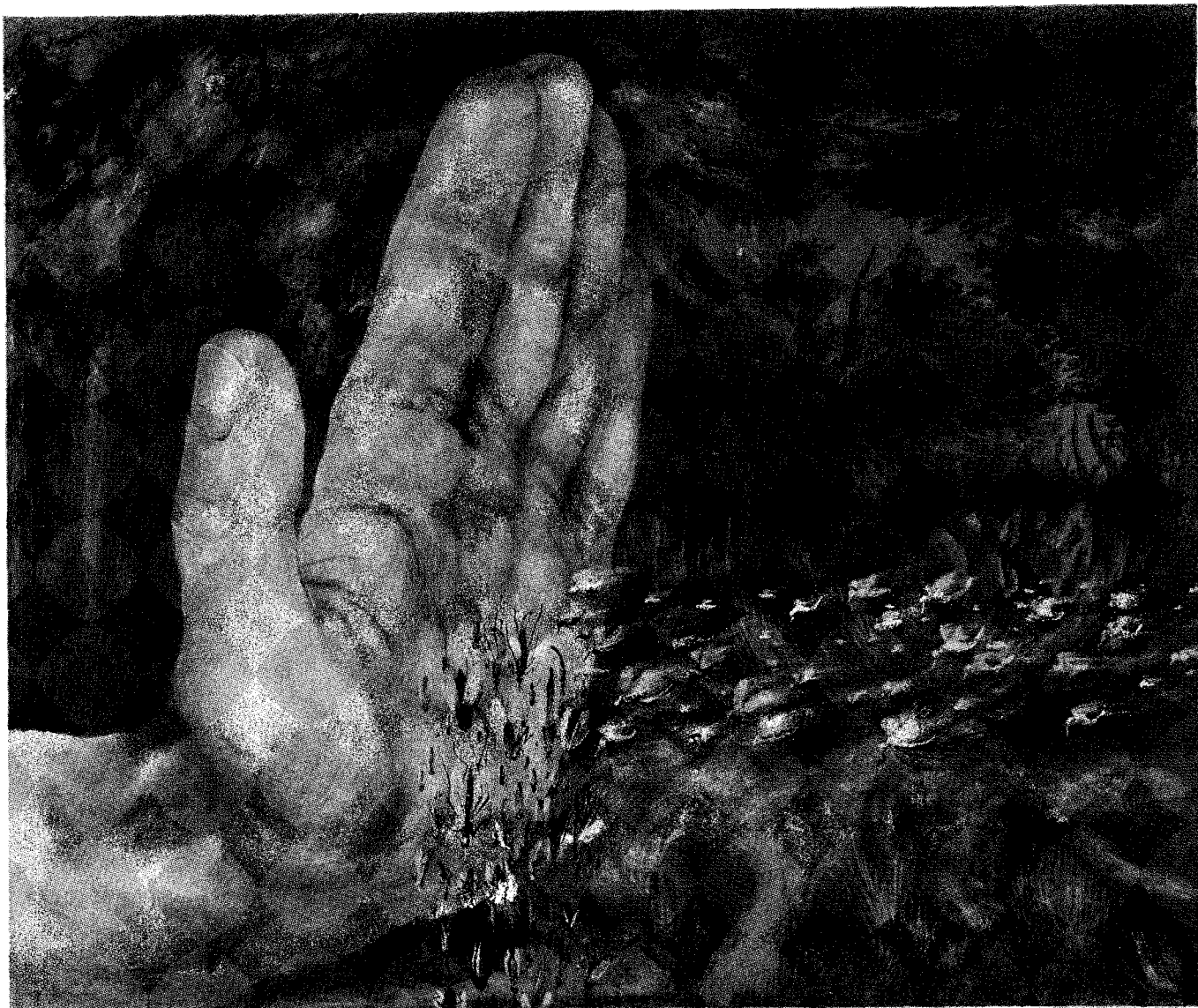
by RICHARD ARMOUR

THERE Junior stands.
His hands
Are clean, you say,
But I demur.

You say his hands are clean —
You mean
(A minute having passed)
They were.



baked oysters (*ostiones al gratin*); and a filet mignon (*bifstek Prendes*), not too ripe, with crisp rings of sweet onion. The steak is a dollar. The rather unadventurous Sanborn's and



Bad News for Bugs

BUGS are in for the surprise of their lives. *They're going to zoom into allethrin, the new insecticide ingredient. It looks like especially bad news for many of the insects that pester you most.*

Take flies, mosquitoes and gnats . . . allethrin's paralyzing touch searches them out . . . delivers the blow that knocks them down fast . . . leaving its slower acting companion ingredients in the spray or powder to complete the kill.

Until now this type of insecticide came from flowers picked by the natives in Asia and Africa. But *allethrin is an all-American product*, synthesized under scientific controls and has the definite advantages over importations of uniformity in strength and quality.

It is only natural that the people of Union Carbide pioneered in the production of allethrin on a commercial scale. For they were already making most of the needed chemical ingredients.

As a result, the people of Union Carbide are already providing allethrin in ever-increasing quantities to manufacturers of household and dairy sprays. And researchers all over the country are now engaged in testing its value for the control of agricultural pests and for other purposes. Other Union Carbide chemicals are important ingredients in many other insecticides and fungicides. One or more of them may have a place in your future plans.

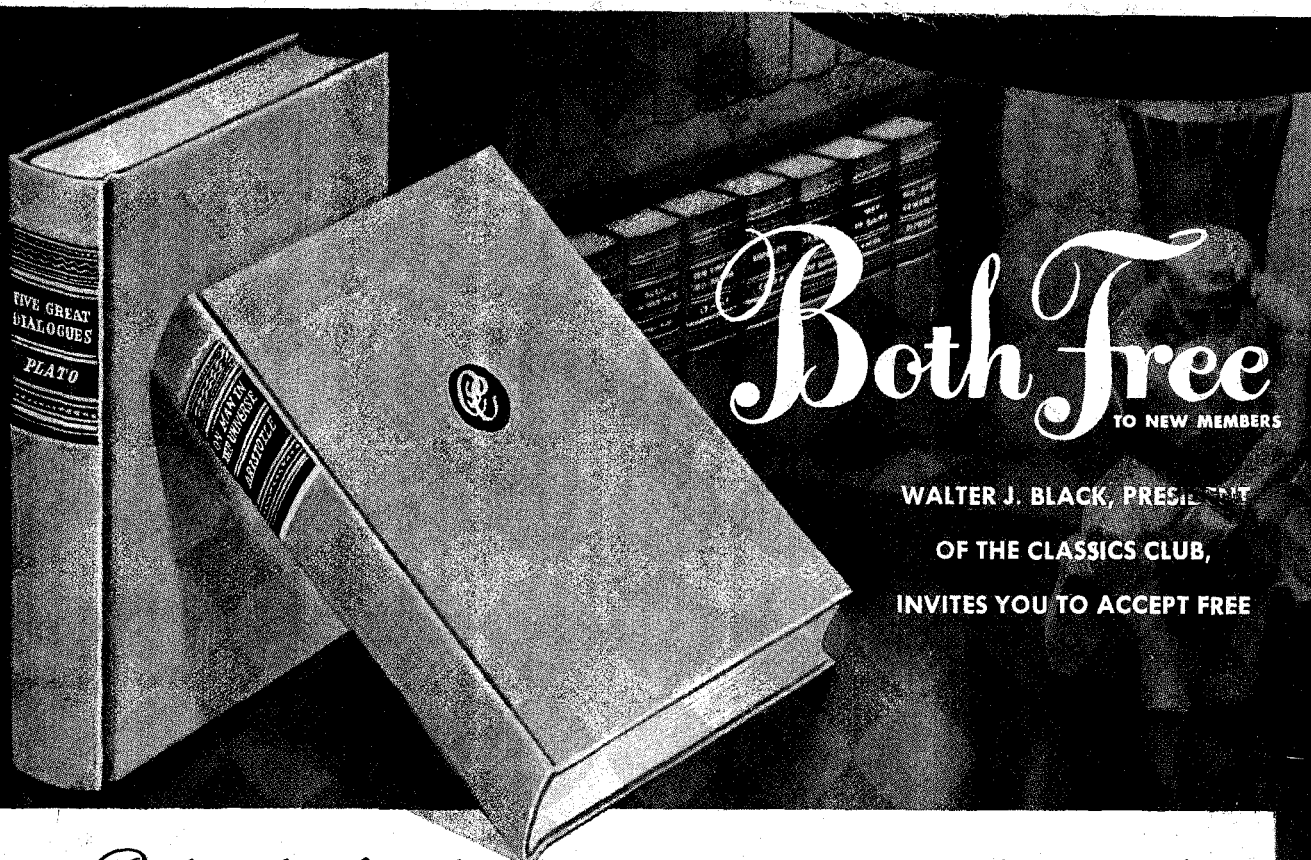
FREE: Learn more about the interesting things you use every day. Write for the illustrated booklet "Products and Processes" which tells how science and industry use Union Carbide's Alloys, Chemicals, Carbons, Gases, and Plastics in creating things for you. Write for free booklet C.



UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET  NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Trade-marked Products of Alloys, Carbons, Chemicals, Gases, and Plastics include

SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS • LINDE Oxygen • BAKELITE, KRENE, and VINYLITE Plastics
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene • PYROFAX Gas • NATIONAL Carbons • EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
ACHESON Electrodes • PRESTONE and TREK Anti-Freezes • ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals • HAYNES STELLITE Alloys



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the discussions of Plato and Aristotle, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, *Symposium*, and the *Republic*. ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays—*Metaphysics*, *Parts of Animals*, *Nicomachean Ethics*, *Politics*, and *Poetics*. These De Luxe editions have been brilliantly edited by Louise R. Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. And both are yours free, as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

FZ

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (used in many colleges and universities) are bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold—De Luxe editions that you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of PLATO and ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.